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# HIGH TIMES

No. 69 May '81

## FEATURES

### Interview: R. Buckminster Fuller by Robert Anton Wilson

Wealth, energy, food—there's enough of everything to go around, says the whole-earth patriarch to the famed author of the "Illuminatus" trilogy. All we gotta do is return to our primary behaviors and live with integrity. "Seems reasonable." Shut up and read ..... 33

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Sure, Jersey's got the Mafia in spades and senators, mayors and congressmen on the take, but they've also got Jim Fanning, who's proved that you can not only fight City Hall, but you can kick its ass as well ..... 40

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Though he's been working frantically to deliver his massive *Our Friend the Endorphin* to the publisher, our sordid affairs editor spent a relaxing afternoon among the rat-chewer tomes of the Library of Congress digging up coke quotes of the great and near great ..... 56

### David Byrne: Talking Head to Heads by Scott Cohen

How many rock stars do you know who shop at Brooks Brothers and have impeccable table manners? David Byrne chats about being famous, having sex with girls and sniffing XTC ..... 68

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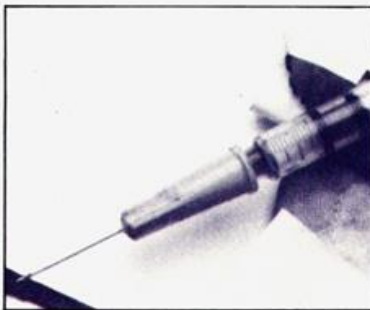


Cover photo by Frank Worth  
Mask designed by Karen Davis/  
Havona, NYC

**53** Centerfold: So You Want a Centerfold...  
The men's mags are letting you down? You can't get no satisfaction? Fear not—we know what you want in a centerfold: a good piece of grass.



**48** War on Drugs  
by Chip Berlet  
Lyndon LaRouche says: "Womanhood is the fellatio of the male mouth in a man who has been brainwashed by the KGB; that is sucking penises." And this guy's telling us not to smoke pot. Welcome to our nightmare.



**62** Smack City, USA  
by Dean Latimer  
By peddling fear and misinformation New York drug-abuse czars protect cushy jobs and maintain a facade of respectability.

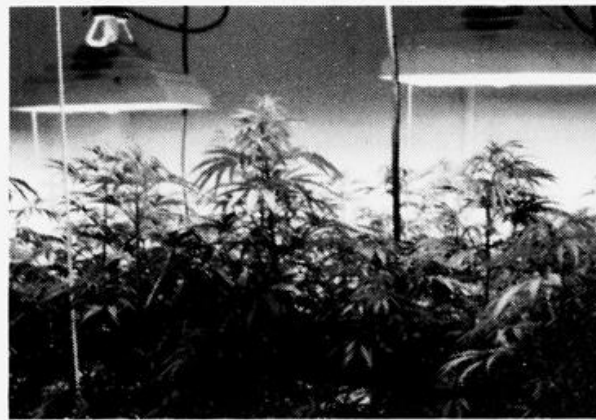


# FREE HERB

## YOU WANT IT



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### THIS UP TO DATE NEWSLETTER SHOWS YOU HOW

Some twelve years ago, spurred by mild curiosity, I planted some marijuana seeds. Two lovely plants grew to a height of about eighteen inches, looking healthy and bushy, until one day, when I came home and discovered that both were gone, nipped off at the base. As I cast malevolent and suspicion filled glances at my mate, I noticed that my tom cat was having an extraordinarily hard time walking and was basically behaving in a manner which would be referred to in the trade as stoned on his ass.

Taking that as a cosmic go-ahead, I decided to add marijuana to my repertory of great-success plants.

Many people have written "How to grow" books and pamphlets on marijuana, but they so consistently contradict each other that I was led to believe that they used no controls to check out their findings, that they were basing their writings on limited personal experiences and that they had failed to follow reasonable scientific research procedures. The result is that by following these instructions people have had disastrous results, or at best, low yields. What I have done with a lot of help from my friends, is to compile the best available information, based on actual tests. I have used the experiences of several growers and combined that with research studies done on pot and other plants which can be related directly to cannabis.

#### STARTING FROM SEED

Unquestionably, the better the seed, the better the final product. So you should make an effort to obtain the best around. This may not be as easy in some parts of the country as in others, but ask friends and relatives, 'specially those

living in Northern California. Most people save seeds, particularly from potent pot. Get a good collection together. The best way to judge the seed is by the way the parent plant smokes. It's very much a matter of like mother like daughter. One thing to be aware of is that pot loses potency if badly cured or mistreated. A lot of Colombian can be induced to grow into fine smoke. Some of the finest California homegrown comes from seeds that are five to seven generations old and have acclimatized sufficiently to produce killer weed. Therefore you should allow one plant to go to seed in order to have enough for the second crop.

Once you get a good stash of seeds, store the ones you won't use. The best way of doing this is to put them into a glass jar with a tightly fitting lid (like a canning jar), put two or three tablespoons of powdered milk into a piece of paper towel, fold and put into the jar with seeds. Change the powdered milk each time you open the jar. This keeps moisture from attacking your seeds and marijuana is particularly susceptible to fungus. Do not use salt because it will ruin seeds. Once you have packaged them properly, put them into your freezer. Don't yank them out at every opportunity to show to your friends or gloat over them yourself. Leave them undisturbed until you need them. Remember, you can't buy these babies at your local nursery, so treat with respect!

Freezing has another benefit. It takes a winter for your seeds. Once they hit the warm air, they will start running their GERMINATE program. A lot of plants really enjoy such treatment. I know one lady who packs the base of her lilac tree with ice each winter and gets incredible blooms in an area where lilac has a hard time producing.

#### INDOOR GARDENING

The cool weather is upon us, so batten down the hatches and get ready for indoor growing. Forget your clay pots and pretty redwood boxes. This is serious business and you want maximum yield. Hydroponics is the only way to fly (you can get as much growth out of three square feet hydroponically, as you can out of twenty-five or thirty square feet of soil). A good hydroponic system should pretty much take care of itself. Let me make no bones about it. I'm sold on the Dyna-Gro. I have used it and other systems, which out of human kindness, I shall not name. I had a two-car garage stuffed with hydroponic systems of different kinds for nine months, and it was a no contest. With the nameless ones, I have had to rip-up fully grown plants. . . . because those systems have built in problems. They seem to self-destruct in three months. I watched the Dyna-Gro emerge as a fledgling idea, inspired by the frustrating inadequacies of the other systems and grow into a marvelously dependable garden. All you have to provide are the appropriate climatic conditions.

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**HIGH TIMES MARKET ANALYSIS:** "Indoor growing methods have advanced so rapidly that this summer 'hydro' pot turned up in the marketplace and proved what indoor growing aficionados have been claiming for years: pot from the basement can be as good as pot from the mountains. The quality is definitely on a par with the sinsemillas that now dominate the market ... Actually, the indoor pot has been test-marketed for a couple of years. The pot elicited good reviews, and now the dealers are breaking in the public. Ultimately, though, the big winners will be the do-it-yourselfers who incorporate these evolutionary breakthroughs into their own gardens." (10/80)

**ROLLING STONE** says: "Thousands of people have a couple of plants hidden in the closet under some Vita-Lites." (9/79)

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Thomas King Forcade, 1945-1978

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They're wild, they're zany, they're *mishpocha*. Yes folks, that's right, in a publishing coup that has literary circles agog with amazement, *HIGH TIMES* has managed to bring to you America's First Family of Amusement, the Friedmans, in a single issue. Whether they're working together (Drew illustrated his father's story, "The Taxman") or separately (the

# high?

## Who's

two *hermanos* teaming up to bring you a safe, effective way to prevent premature ejaculation), any way you slice it, it spells fun, fun, fun!!

Born under the shadow of Yankee Stadium, **Bruce Jay Friedman** is



Bruce Jay and sons, from left: Josh, Kipp and Drew.

recognized as one of our country's foremost writers. A graduate of the prestigious De Witt Clinton High School and Famous Jewish Writers/Fifth Columnists Academy, Friedman completed his formal education at the University of Missouri. He's written best-sellers, *A Mother's Kisses*; he's written hit plays, *Scuba Duba*, *Steambath*; he's written hit movies, his last, *Stir Crazy*, we're sure you're all familiar with (a sequel with Pryor and Wilder is in the works). *In fine*, the guy's a heavyweight. Then what's he doing in *HIGH TIMES*, you ask? Fuck you! At any rate, the prospect of appearing with his sons so titillated Mr. Friedman that he gave us leave to reprint a little-known gem that first ran some years back in the now defunct *Audience* magazine. Says he of his two bouncing baby moral reprobates, "All in all, I'm glad I had them."

Says number one son **Josh Friedman** of his father, "I've always been in awe of his work ever since he would tuck me into bed at night and spin off riveting fairy tales. Of course 'The Taxman' is a

different kind of fairy tale, but that's a whole other can of worms I'd prefer not to get into at present." Josh, a manly looking chap in his mid 20s, has had his stories and humorous asides printed in *Penthouse*, *Chic*, the *Soho Weekly News* and *Screw* magazine. Of the last publication he proclaims proudly, "I'm their official Times Square Peep Show Connoisseur." Taking a page from Leonardo's book, he's also an excellent musician and is on the verge of getting a record contract with a major label. How does he feel about working with his

younger brother, Drew? "I'd like to get married someday, but I just can't find the right emotionally crippled cleaning lady." Ha, ha, he's a nutboy!!

And speaking of brother **Drew**, whom the family started calling "Little Oedipus" around his 12th birthday, what a talent he is. You've thrilled to his cunningly satirical depictions of Fred Mertz, Andy Taylor and Barney Fife, not to mention Keef Richards, in our last few issues. Drew has just graduated from the School of Visual Arts in New York City and already he's appeared in yours truly, *Screw* and Art Spiegelman's *Raw* magazine. In his spare time Drew hunts down videocassettes of old "Beulah" shows which he then discreetly screens for a select group of friends. He counts among the major influences in his life Joe Besser and Larry Fine (two-thirds of the Three Stooges), and Tor Johnson, a 500-pound character actor. Of his brother he says, without a trace of irony, "He's my perfect partner—we think exactly alike." There they are, America, for better or worse—the Friedmans. □

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# Letters.

*As we were about to go to press, we learned of the tragic death of Mike Bloomfield. Michael will be remembered in our June issue.—Ed.*

## Take a Bow, Guitar Man

The Mike Bloomfield piece, "Me and Big Joe" [Dec '80], is just about the best bit of blues journalism I've ever read. It's infinitely more relevant to what goes on in this America than the discography-laden stuff we usually see, and it's hipper than anything I've seen in fucking goddamn *Downbeat*. Also, plaudits to Crumb, the perfect artist for the story.

Team these two again and let them show us more about this nation.

—Tim Schuller,  
Dallas, Tex.

Thank you for publishing Mike Bloomfield's "Me and Big Joe." When I first saw Michael



play it was very evident that he absorbed so much from these great men. It always showed in his music and it is such a pleasant surprise to see his ability to capture it all so well in print. I hope there will be many more.

—Peter Wolf,  
*The J. Geils Band, New York, N.Y.*

I would pay twice the cover price if I could only know that there would always be a piece written as entertainingly as "Me and Big Joe" by Michael Bloomfield.

—Brother Dan,  
Holtville, Cal.

## The Big Squeeze

This poem came to me in lieu of a bowel movement one night last winter. I hope you enjoy it:

### THE ASCENSION OF FRANZ-27

Franz arose  
In transports of joy;  
The speed had finally  
Reached his brain.  
He dashed down the steps  
Descending in arcs  
Over the carpet and out  
Through the kitchen,  
Blossoming  
Into the night.

A surfeit of vision  
Shook his limbs,  
Whirling him round  
The moonlit lawn...  
But he never touched  
A single blade.

Draped in stars  
He dug up the garden  
Uprooting the flowers  
With gestures of love.

His brain twitched  
And spasmed,  
His eyes locked  
On distant vistas,  
And he moved  
Once and for all  
From earth to heaven  
In the form of a cloud.

—Ronald A. Kolm,  
Address withheld

## De Nada

I just wanted to take a brief moment to thank all the folks at HIGH TIMES for their help in developing an ad for the Alliance for Cannabis Therapeutics.

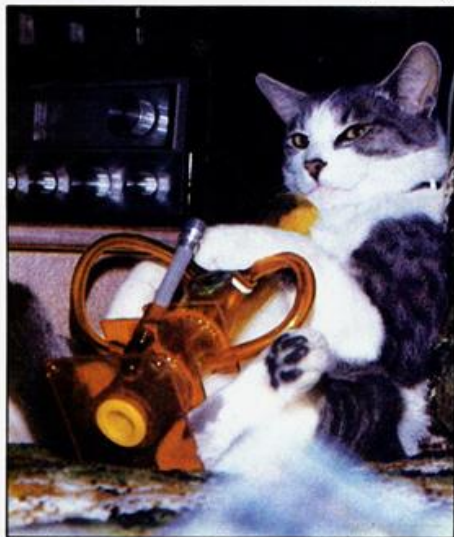
ACT has one specific goal: the passage of federal legislation recognizing marijuana's medical value and establishing a nationwide program of medical access to the drug for victims of glaucoma and cancer chemotherapy. We are planning to introduce legislation toward this end during the coming year. Though 24 states have passed laws recognizing marijuana's medical importance, federal policy has made it extremely difficult in implementing the intent of these laws. What with the enormous amount of interest being generated in this area, especially in Congress, I have become increasingly confident about our chances for success.

—Alice O'Leary,  
Director, ACT, Washington, D.C.



### Whiskers Revenge

Here's a picture of my cat Whiskers. Ever since I turned him on to some of my wacky



weed, things have gotten real strange. Now, I know that a little catnip never hurt anybody, but if I have to chew off the head of another live mouse, I think I'll die.

—Bill Fordham,  
San Diego, Cal.

### Corrections

In our January '81 interview with Stephen King we failed to prepare you for the most gruesome collaboration since *Frankenstein* met the Wolf-

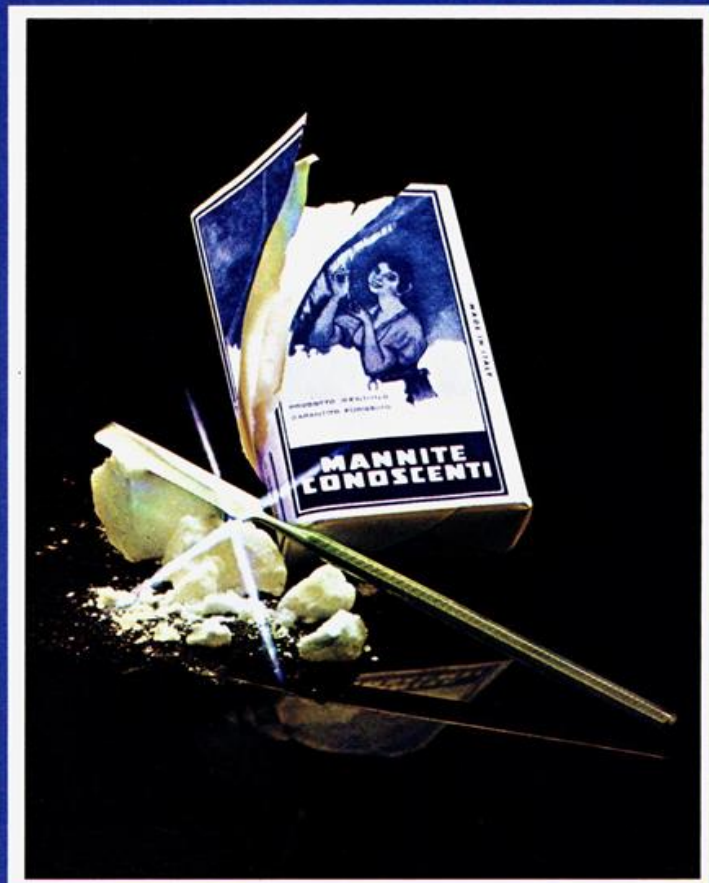


man. King's (left) latest project is the movie *Knightriders*, directed by none other than George (Night of the Living Dead) Romero (center) and produced by Richard Rubinstein (right).

In our February '81 issue we neglected to mention that Terry Southern's short story "Blood of a Wig" was excerpted from his book *Red Dirt Marijuana and Other Stories*, reprinted by permission of the author.

In the March '81 "Pleasures" section, we inadvertently omitted two important credits. The stylist for the bath shot on page 73 was Wedad Stephan. The writer of "Winging It," on page 74, was our regular "High Interiors" correspondent, Eleanor Kennedy. We apologize for these oversights. □

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# Connoisseur

## "R." Visits a Pot Cellar

by "R."

**H**ave you ever been inside a really fantastic wine cellar? Rows and rows and racks and racks of bottles from floor to ceiling, vintage bottles that have been gathering dust for decades on the outside, growing in flavor and splendor from the subtle alchemy of age on the inside.

It's a thrilling experience and I've often dreamed that somewhere someone had assembled the equivalent grand collection of grass vintages. "Steward bring me some Panama Red 1971. No, wait, make that some of the 1967; it's perhaps not as powerful but has a subtle psychedelic savor the '71 lacked—too much pollution from oil tankers going through the canal that year."

Sounds too good to be true, a connoisseur's fantasy you say. For a long time that's all it was, until recently when I had the privilege of visiting the Great Grass Mansion of Georgia.

I'd heard about the place and frankly had been hoping for an invitation, but apparently the owner was waiting to complete construction of his cannabis cellar down to the finest detail before he invited the Connoisseur for a taste trip.

From the outside the place looks just like the mansion in *Gone with the Wind*, all wide lawns, white columns and gracious verandas. Inside it's a little more modern and practical, and—since the owner is a fanatic about electronic games—the stately drawing rooms, the spacious living rooms and studies are filled with state-of-the-art video-screen fantasy game contraptions and the peculiar electronic ping and pong sounds are never silent, 24 hours a day.

But the man is very traditional when

it comes to his cannabis cellar. How did he come to accumulate such a treasure house? Well, let's just say he's a person who's always had an active interest in improving trade relations between North and South America, and that 15 years of highly foresighted investing in inter-American trade have brought him fabulous wealth and privileged access to the cream of the crops that passed from South America to the southern United States. Now that he's retired, he's free to devote himself to his first love, the creation of the ultimate grass cellar.

We enter through his cozy library. Because of his delight in intrigue, and for certain security considerations, our host has arranged it so that—just as in certain mystery movies—one touch of a certain book on a shelf causes an entire panel of book-lined shelves to swing open. Stone steps lead us down to a huge cavern of a cellar bathed in a dim infrared glow.

The ambient lighting might have made it look like some shallow circle of hell, but for



me it was Connoisseur's Heaven.

Picture a library, but this time with its shelves filled not with books but with glass bottles the size of moonshiners' mason jars. Inside each mason jar is a big, tasty chunk of brick or a heap of colas, as the case may be. And outside each jar is a neatly engraved label. I began going down the rows reading the labels. Aca-pulco winter 1968, Bermuda summer 1972, Kona Second season 1977, were just a few I glanced at in my first wild rush through the place.

"What I've done," my host said as he took down a crystal decanter labeled Santa Marta Special/Second Boat 1975, "is set aside a good pound or so from every single major shipment that I or my associates handled in the past fifteen years.

Not only that," he added as he pulled out some Sup Air papers and expertly manicured a fine fat joint, "I've made sure through my contacts that if anything interesting or unconventional arrives on U.S. soil in, say, quantities too small for me to be involved with on a personal or organizational level, my people, my scouts, will know about it and make absolutely sure that at least a pound is delivered to the cellar for my collection."

He lit up the Santa Marta gold, puffed, smiled and passed it to me. "I think this will bring back some pleasant memories," he said. You bet. This was true vintage sweet-and-spicy Colombian, champagne colored and as crisp and effervescent as the finest bubbly ever to set the brain cells singing with pleasure.

"Not only do I have a pound of just about every variety worth smoking—of course I skip the forgettable commercial garbage—I've made sure that for certain favorite vintages I've got enough pounds to last me and my lady into the twenty-first century. Isn't that true, dear?"

(continued)



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A beautiful red-haired woman emerged from the infrared shadows two corridors of shelves down from us. She was carrying another crystal decanter and smoking a joint, which she handed to me. "I thought I'd find you in the Thai vault," my host said to her. "From the aroma I'd guess that's a Northern border stick you're sucking on now, say 1972. Whenever I sniff that aroma I think of Richard Nixon. Hardly spoils the pleasure, just a memory association."

She was beautiful, a fine-boned European beauty. "Right year, wrong section of Thailand," she said teasingly. "Guess again, before you taste."

"Cambodian border sticks," he said.

Smiling in assent she passed him the joint while I gazed in wonder at the beautifully preserved golden brown sticks. My host passed me the Cambodian while I passed his wife the Santa Marta.

Wow. What a takeoff. What memories. There I was eight years ago down in Miami in a secluded estate off the inland waterway, and a Vietnam vet who was down there to protest the Nixon renomination convention passed me my first puff of Thai weed. It was wonderful. I was not only mind-tripping. I was time-traveling too.

The fascinating thing about the cannabis cellar is that there's more than grass stored in each crystal decanter. There are memories, whole storehouses of experiences, emotions, sensations, sensibilities, adventures that can be conjured up again with a puff of the same smoke that accompanied the original event.

I drifted over to the '60s Mexican aisle and high up on a shelf found some Michoacán Special 1967. Hastily I crumbled up some of the seedy stuff. Greedily I lit and inhaled and, yes, there I was back in that old boarding-house room above a barber shop listening to *Magical Mystery Tour* for the first time, getting really high on some Michoacán and suddenly seeing the devils embracing the women on the stairs in the inside cover illustration.

I spent the rest of the weekend in the cannabis cellar. They practically had to pry me out of there at gunpoint. Yes, at times it might have seemed to an outsider that I was like a wild snarling pig let loose in a gourmet shop, but there was more than grass gluttony to my nonstop smoking orgy. After the novelty wore off I began to realize that this cannabis cellar was more than just a sensualist's paradise. It was a valuable repository of cultural history. After all, in its own unique way, grass creates cultural history. I believe I was the first to point out that the switch from Mexican grass to Colombian may have been one of the most powerful factors in the shift from '60s to '70s sensibility. And certainly the shift from Colombian to deluxe domestic will someday be studied as a key creator of the eclectic decadence of the '80s. But believe me, there are many subtle shifts within these gross generalizations that are equally important in the history of American culture—the shift from light to

dark Colombian from Northern California, to Southern Sunbelt domestic. Believe me, I studied the hell out of these questions that long weekend in the cannabis cellar. Plus, of course, I indulged myself in the luxury of conjuring up some personal memories. Certainly I spent many hours in the mid '70s Hawaiian corridor developing a new respect for some classic Kona. And no, I didn't neglect the mainland either. I found some Alaska Pipeline Boom-Boom 1976 that gave me a new perspective on the Northern lights.

My host was particularly proud of his selection of Colombians from the gold-rush days of the early to mid '70s and I wasn't going to take him at his word. I tested no less than 19 different *crème de la crème* harvests of Santa Marta gold (my personal tasting specialty), which he had labeled down to exact field and mountain where grown. Believe me, Santa Marta ages well. It stands the taste test of time.

The only trouble to cloud the bliss of this connoisseur's paradise was the realization that someday, like the world of *Gone with*

**It might have seemed that I was like a wild pig let loose in a gourmet shop, but there was more than grass gluttony to my nonstop smoking orgy.**

*the Wind*, all of this will eventually be Gone with the Smoke. Someday this great library, this repository of absolutely invaluable cultural history, will not be around for serious scholars like me to enjoy. Future generations will probably have no idea of what we're talking about when our eyes glaze over and we talk about the Golden Age of Santa Marta Gold. There will be no way of recapturing that exact Edenic state of consciousness, and thus there will be no way of understanding our culture without being able to recapture the cannabis consciousness that created it.

Clearly it's time for all those people with the capability to start setting aside a sufficient portion of each special crop of cannabis that comes their way for the interests of historical posterity—and for sampling by certain qualified connoisseurs. The climate is probably not yet right to get the government to sponsor the creation of a national historical cannabis cellar, but since private initiative made the grass culture great, we all have to take the responsibility of exercising a little self-restraint, not smoking up an entire harvest forever but conserving, labeling, preserving the pride of our fields. Perhaps there are people in addition to my Southern friend who have been doing this all along, who still have rare '60s and early-'70s stashes. More power to them: Keep the faith and keep me posted. □



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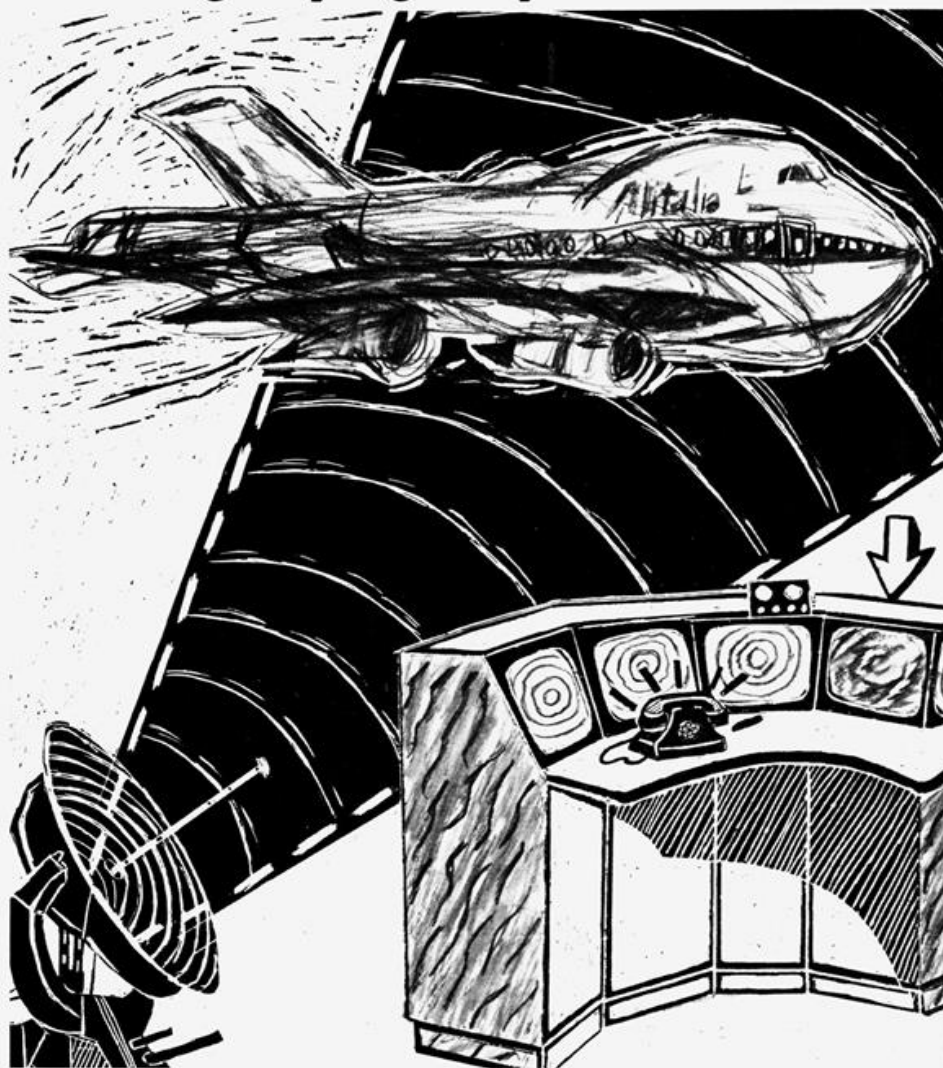
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# Getting Off

## Warning: Flying May Be Hazardous to Your Wealth!



by Michael Stepanian

I cut my teeth on airplanes back in the '60s, racing to the Sacramento Valley in a white convertible, top down, in 100-degree heat, to represent the best boys in the world; in their Cherokee 6's they ran the finest Mexican weed that ever made its way to a crop duster's field. Those were the days: no computers, no radar, no nothing, just those sweet 6's landing like clockwork in the sunset. But like I said, that was long ago.

The first move the government made was to slip *transponders* into suspected planes. (A transponder is a tracking device, in this case tuned to a DEA or Customs frequency, that emits a steady blip and is picked up on a radar screen.) They tried it without search warrants, contending that if all you are doing is illuminating a plane on a radar screen, you aren't in fact searching the plane. The California courts blew them away. After *People v. Smith*, a case a friend and I took to the way up, it was ruled that

warrants and probable cause are needed before a transponder can be slipped into a plane. In turn the feds came up with a high-powered model that can be placed on the outside of a plane. As this doesn't constitute entry, a warrant may not be necessary, but they still need the probable—about as much as they'd need to get a wiretap. Also, down in Texas, lawyers have been getting transponder-related evidence thrown out because there's no time limit on the deal. Whereas a wiretap is granted for a specific period of time, a transponder is slapped on a plane and that's it—it could be for six months, a year or two years; the courts frown on such open-ended situations.

All of which is well and good and rendered almost meaningless due to that huge pulsating computer brain out in El Paso known as EPIC (El Paso Information Center). Tuned to a Customs-Air Force-SAC-DEA coordination, this is a monster system with heavy tracking capabilities that greases the path for the Customs-coordinat-

ed DEA search. No one has a handle on what information goes into the computer. Numbers go in, pilots go in, anyone who's involved goes in—anonymous tips, you name it—and we're talking total linkage.

Now in cases where top secret-type gizmos have been used to track a plane down (e.g., infrared), the courts must be allowed to determine just how accurate the particular gizmo is in order for its readings to be submitted as evidence. They have said, in effect, no dice to government claims of privilege; if the feds won't tell them how it works, they don't want to listen.

Informants: Line boys, gas boys, airline clubs, pilots—it seems like they're all feeding information to the DEA, Customs and state narcotics agencies. The 'Nam vet pilots are a thing of the past. Those guys, chopper runners with fixed wing status, were plenty tough—you could threaten them with anything and they wouldn't turn. Nowadays pilots are basically straight, and when they get popped, they get weird. Make no mistake, it's a tough gig. Gassing up alone can scramble your brain. If you pay cash, it's a tipoff. Credit cards are no good, either, be they phony or legit. Any purchase made with over \$5,000 cash, forget it. The DEA will be notified pronto. The same goes for any Cherokee 6's and up. Corporation for payment, fine, thank you, but they've just enacted some new federal statutes that allow for the seizure of planes, trucks and other vehicles—anything involved in a smuggling operation—even though the ownership is ambiguous.

Planes are landing in the desert, in crop-dusting fields, in Texas, in Louisiana. Owing to the importation of Colombian weed there's been less emphasis lately on the San Diego-Sacramento Valley. A plane is stopped, the pilot gets out and he's asked if he has something to declare. If he says yes, he's in the middle of a Customs search. They find copies of *The Airports of Baja*; the logs also can give information on trips. Many times busts come down when four-wheeled vehicles are brought around the landing site. Remember, if a van is paid for with \$5,000 in cash, a transponder can be put in it as well. And if a bust does come down, the feds will go for and get the toughest jurisdiction, based on the plane being picked up in that particular area by a VFR signal.

It used to be that an operation could be put together by renting a plane and a few VW vans, bankrolled by selling the family Porsche. Now it involves getting a pilot, getting a plane, complex logistical arrangements on both ends, and, get this, if the deal goes down, today's boys will torch the plane and walk. □



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NORML turned ten this year, and we're asking *you* to join in the celebration. Ten years have seen a majority of Americans now favoring the reduction of criminal penalties for marijuana; 50 million Americans having tried pot, with 20 million regular users. There is strength in our numbers. Enough people are reading this message to get the marijuana laws off our backs once and for all. Won't you join in celebrating how far we've come, and reaffirming our commitment to end the marijuana prohibition this decade.

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# High society.

"I need a man and a real movie-type love affair," moaned **Linda Ronstadt** in these pages back in January. Even Stevie Wonder could see the woman was lonely, real lonely, so we figured we'd help out and get the girl a date. Well, we ran her plea and requested that all of you send in your snapshots and state your qualifications as Linda's potential Prince Charming. The response was overwhelming. From all over the country letters, snapshots and (for some strange reason) paraphernalia poured in. Dig these epistolary highlights: A guy from Terre Haute, Indiana, sent in something he called a "love bong," which was gaily decorated with drawings of Linda cavorting amongst a forest of erect phalluses. Another fella from Racine, Wisconsin, sent in a batch of yohimbe-soaked rolling papers that were, as he put it, "guaranteed to get Linda wet." And last but not least, a gal from Topeka, Kansas, sent in a pair of her soiled panties marked "Tuesday."

Now we sincerely wish that each and every one of you could've been chosen as Linda's main squeeze, but alas, this type of contest can only have one winner, and here he is. Introducing **Mr. Pete Hamill** of New York City. Below, a shot of the happy couple as they set out on their expense-paid dream date. Could this be the start of something big? (We're keeping our fingers crossed.) At right you'll find the winning letter reprinted in full.

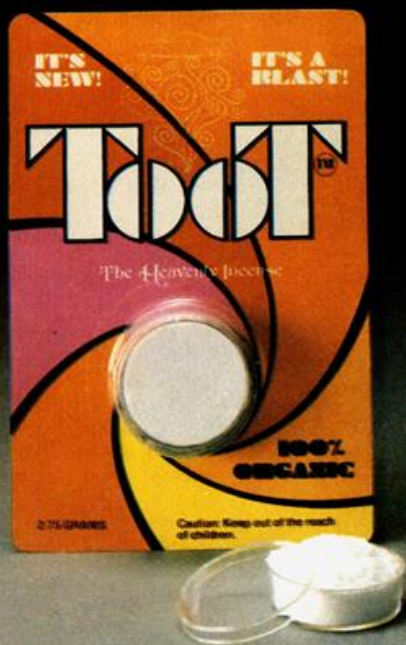
Dear Linda,  
I'm a feisty, streetwise guy who's proud of his Irish-American heritage. Considered handsome by all who love me, I can count the widow of a slain American president and a veteran star of stage and screen among my former girl friends. (No slouch, huh?) I can drink with the best of them (from working stiffs to Ol' Blue Eyes himself) and almost never spit up. I can read and understand menus in French, Italian and a smattering of Portuguese. I make my living banging away at an old Smith Corona, transcribing the blood and guts of the greatest city in the world. I am manly and casual and, I'll admit it, a bit sentimental. I think I am the ideal boyfriend for you. Linda, I am for real.

Your admirer,  
Pete Hamill



Outline





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# HIGHWITNESS NEWS

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May '81  
No. 69

*SMACK SUBSTITUTE MORE LETHAL THAN THE REAL THING*

## NEW KILLER DRUG HITS WEST COAST

SAN FRANCISCO—More than a dozen deaths in California and Arizona over the past several months have been attributed to a synthetic narcotic (supposedly 40 to 80 times as potent as heroin) that is being sold on the street as "China white" smack. The prototype of the drug was first synthesized several years ago at

the University of Mississippi, and its formula was then published in a scientific journal, but it has only recently appeared on the illicit market.

According to reports from the Drug Enforcement Administration, the drug implicated in these overdose cases is a modified version

of fentanyl, a super potent narcotic analgesic marketed under the name Sublimaze by McNeil

continued on page 24



**"BROWNIE MARY" IN STIR:** She was out front about her psychoactive bakery. She advertised it on the street. And when the cops came to haul her away, she took it with a stiff upper lip. At 57, Brownie Mary's still our kind o' girl. See story, page 22.

*HAS THE TIDE TURNED?*

## DEA LAW STRUCK DOWN IN PARMA, OHIO

The model antiparaphernalia law authored by the Drug Enforcement Administration failed a pivotal court test in December when the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit overturned an earlier ruling by a lower court and struck down a Parma, Ohio, ordinance as unconstitutionally vague. The DEA, seeing this as a crucial test case, had sent its biggest guns to Parma to defend the law, and this was clearly the most devastating defeat yet on the issue for the federal narc agency.

Within the paraphernalia industry, however, the decision is seen in

continued on page 26



## DEA MAKES STRONG CLAIMS FOR HYDROPONICS

# HIGH-TECH GARDEN NIPPED IN BUD

NOVATO, CALIFORNIA—Police in this small Marin County municipality were duly impressed with the 200 robust indica plants they found growing in hydroponic tubs under halide lights in an industrial warehouse. They assigned the flourishing modern garden a street value of \$200,000 and promised to charge the 19-year-old renter of the warehouse, Mark Mengarelli, with felony cultivation and possession for sale.

The bust, which is not likely to amount to much in the annals of California "crime," had some broader repercussions. The *Wall Street Journal*, which has begun to take notice of the national pot economy, was stimulated by the incident to run its own article, complete with speculation on what hydroponics means to the future of pot growing. And the Drug Enforcement Administration, speaking to

the financial daily, gave hydroponic gardening what amounted to a ringing endorsement.

DEA special agent Walter Sears went on record with a testimonial assigning hydroponically grown weed "at least twice as much THC as the best Colombian grass." Calling the Novato indoor patch "the first major [hydroponic] operation we've come across," Sears predicted the



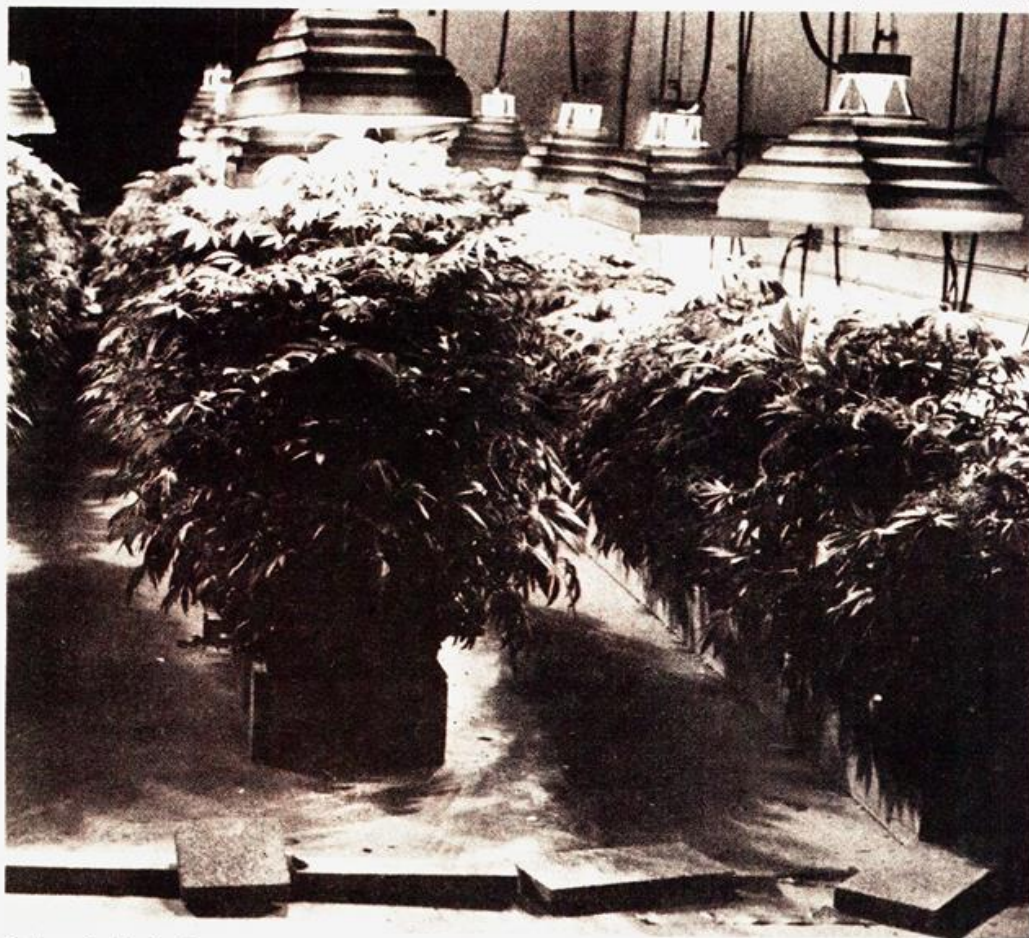
Novato detective Scott Sibbald (right), who engineered the hydroponics bust, looks on as city workers load confiscated plants onto a truck.

discovery by authorities of a good many more such setups in the future. "They're moving indoors to hide the plants from the law," he said, "and,

not so incidentally, from rip-off artists."

Though police admit to having a tipster behind the scenes in the Marin County bust, they claim their attention was drawn to the warehouse mainly because of a suddenly high consumption of electricity needed for halide lights. The electric bill in the warehouse rented to Mengarelli, they said, increased from \$25 one month to \$359 the next. Mengarelli is employed by Aeon Products, Inc., which sells hydroponics kits; according to *HIGH TIMES* sources, police attempted to draw links implicating Aeon, whose kits were used for the plants, in criminal activity, but were unable to do so.

Some hydroponics experts consulted by *HIGH TIMES* expressed the opinion that the concentration of equipment and plants evident in the Marin County bust is unnecessary and that it would have been wiser for the grower to produce his crop in smaller patches in several locations. Some experienced growers who use hydroponic methods insist also that using certain types of fluorescent lights (those that have the most surface area and that emit the broadest spectrum of light) are excellent for growing and would have avoided the conspicuously high energy consumption of halides.



Before the Marin County warehouse nursery was dismantled, it was displayed for photographers in all its pristine splendor.



# BLOWING IT COMPLETELY!

## OR: WHAT NOT TO DO WITH FIVE POUNDS OF COKE, TWO HANDGUNS, AND A RENTED CAR 3,000 MILES FROM HOME

If you can't make any sense of this story, don't worry. We can't either.

It all started one afternoon south of San Francisco on Interstate 280. Edwin Leung, a young butcher from the city by the bay, was headed home. Somewhere near Daly City, he passed a late-model Buick with Florida plates. Leung didn't think much about it at the time, but then, in his rear-view mirror, he noticed the same car following a little too close. He speeded up; the Buick kept pace. He slowed down, and the Buick drifted back.

Leung was getting a little nervous. The man in the Buick was behaving erratically, sometimes drifting out of his lane or slowing down suddenly for no apparent reason. But still, Ed Leung couldn't shake his pursuer.

When he arrived in San Francisco, he tried a few more evasive maneuvers and headed for the Taraval police station. To his astonishment, the Buick followed faithfully, parked, and the driver trailed him right into the cop shop.

Leung nervously told his story to the desk sergeant, pointing over his shoulder at the mysterious character who had followed him in and was

now shuffling about and mumbling to himself. Questioned by the desk sergeant, the man said he was a janitor from Tampa, Florida. Why had he been following Mr. Leung? The Florida janitor couldn't get his story straight—he seemed a little under the weather. Leung had given him a dirty look, or, no, he wanted to ask directions—but neither version explained his hot pursuit of the complainant.

The cops checked the odd-ball's car, which turned out to have been rented in Tampa. The rent-a-car company told the police by telephone that the man was not supposed to have taken the car out of state, and would they please have it towed to their company's local office.

When an officer accompanied the man to the car to collect his belongings, what did they find on the floor? Lo and behold, a .357 Magnum revolver. And under the seat? A .45 automatic.

And then (or so say police reports) the officer asked Mr. X if he could please have permission to open the trunk. "Why, certainly," the janitor from Tampa is said to have replied.

And that's how a San Francisco police officer, executing

a perfectly legal search and seizure, pulled off the largest cocaine bust in the city's history. Inside the trunk of that rented Buick, in neat packages ranging in weight from kilos to grams, was five pounds of prime blow. Police sergeant Greg Corrales later

reported that the man in question had admitted drinking and doing coke and had said he had "no idea what possessed him" to come tromping into the Taraval police station.

Don't ask us. We don't make the news—we just print it.



*No decrim in Iran:* Ayatollah Sadegh Khalkali, famed hanging judge of the Iranian revolutionary government, who's in the habit of having anyone convicted of narcotics trafficking publicly snuffed by a firing squad, displays yet another recent haul of seized hash, heroin and opium to the media.

# BUST-O-RAMA!

New on the list of slip-ups, seizures and sorry sucker set-ups are the following:

- **Mentor, Ohio**—About four tons of weed found by police in and around an overturned, rented and abandoned truck on the Ohio Turnpike.
- **Spokane, Washington**—Sixty gallons of psilocybin mushrooms in small plastic bags, and about 35 pot plants rescued by narcs from a fire-damaged house. (Cause of

fire: overheated extension cord for growing lights.)

- **About 60 miles off Cape Henry, Virginia**—Coast Guardsmen picked up a few floating bales and rescued and arrested seven Colombian crewmen from the 65-foot Colombian trawler *Don Franc* before the boat sank in rough seas. One Colombian drowned. Estimated loss to Davey Jones' locker: 20 tons.
- **About 110 miles off the South Carolina coast**—Ten

Colombians arrested, 35 to 45 tons of weed seized by the Coast Guard from the 125-foot, Panamanian-registered freighter *Rogo*.

- **Moss Landing, California**—Two tons of weed and a 40-foot sailing yacht seized; two Washington State residents and one Californian arrested after a routine "documentation boarding" by the Coast Guard.

- **Hollywood, California**—Ten people arrested, including

one the Los Angeles Sheriff's Department called the "tenth largest cocaine dealer in the United States," for allegedly operating a limousine cocaine delivery service to the homes of "noted Hollywood personalities"; one pound of blow and a .45 automatic seized.

- **Gdansk, Poland**—The largest smack seizure in Polish history: 113 pounds of heroin from the Far East stuffed in air-conditioning ducts on board the freighter *Wladyslawowo*.



**"LIFE IS A GAMBLE, KID."**

# COPS POP "BROWNIE MARY"

SAN FRANCISCO—When city narcs moved in to bust 57-year-old Mary Rathburn's pot bakery in the Castro district, they chalked up one of the easiest busts ever. As one gumshoe put it, "It was a piece of cake."

"Brownie Mary," as she was called, hadn't made a secret of her little black-market pastry shop; she had openly advertised it with handbills she handed out on the street and tacked up on telephone poles and bulletin boards. Almost anybody could give her a call and place an order for a batch of her popular homemade pot brownies. They went for \$20 a dozen or \$2 apiece, and customers were reportedly delighted with the quality.

When the cops hit Mary's kitchen back in January, they found 54 dozen of the "original recipe brownies" ready to be sold—along with 20 pounds of what police described as "superior quality sinsemilla marijuana," half an ounce of psilocybin mushrooms, and small amounts of coke and Seconal.

Police allowed her to talk with a *San Francisco Chronicle* reporter the next day. Mary was candid with her interviewer. A veteran of 43 years as a waitress in hash joints, she seemed proud of her profession as a baker of psychoactive sweets. "Whatever I do I'm good at," she told the reporter. And with an earthy irony that would have done Mae West proud, she added, "I seem to be good at gettin' busted too."

Showing little remorse, she confided that she could also whip up a potent pecan pie and "a wicked spaghetti sauce." Mary even suggested that it might have been a nice gesture if the police had delivered the confiscated brownies to a local soup kitchen and "distributed them as aperitifs to the poor souls standing in line."

Six years on the graveyard shift at a local pancake house and a streak of hard luck may have contributed to her fatalism about the bust. "I gambled," she admitted. "I took my chances. Life is a gamble, kid. Life is a roulette wheel. I

played by the rules for 57 years, then I gambled and lost. And now they want to fuck me over."

The crusty pastry cook had a sad tale to tell of how she had worked long hours in greasy spoons to put her only daughter through college, and how the girl had then

been killed in an automobile accident in 1974, which drove Mary to three years of drinking and depression. The judge who handles her case here in liberal San Francisco may take some of that into account when it comes time to sentence her.

Mary claims she began her

commercial baking business six months ago, but that she's indigent, "without a dime," her only legal income being a disability pension resulting from an old back injury. Police, meanwhile, maintain she was hauling in as much as \$10,000 a week on the sale of her "magic cookies."



Leave it to the Beavers: Shown leaving a Columbus, Ohio, courthouse, Audrey and Luther Beaver, aged 62 and 73, look like ordinary pensioners. They had just been charged with "aggravated trafficking" in LSD. The two were allegedly known to their customers as "Grandma and Grandpa."

## DMSO MAY BE TESTED AS TREATMENT FOR NERVE-MUSCLE DISEASE

DMSO, the industrial solvent that is being widely used throughout the country for relief of rheumatoid arthritis and other ailments, despite warnings about its dangers from the Food and Drug Administration, is now seen as a possible agent in the treatment of myasthenia gravis. Scientists at Johns Hopkins University discovered some of DMSO's unique properties, which could be effective against the nerve-muscle disorder, quite by accident.

In testing a drug called frentizole on rats infected with a disease similar to myasthenia gravis, they employed DMSO as a solvent to speed the absorption of the drug through the rats' skin. The treatment had a positive effect against the disease, but it was soon discovered that the results were produced not by frentizole but by DMSO.

Myasthenia gravis is caused by abnormal antibodies that impede the signals transmitted from nerves to muscles. The proliferation of these antibodies can produce extreme weakness, loss of control of eye muscles, and even death when it attacks the breathing process. DMSO showed a remarkable and previously undiscovered ability to reduce the number of these antibodies circulating in the body. Dr. Alan Pestronk and Dr. Daniel B. Drachman, who conducted the mouse experiments, are now eager to begin trying the treatment on humans, since no other drug is known to suppress antibodies as rapidly, effectively, or with as few apparent side effects.

Because of DMSO's seeming power to alter these bodily functions, it could be valuable as well in the treatment of oth-



er diseases in which the body's autoimmune systems rebel. However, as Dr. Pestronk was quick to point out, the solvent's power to disrupt the body's immune system is another reason why indiscriminate use of DMSO could be dangerous.



# POT BALES FROM HEAVEN



FORT LAUDERDALE—People will tell their grandchildren about the winter of '80-'81 in southern Florida. During one week, the temperature dropped below ten degrees Fahrenheit, and it rained marijuana. Or maybe it was large hailstones.

They were 100-pound bales, actually, fresh in from Jamaica, and they fell with mighty force. Robert Banta and his wife were sleeping soundly in their mobile home near the Fort Lauderdale-Hollywood Airport when suddenly... *WaBAAAMMM!!* It sounded like an explosion, and the Bantas came tearing out of their bedroom to see what the hell was going on. "The place was eight inches deep in brown weeds," Mr. Banta later testified, and there was a jagged two-foot hole in his trailer roof.

If Banta had recognized those brown weeds and had known something about their value, he might never have notified police about this little catastrophe. One hundred pounds of standard Jamaican at roughly \$400 a pound—that's about... Never mind, not everyone in Fort Lauderdale is as naive as Mr. Banta. Police recovered 13 bales of pot that night, all jettisoned from a circling Beechcraft Baron that was being followed by a Customs plane. The cops believed, however, that the plane, which soon landed and was seized at the airport, had been carrying 24 bales.

What happened to the other 11 is not a matter of record, but police found a residue of marijuana and a hole in the roof of a house under construction several miles from the Bantas' mobile home. "Some-

body got the bale," was all a sheriff's department spokesman would say.

Some additional bales were found floating in the water at Port Everglades harbor; another hit a van in the neighborhood of the mobile home and one bounced off a city utilities building, doing relatively little damage. Still others were found on open ground near the airport.

A 27-year-old man from New York City was arrested at the airport hours after the plane landed. Authorities said his clothes bore traces of the same yellow clay they found inside the Beechcraft. Later it was announced that his fingerprints had been matched to others taken from the plane. A second man was reported to have been seen running from the aircraft after the landing but was not apprehended.

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# KILLER DRUG!

continued from page 19

Laboratories of Pennsylvania. About 100 micrograms (millionths of a gram) of fentanyl is equipotent to ten milligrams (thousandths of a gram) of morphine at producing analgesia and, presumably, euphoria. But a fentanyl high only lasts for about a half hour, though its property of depressing one's breathing rate lasts considerably longer. The particular hazard of fentanyl to smack addicts, then—who are usually accustomed to fixing up as soon as the high passes off—is that they might keep progressively depressing their respiratory systems with shot after shot of the stuff, until they abruptly stop breathing entirely.

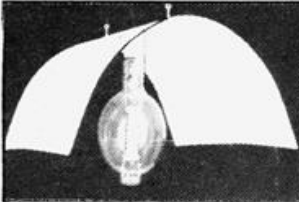
This new street dope, though, differs chemically from fentanyl—says the DEA—in a way that makes its onset much quicker than the onset of morphine. According to the Haight Ashbury Free Clinic, the chemical change may also prolong its effects to four to six hours. What difference this might make in terms of respiratory depression isn't known; the drug is different from any other opiatelike drug that has ever been commercially tested.

China white is white and powdery and, when mixed with a standard cut, is easily peddled as heroin. It mimics the euphoric effects of the strongest opiate almost perfectly, satisfying the same need and producing an equal, possibly even more intense, euphoria.

It took authorities months to chemically identify China white after it first hit the street in Southern California. ("China white" traditionally refers to Burmese heroin.) Pathologists at first were stumped by apparent overdose deaths in which no heroin could be found in the bloodstreams of the victims. China white deaths have now been documented in Phoenix and in five California counties stretching as far north as Monterey. Though there have been no official fatal OD's from the drug in San Francisco, drug abuse specialists feel certain it has penetrated the Bay Area.

Workers at the Haight Ashbury Free Clinic, which sees about 200 patients a day, about 100 of whom are addicts, suspect that many of their clients who believe they are using Burmese smack are actually getting this new synthetic. According to David Smith, founder and medical director of the clinic, part of the reason for the "disproportionately high incidence of OD deaths" from this stuff may be that it is a shorter-acting narcotic than heroin. That is, says Smith, "it enters the brain more rapidly," triggering a more immediate reaction in the body.

The increased risk of OD with this synthetic may also be related to the minute quantities of it necessary to get high. The proportion of drug to cut in a 100-milligram street score can be as little as 100 mikes and still be as strong as a standard heroin count. Accurate mixtures of such minuscule amounts are extremely difficult to control, particularly considering the technology available to most street dealers.



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Because of its extreme potency and the fact that it is relatively simple to synthesize, China white is one of the more ominous drugs to appear on the street scene in many years. Authorities suspect, but have so far been unable to prove, that one or more bootleg labs on the Pacific coast are now producing the narcotic and filtering it out to heroin dealers. According to David Smith, it is also possible that the supply that is now allegedly killing coastal junkies was smuggled in from Europe where drug manufacturing is less scrupulously controlled than it is in the United States.

But, since the synthetic is almost certainly less expensive to synthesize than heroin is to import, the products of clandestine labs could invade the smack market on a significant scale. If this occurs, a great many more junkies are likely to die.

Smith says that those manufacturing black-market "fentanyl" are not likely to be rank amateurs: "You need some background in chemistry, the ability to read the literature, and the money to set up the lab and buy the precursors. It is certainly more difficult than making amphetamines, but by no means impossible, if you have the resources."

This pseudofentanyl, Smith says, is only one of several new synthetic narcotics that have legitimate medical uses but that can be extremely perilous when abused. Others, even more powerful than fentanyl, are in the development stages and may show up on the street in the next few years. He predicts that, as these new drugs appear, federal authorities will be engaged in a continual battle to maintain control over the various precursors from which they can be concocted.

Though China white and other synthetics could gain a foothold in the junk market, Smith said he did not expect the demand for opiates from the Middle and Far East to decline. "The demand for heroin always exceeds the supply," he said confidently.



Wide World

Ted Kennedy, Jr., cops plea: Edward M. Kennedy, Jr., exits the Upper Pittsgrove Township courthouse in New Jersey after beating a charge for possession of marijuana. He had to cop to a speed rap. No, not amphetamines; he was caught driving too fast through the township. You might not have walked on the pot charge, but then your name isn't Ted Kennedy.

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## DEA DEFEATED IN PARMA, OHIO, LEGAL BATTLE

continued from page 19

some quarters as significant, even crucial, and in others as fairly inconsequential. Dave McWilliams, a vice-president of Water Beds 'n' Stuff, an Ohio distributor of smoking accessories and other items who also serves on the board of the Ohio Boutique Association and the national Tobacco Accessories Trade Association (TATA), called the Parma decision, engineered by attorneys David Weiner and Eric Zagren, a "major victory." Meanwhile, Michael Pritzger, national counsel for TATA (formerly the Accessories Trade Association and, before that, the Paraphernalia Trade Association), said the appellate ruling was "almost irrelevant."

To understand Pritzger's lack of enthusiasm over this blow to the DEA model, it's necessary to know something about the legal position that has been assumed by TATA under his counsel. TATA, the largest organization of sellers, distributors and manufacturers of head gear in the country, has taken a public posture linked closely to its frequent name changes. The word *paraphernalia* has become taboo in industry jargon and has been replaced with terms like *cigarette papers* and *smoking accessories*.

Manufacturers and sellers of bongos, freebasing pipes, cocaine dispensers and so on now claim to deal only in equipment used for the consumption of tobacco or snuff. If anyone uses any of their merchandise for imbibing drugs, that's their business. The industry produces and distributes its products for tobacco only. Drugs? Perish the thought.

It may sound hypocritical, but many of the paraphernalia laws being enacted require proof of *intent* in the conviction of the offender. So, if the dealers and manufacturers remain mum about psychoactive stimulants, how can prosecutors prove beyond a reasonable doubt that a coke spoon was meant for cocaine and not for snuff—especially if the purveyors react with vague incomprehension when anyone calls their goods paraphernalia? The pretense has become so widespread that many major paraphernalia companies no longer advertise in *HIGH TIMES* (which is a member of TATA) as it would taint their image.

This pose has been fairly effective in keeping people in business, and it's the reason why Pritzger is fairly unimpressed with this last Parma decision. In the earlier decision, now overturned by the appeals court, District Judge John Manos upheld the Parma ordinance but removed a crucial phrase that made dealers, who "should reasonably know" what their products were intended for, subject to prosecution. That left the burden of proof of intent on the authorities.

Pritzger, who was one of the attorneys

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of record in the Manos decision, said, "I never thought I lost Parma to begin with. I thought that the Manos decision put such limits on the DEA bill that he chopped the shit out of it anyways."

"Most people," Pritzger contends, "could have continued to do business quite happily under the [earlier] Parma decision. It simply required them to do business in an intelligent, fair manner, the way they should have anyways."

Pritzger, one of the biggest dope lawyers in Chicago, is unequivocal about having nothing to do with drug-paraphernalia cases: "I don't like to discuss it in a *paraphernalia* context," he explains, "because to do that is to make a concession which I'm not willing to make, and that is that these items are inherently *paraphernalia*. So, from a *paraphernalia* viewpoint, I really don't care whether people that sell *paraphernalia* are driven out of business or not. From a legal viewpoint, that's irrelevant. The association [TATA] is not concerned with that either [*emphasis added*]."

This facade might befuddle most observers, but it does the same to many prosecutors who would like to toss anyone who sells a waterpipe in the slammer; and it serves to point up the absurdity of investing simple objects like alligator clips, that have many uses, with evil powers.

Meanwhile, TATA, with Pritzger's guidance, has fostered a model law of its own that limits the sale of "tobacco accessories" to minors. Geared to local standards, it essentially extends whatever current restrictions apply to tobacco to cover the "accessories" as well. The law has achieved some acceptance in various parts of the country. A version of it was, in fact, recently passed in Ohio and may help forestall a Supreme Court appeal by the city of Parma, since it addresses the same "corruption of youth" question that has been the most emotional appeal of the DEA law.

Pritzger insists that TATA's promotion of the model statute is not bogus. He says people are beginning to "recognize that some of the merchants, in suggesting this law, are not looking for a self-serving statute which would resolve the issue and protect their position. In fact, I think that it looks more apparent that what they're offering is the maximum the law allows and gives broad protection to children."

Though there will undoubtedly continue to be litigation on "paraphernalia" bills of all kinds throughout the United States, the DEA model seems to have breathed its last in the sixth circuit, which includes the states of Ohio, Michigan, Tennessee and Kentucky. It will not be binding, but will carry some weight when decisions are made in other districts as well.

As to the future of paraphernalia legislation, Pritzger made these predictions: "I think you'll see more enactment of a minors-type bill. I think you'll see more litigation over the DEA bill. I think you'll see more and more narrowing of the DEA bill, so that it will never achieve, even if it survives, the promise that it held out: that is, that it would make paraphernalia unavailable."

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# ACID LABS IN TRADE- INFRINGEMENT RUMBLE

Close observers of the head culture cannot have helped but notice the changes in the LSD market the last couple of years. For one thing the dosage in most hits of all the various forms of LSD is now more uniform than it was in the days when dealers eyedropped goblets of liquid acid onto vitamin C pills or blotting paper. Today it's usually about 125 to 200 mikes, a comforting safety feature for anyone who ever scarfed down one of the 2,000-mike brainbusters that used to pop up as a result of

## TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

the old hit-and-miss methods. You still see some of those guys around, washing car windows on the Bowery.

LSD is easier to get these days—just show up at any ticket line for a Grateful Dead concert if all else fails—and the bust is considered penny ante in most places. No reports have crossed my desk in a couple of years that "bad" acid had filled up a local psycho ward. Contaminants and speed in acid are almost unheard of today.

But the biggest change of all has been the shift away from pills and powders to blotter hits. Blotter dominates the market. There are blotters printed with flowers, guns, chemical equations for LSD, dragons, cartoon characters, hammers and sickles, and now the four-color poster blotter. There are even sugar wafer blotters that look suspiciously like communion wafers, and probably are, dissolving instantly with that bland, sanctimonious taste of most church servings.

With the boom of blotter, though, has come a scam more appropriate to the chicaneries of legitimate business: the copy-right ripoff. Here's one story that began sometime near the end of 1979.

The big seller that year was "dragon" acid, each hit featuring a tiny green or red dragon. It was, I reported at the time, one of the great acid hits of the decade, right up there in the opinion polls with Owsley, Sandoz and the variegated "Sunshine" hits from the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. In the last two weeks of August, one of the peak acid-buying seasons, more than a million hits of dragon acid were distributed by the original manufacturers.

But then somewhere along the line somebody slipped in a mickey. Though unrecognizable to the public, seasoned dragon dealers spotted the counterfeits right away. Like bogus bills, the ersatz dragons were off ever so slightly. But the big difference was in the high.

"It was less refined, less pure, from an inferior lab... a headachy high" was how one dealer described the poseur dragons.

The imposters forced a public-relations problem on the manufacturers, so they fought back. The result was 1980's popular "wizard" or "Mickey Mouse" acid. It features a four-color still of Mickey Mouse, wand in hand, from the classic cartoon, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." While at first glance this may appear to be just hippie humor, it is in fact a measure to prevent counterfeiting. The four-color silk screen is a gem of the printing art, not inimitable, it is true, but a great deal tougher for the rubber-stamp impostors to fake. A "gram" of the wizard acid comes packaged in sealed aluminum foil with the Mickey Mouse imprint on top. There are 40 sheets of acid, each with 100 hits. The aluminum-sealed package is then placed in a cardboard box, and that sealed with wax with yet another imprint of the fantasy mouse. Again, not fool-proof, but able to thwart most small-time con artists who can't afford the packaging or talent. These "grams" sell in limited editions, like Warhol silk screens, for a couple thousand dollars.

One source close to the operation says that this marks the beginning of a trend. Limited editions like this will continue, each from a single batch of acid. When it's gone there will be a new motif. It could lead to a whole new genre of art.

**All along the watchtower:** Word is out that second- and third-generation sinsemilla grown in the United States from Colombian seeds will reach maturity during the short growing season. A lot of sinse farmers over the years have made the painful mistake of planting Colombian seeds only to find they were nowhere near flowering when the U.S. growing season came to an end. Even inside under the best of conditions it sometimes takes the 'lombo ten months to a year to mature. California and Hawaiian growers, with their easy access to Asian seeds, rarely encounter this problem. This year growers in one of the south-central states turned out a bumper crop of centerfold sinsemilla from second-generation Colombian seeds and say they wouldn't use anything else.

**Glow in the dark:** There are frequently letters that come into this department complaining that the Market Quotations don't reflect regional differences. There's a reason for that: There aren't many differences. The price of dope is remarkably similar across the continental United States. People who go from Seattle to Miami hoping to get a deal on pounds have found that out. The standard ounce of commercial Colombian is everywhere \$35 to \$40; pounds around \$450. Still, because of slight market fluctuations and the love people have for home turf, this column will give a brief regional breakdown once we get enough demographic data. What's your friendly neighborhood dealer charging? Write it down and see it appear here like magic before your eyes.



# TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

## AUSTRALIA

Queensland "border" sticks	homegrown king	one	12-16
Mullumbimby madness	uncultivated but cute	100 oz	900
Colombian pot	hardly any	lb	5-25
		lb	40-100
Thai sticks	super but sparse	one	75-225
		lb	800-1200
New Zealand homegrown	aboriginal blend	one	15-20
Putty hash	Lebanese	100 oz	1000-1200
	Frankenstein	lb	75
Nepalese fingers	critic's choice	lb	600-750
		oz	210-250
Indian hash oil	at times primo	lb	2800-3000
		oz	250-400
Mushrooms	wild	lb	3000-4500
		oz	20-45
		oz	420-620
		oz	50-75
LSD	Korean "tiles"	one	5-7
		100	300-500
Mandrax	still easy	one	3-6
		100	150-400
Cocaine	even in cowboy country	gm	140-175
		oz	3000-3200

## CANADA

Commercial Colombian	leafy but tasty	oz	55-75
Gold and red Colombian	gone faster than a speeding bullet	lb	600-800
Hawaiian buds	aloha	oz	100-150
		lb	1000-1200
Mexican tops	a few in season	oz	325-350
		lb	2800-3600
California sinsemilla	available to many	oz	50-85
Homegrown pot	mild	lb	450-650
	headscratcher	oz	200-275
Hash	red and blond Leb	lb	2000-2600
		oz	10-35
LSD	your choice	one	50-200
		100	140-175
Mandrax	Brian Jones's favorite	ea	1900-2500
		100	4-10
Cocaine	look out for Bigfoot	gm	200-450
		oz	3-6
		oz	275-450
		oz	110-160
		oz	1850-2500

## COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	short season again	oz	10-15
Commercial domestic	buy the plantation	lb	60-100
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	2-5
		lb	30-80
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	8-25
		lb	100-225
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
Cocaine	lots of lines	oz	40-75
		lb	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

## DENMARK

Imported weed	commie 'lombo	oz	75-125
		kilo	1250-3750
Homegrown pot	not bad	oz	free to \$10
Moroccan hash	passable	oz	50-100
		kilo	1000-2000
Lebanese hash	conventioneer's choice	oz	60-120
		kilo	1200-2200
Black Afghani hash	top banana	oz	100-135
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	100-150
Cocaine	brisk market	gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

## ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	lb	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
		lb	200
Emeraldas swamp grass	the worst	oz	6-10
Cocaine base		lb	70-100
Cocaine	lots	oz	2-4
	pure as the driven snow	lb	40-60
	traded for blow	gr	negotiable
		one	25-40
LSD		one	5

## ENGLAND

African grass	dedicated potheads only	oz	90-100
Colombian grass	down to a trickle	lb	750-1000
		oz	100-175
Kashmir twist sticks	small but good	lb	850-1200
		one	10
		oz	110-130

Homegrown	shaping up as record year	oz	tree to 50
Jamaican pot	lots on the reggae circuit	lb	100-350
	high tide	oz	100-125
Black Kashmir hash	cheaper than ever	oz	800-1050
Moroccan hash	extraordinaire	lb	100-150
Paki black hash	world's finest	oz	60-85
Nepal temple ball hash	palpable, palatable	lb	750-1000
Hash oil	considerable of late	oz	100-125
LSD	scarce but there	gm	1100-1250
Cocaine	limey 'ludes	one	150-200
Mandrax		oz	1750-2000
		oz	20-30
		oz	475-525
		one	7-10
		100	500-700
		gm	135-180
		oz	270
		one	3-6

## FRANCE

African pot	dominates weed market	gr	2.50-3
Colombian pot	extremely rare	oz	65-80
Moroccan hash	several flavors	oz	75-100
		gr	6-8
Lebanese hash	fresh and fragrant	oz	90-110
		gr	8-12
Lebanese kif	known as "zero-zero"	oz	100-125
LSD	pyramids, red stars, dots, blots	one	10
Speed	hot on the punk scene	one	4-7
Cocaine	and long Parisian nights	gr	4-6
		gr	125-200

## JAPAN

Colombian pot	scarce, feeble	oz	120-300
Philippine pot	expanding market	lb	1200-1600
Homegrown	around, not bad	oz	45-50
Thai sticks	fresh and pungent	lb	500-600
Buddha sticks	rarity, superb	oz	90-120
Hokkaido sticks	handsome but dumb	lb	900-1200
Philippine hash	superstar	one	40-75
Lebanese hash	they love it here	oz	400-750
LSD	British imports	one	40-60
Mushrooms	greenhouse excellent	oz	115-125
Opium	questionable	gr	25-40
Cocaine	advanced	gr	300-375
Speed	Japanese model	gr	50
		one	10-20
		oz	50
		gr	25-50
		gr	80-150
		gr	75-85

## MEXICO

Oaxacan tops	by the Bronco-full	oz	7-12
Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	lb	60-120
Acapulco gold	kick-ass fume	oz	5-10
		lb	50-80
Guerrero gold	muchos pesos	oz	10-20
	when around	lb	50-100
Cocaine	don't be a chump	oz	7-12
		lb	65-125
Opium	searching for a market	gm	30-50
		oz	400-700
		lb	50-100
		lb	400-600

## THAILAND

Pattaya Beach buds	intoxicating sticks	ea	50-83
Loose buds	potency varies	lb	200-250
Philippine buds	hot new rising star	lb	150-250
		oz	30
		lb	250-300

## USA

Commercial Mexican	old faithful	oz	10-45
Top-grade Mexican	brief guest appearance	lb	100-435
Mexican sinsemilla	over the next hill	oz	50-75
Jamaican	on the skids	lb	475-650
		oz	55-65
Jamaican sinsemilla	pretty respectable	lb	500-600
Commercial Colombian	holding steady	oz	35-45
Connoisseur Colombian	long ago and far away	lb	375-450
Thai sticks	needless packaging costs	oz	70-100
Loose Thai	foot-long buds	lb	700-1000
Various Africans	smokes like rubber bands	oz	45-55
		lb	475-575
		oz	45-60
		lb	600-675
		one	15-35
		oz	180-225
		oz	170-200
		lb	1200-1800
		oz	40-55
		oz	425-550

Hawaiian	priced out of the market	oz	200-300
Moroccan hash	excellent head this season	lb	2000-3000
Lebanese hash	ubiquitous	oz	90-125
Black Afghani hash	watch for imposters	lb	1100-1750
Nepalese fingers	gummy	oz	100-130
Paki hash	bits and pieces	lb	900-1450
Hash oils	out of favor with buyers	oz	150-200
Psilocybin mushrooms, dried	huge winter stock	lb	1600-2200
Peyote	"Country cowfreak's" lots of blots	oz	175-225
LSD		one	1700-2500
Cocaine	pick a card, any card	gm	150
Methaqualone	some real bulldozers	oz	1350-1800
MDA	best to analyze	one	35-65
Crosses and black beauts	resurgence	oz	500-1000
PCP	punchy	gm	110-135

## Domestic Sinsemilla

Humboldt county	gov't. inspected grade A choice	oz	25-40
Indicus red hair	par excellence	lb	200-500
Arkansas razor buds	beefy but great	oz	1.50-5.00
New York hydro-pot	sweet, lucid, surprisingly stony	lb	150-300
Kentucky Bluebeard	rocket ride	oz	75-125
Afghani greenhouse	strong medicine	lb	1800-2500
Florida housepot		oz	4-6
Alaska	sometimes Mex	lb	300-500
Commercial Colombian	greenhouse variety okay	oz	65-100
Domestic weed	surfaces occasionally	lb	25-200
Mexican weed	B-grade here; A-1 there	oz	60-75
Mainland sinsemilla	big mover	gm	140-175
Lebanese hash	not much	lb	1500-1750
Cocaine		oz	140-160
		gm	1000-1250
		oz	200-225
		oz	215-235
		lb	2400-2600
		oz	175

## Alaska

Commercial Colombian	sometimes Mex	oz	50-65
Domestic weed	greenhouse variety okay	lb	500-650
Mexican weed	surfaces occasionally	oz	15-35
Mainland sinsemilla	B-grade here; A-1 there	lb	75-175
Lebanese hash	big mover	oz	50-65
Cocaine	not much	lb	500-600
		oz	225-300
		gm	2000-2750
		oz	15-20
		oz	130-200
		gm	125-175
		oz	2000-3000

## Hawaii

Puna buds	overrated, overpriced	oz	150-200
Kona gold	some real, some ?	lb	1500-1950
Mauna Loa	short supply	oz	150-200
Maui wowie	don't get ripped off	lb	1500-1900
LSD	dots and blots for cheap	oz	150-190
Mushrooms	not a big mover	lb	1500-1750
Cocaine	speedy relief	oz	160-225
Amphetamines		lb	1600-2300
		one	2-4
		gm	free
		oz	75-125
		one	1800-2500
		one	2

## WEST GERMANY

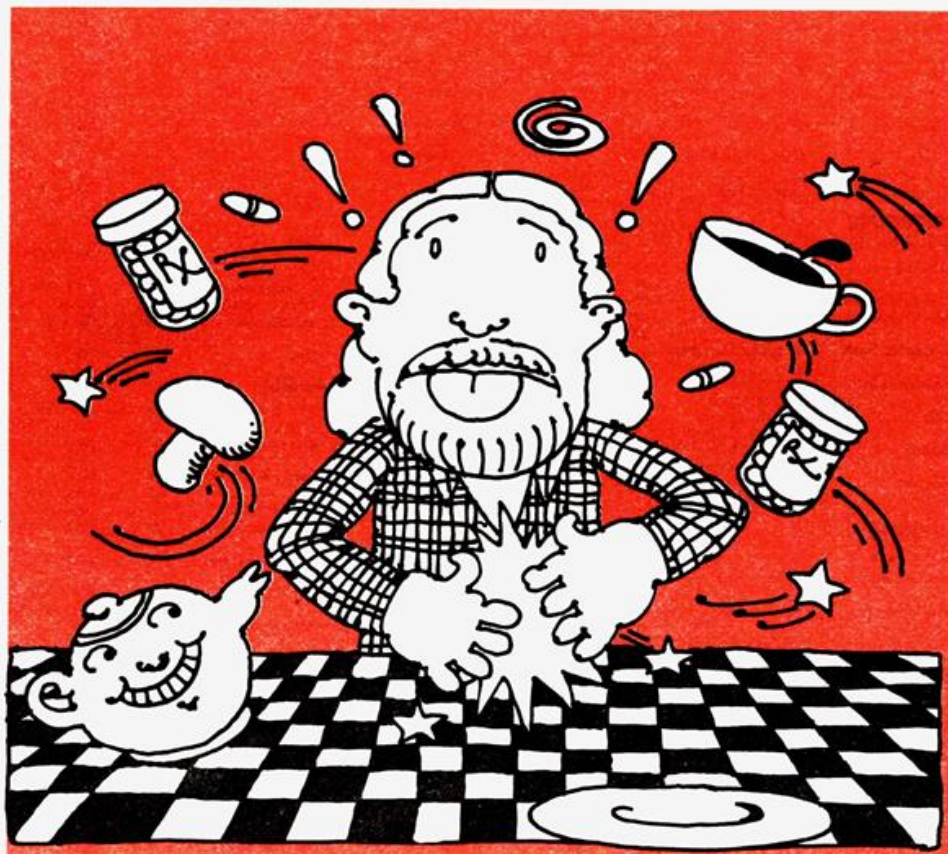
Thai weed	4-inch sticks	one	10-20
Colombian pot	U.S. air express	oz	250-350
Moroccan hash	green slabs	oz	200
Lebanese hash	red and yellow	lb	1750-2500
Afghani hash	popular best-seller	gm	5-8
Manali hash (India)	gold-medal winner	oz	125-150
LSD	mikes, tiles and "Green Monster"	gm	7-12
		kilo	2800-3200
		oz	6
		kilo	4000
		5 gm	7
		kilo	5000-5500
		one	7-10
		100	125-150

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# Formerly Dr. Hip

by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.



## Several drugs consistently produce aphrodisiac effects: cocaine, amphetamines and LSD, for example.

### Pump It Up

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

*I've been under the impression that there is no true aphrodisiac. Is there or isn't there, and, if so, where can I get some?*

—M.W., Bangor, Me.

Dear M.: To qualify as an aphrodisiac, a substance should stimulate sexual desire and/or increase the frequency of sexual activity. Several drugs consistently produce these effects in many individuals: cocaine, amphetamines, LSD, mescaline and other psychedelics, for example. Other drugs have an aphrodisiac effect in some, but not most people. L-dopa, used for the treatment of Parkinson's disease, has caused some elderly men previously lacking any sexual drive to chase their nurses around hospital rooms. Bromocryptine is a relatively new drug reported to have aphrodisiac qualities.

Although the above drugs generally act as aphrodisiacs, some people note the oppo-

site effect; they have no interest in sex while under their influence and can't perform sexually even if they have the interest. And large amounts of these drugs can produce temporary impotence in all males, even when they are always turned on by smaller quantities.

For some people the disinhibiting effects of any mood-altering drug, including alcohol and downers like barbiturates and methaqualone (Quaalude), act as an aphrodisiac.

The most consistent aphrodisiac is a partner you find attractive; next best is a combination of sexual deprivation, sexual stimulation and any partner.

### Hep-atitis?

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

*In the book Legal Highs by Adam Gottlieb (Berkeley: And/Or Press), in a discussion of morning glory seeds, I read that "persons with a history of hepatitis or other liver disorders*

*should not take lysergic acid amides."*

*Does this mean they shouldn't take LSD also? Does long-term use of LSD cause any harm to the liver? How much of a history of hepatitis would be a contraindication? What about psilocybin and mescaline? Do caffeine, phenylpropanolamine HCl and/or ephedrine sulfate cause any harm to the liver or other parts of the body?*

—Wayne L., Baltimore, Md.

Dear Wayne: People with a history of hepatitis are always more susceptible than others to further liver damage. Asking How much of a history of hepatitis is like the woman who says she's only a "little bit" pregnant. Most drugs are metabolized in the liver so the greater the chemical load, the greater the chance for more damage. Long-term use of LSD is not known to cause harm to the normal liver. Studies of its effect on a previously damaged liver are difficult because most people are exposed to a number of drugs including caffeine, flavor enhancers like monosodium glutamate and food preservatives like BHT. In healthy people caffeine, phenylpropanolamine HCl and ephedrine have no known harmful effects in normal doses.

Alcohol is by far the most common drug connected with liver damage, perhaps because it is used so often in large quantities by so many people. It seems to me that what you're really asking is Can I just do it until I need glasses?

### Remember What?

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

*I'm very interested in enhancing my memory and/or intelligence with magnesium pemoline and perhaps with Hydergine. What do you think?* —Mie van Vliet, Rock Island, Ill.

Dear Mie: Magnesium pemoline showed promise as a memory enhancer after some experiments in the laboratory, but results since then have been disappointing. In humans, pemoline acts as a mild central nervous stimulant and is marketed as Cylert for the treatment of minimum brain dysfunction (hyperactivity) in children.

Hydergine is an ergot derivative, marketed by our friend Sandoz, that produces dilated blood vessels, increased blood flow and a slowed heartbeat. Hydergine is usually prescribed for elderly patients with problems like mood depression, confusion, unsociability and dizziness. According to Sandoz, short-term clinical studies have shown only "modest" improvement in these symptoms.

Try to remember that drugs are sometimes a medium but never the message (apologies to the late Marshall McLuhan). If you wish to enhance your memory and/or intelligence, try spending a lot of time in bookstores or at your local library. □

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th St., New York, N.Y. 10023.



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FIG. #1. SUPER DELUXE



FIG. #2. ECONOMY

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Fig. #2. ECONOMY FIXTURE— Similar to fig. #1., except the reflector is an adjustable "C" type specular Alzak and the ballast kit is to be mounted in an open configuration.  
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# INTERVIEW R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER

## The Octagenarian Futurist Philosopher Gives Us Eight Years to Tune Up Spaceship Earth

by Robert Anton Wilson

*"Bucky Fuller's state of being is an historical event," Barbara Marx Hubbard, cofounder of the Committee for the Future, wrote recently. "His life marks the transition in human awareness from unconscious to conscious participation in designing our own futures."*

Such hyperbole is normal in discussing the astonishing career of Richard Buckminster Fuller. He would be simply the most successful and influential architect in all history (with 200,000 of his buildings now standing) if he were not also 10 or 12 other men living in the same body: poet, mathematician, social scientist, educational theorist, computer expert, endless source of innovation.

He has invented, among other things, a bathroom that operates mostly on compressed air, uses minimum water, and folds up into the wall like an old Murphy bed. He created the Dymaxion map, the first flat map to show all continents without any distortion.

Fuller's biographer, Alden Hatch, concluded, "The cliché of comparing him to Leonardo and Benjamin Franklin is so obvious that it is made in dozens of articles every year. But its banality does not vitiate its truth." Indeed, if Fuller's most daring scientific claim is vindicated—his assertion that he has discovered "the coordinate system of Universe," the geometry out of which all things are designed—his ultimate stature will be higher than that of Newton and Einstein.

It was in 1927, after failing in the construction business and seeing his first daughter die of polio, that Bucky Fuller, then 32, reached the bottom and started bouncing back toward the top. Standing on the shore of Lake Michigan and contemplating suicide, Fuller asked, "Do I know best or does God know best whether I may be of any value to the integrity of Universe?" He decided that he had no right to terminate his life until he had made an intelligent effort to discover what purpose God might have had in creating him.

Bucky actually stopped talking for a year while he worked that Zen-like koan out in his head. During that year of silent meditation, he

decided that "in my first thirty-two years of life I had been positively effective in producing life-advantaging wealth—which realistically protected, nurtured and accommodated X numbers of human lives for Y numbers of forward days—only when I was doing so entirely for others and not for myself. . . . Thus it became obvious that if I worked always and only for all humanity, I would be optimally effective."

Having been thrown out of Harvard twice for unruly behavior, Fuller had no academic degrees; having failed in business, he had nobody willing to invest in him. For the next 25 years, 1928–52, he produced one astonishing innovation in building and mathematics after another—and all were generally ignored by industry, although occasionally featured in the newspapers as designs for the world of tomorrow. Then, in 1952, the U.S. Marine Corps discovered that Fuller's geodesic domes could be



built more cheaply and would deliver more strength per pound of material than any other structure known. The Marines began building Fuller domes everywhere, and others gradually began to sit up and take notice. Since then more and more of Fuller's ideas have been applied successfully by more and more corporations and governments in more and more parts of the world: His stature and influence have grown astronomically. His coined word synergy—meaning “behaviors of whole systems not predictable from the behaviors of the individual elements”—has been taken up in dozens of fields of science, in management, in encounter groups. His expression “Spaceship Earth” is used almost daily in the media. He has even been invited back to Harvard as a full professor.

A third phase of Bucky Fuller's career begins now, at the age of 85, with the publication of his apocalyptic and controversial new book, *Critical Path* (New York: St. Martin's Press). In this work he bluntly declares that humanity as a whole will cross an evolutionary threshold in the next eight years: We will emerge at the other end of this process either by destroying ourselves or by achieving what he calls “Total Success in Universe,” defined by him as “everything for everybody” or “comprehensive design to advantage all without disadvantaging any.” In other words, we only have eight years to make everything right or to do ourselves in.

Robert Anton Wilson met with Fuller in his winter home in Pacific Palisades, north of Los Angeles, to discuss the prophecies in *Critical Path*. Only a few blocks from Fuller's home, Wilson relates, he had passed a gas station with a large banner proclaiming, “This Is Reagan Country.” Fuller, at 85, is increasingly hard of hearing and limps slightly; otherwise, he is as bright and incandescent as ever. Aware that *Critical Path* will shock and anger many people, Fuller remains intransigent. “I can prove everything I say,” he repeated more than once during the afternoon of the interview. “Come to the World Game Center in Philadelphia and look at the computer readouts,” he added.

The World Game Center, which has been operating in various locations since 1969, is a computer complex that Fuller and a staff of scientists and graduate students have used to inventory all known resources and determine strategies to meet all humanity's needs abundantly. Fuller rejects on principle any strategy that meets the needs of only part of humanity or that meets the needs of all humanity less than abundantly. He has been seeking a “design-science revolution” that will be acceptable to everybody and he now claims to have found it. He told Wilson again at the doorway, after the interview, “I am not deceiving humanity. Everything I say can be demonstrated.”

**HIGH TIMES:** In *Critical Path*, you say that there are now four billion billionaires living on Earth. Would you explain that?

**FULLER:** [Sternly] You didn't read the book, sir.

**HIGH TIMES:** Well, yes, I did, but I'm asking for our readers, some of whom might not

have read it yet.

**FULLER:** I simply mean that in terms of real wealth, defined as the capacity to nurture and accommodate human life, everybody on this planet could have a standard of living as high as that of any billionaire. I have foreseen this coming since 1928, but it has only been achieved in the past ten years, and specialists are still unaware of it. Our seemingly desperate situation is caused by the fact that ninety-nine percent of the human race are specialists and, hence, unaware of our collective good fortune. Our vast wealth is being held in probate by a combination of fear, ignorance, greed, archaic laws, zoning restrictions, national boundaries and conditioned reflexes.

**HIGH TIMES:** In other words, you are saying there is no real energy shortage. Right?

**FULLER:** Energy cannot be created or destroyed; that's fundamental. Wealth is energy times intelligence, or the manipulation of energy by intelligence. How much

*“We simply cannot continue navigating Spaceship Earth with a hundred and fifty separate and supreme admirals all steering in different directions.”*

wealth or life support we get out of a given amount of energy depends on our intelligence. Let me give you some examples. All of our automobiles are only fifteen percent efficient: What you get out of them in performance is only fifteen percent of the energy you need to put into them. Turbines are thirty percent efficient, jet-propulsion engines are sixty-five percent efficient, and the fuel cells developed by NASA are eighty-five percent efficient. The overall efficiency of the United States today is only five percent; that is, ninety-five percent of all the energy we use is simply wasted—down the drain. Working with others at the World Game computers, I have proven that by using our present technology to the maximum, we could increase this average efficiency threefold immediately, to fifteen percent. That means that our overall energy consumption could be cut by two-thirds. That is mathematically certain. If you are getting fifteen percent efficiency, you only need one-third as much energy as when you are operating with five percent efficiency. That's for starters.

**HIGH TIMES:** Let's go back a bit. Your concept of getting more out of each bit of energy is related to your idea of invisible wealth.

Could you explain that to our readers?

**FULLER:** Most of our wealth, our capacity to nurture life by intelligent design, is invisible for two reasons. First, there is the historical fact that we have been conditioned to accept species failure and only individual success. That is, we have been trained to believe “there is enough for me, or enough for you, but not enough for both of us.” That conditioning is so powerful that we automatically think in terms of *me or you, not both*, so we don't notice that the whole species is now capable of success.

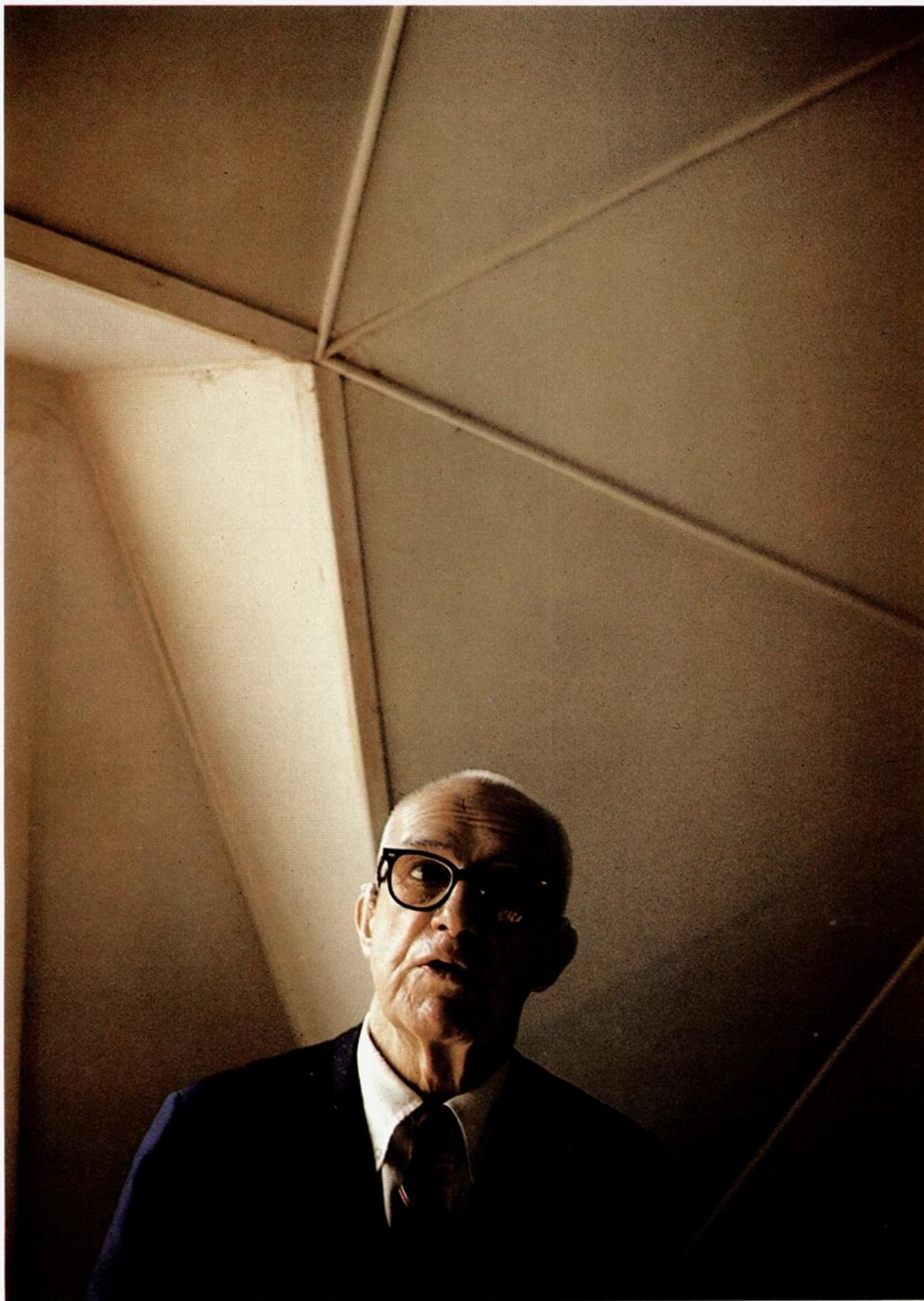
Second, since Marconi, most of our wealth is literally invisible. I am not just referring to electronic waves and information systems, but to such things as alloys, for instance. I can show you two bars of metal that look exactly alike. To traditional thinking, these bars must contain the same amount of wealth, in terms of how much we can get out of each pound of them. In scientific fact, the second bar contains many hundred times more wealth than the first, because it delivers more. Unfortunately, this wealth is invisible to the naked eye; you need microscopes to see it and the science of chemistry to understand it. All of our problems result from the fact that for more than eighty years we have been creating wealth in that form, invisible wealth that politicians cannot see or understand, so our nations are all still acting on obsolete Malthusian principles.

**HIGH TIMES:** Would you explain who Malthus was and why our politicians are still following his ideas?

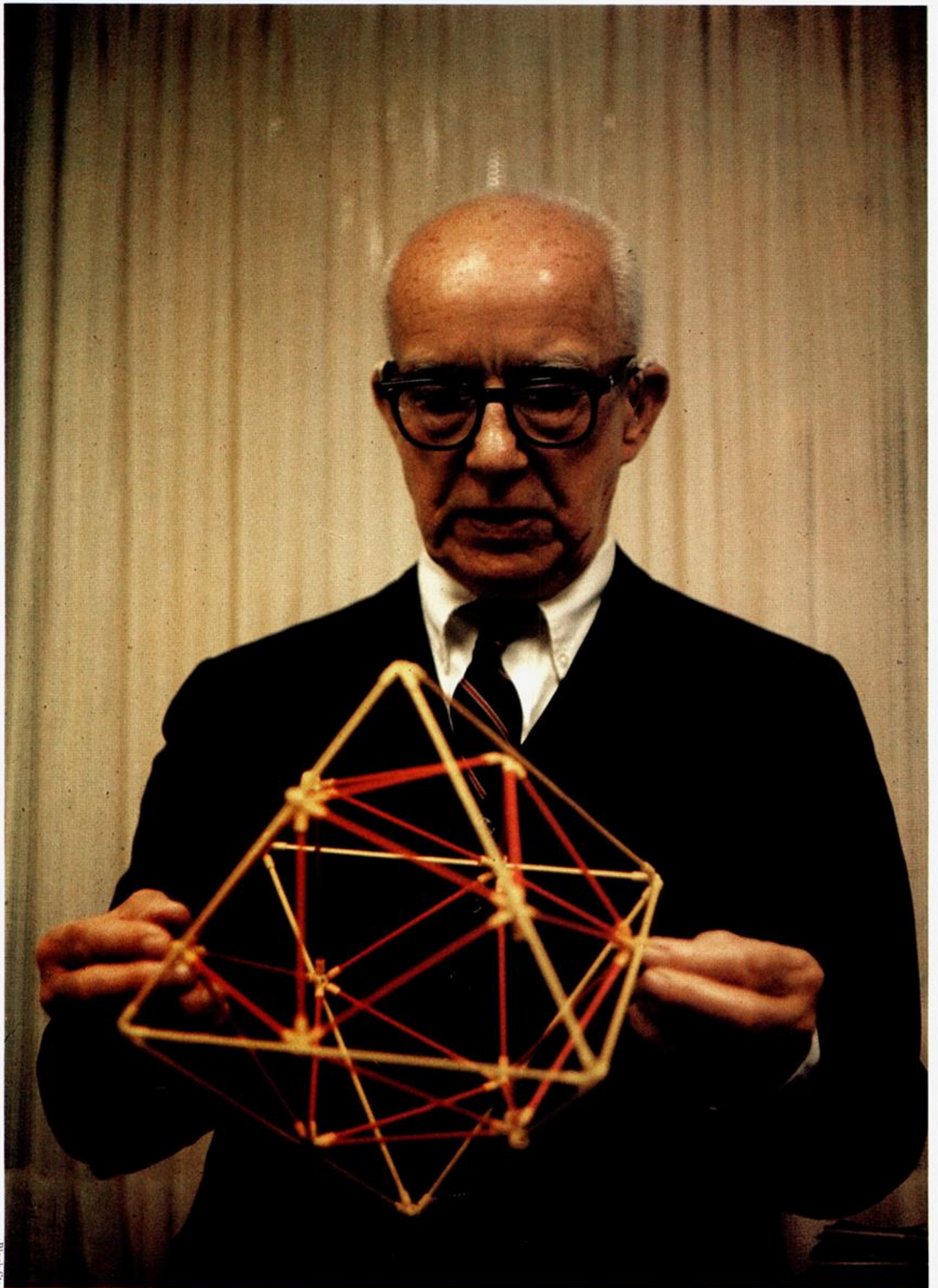
**FULLER:** Thomas Malthus was an employee of the British East India Company, who made the first study of resources and population on worldwide scale. He discovered that at that time, near the end of the eighteenth century, population was increasing much faster than known resources. He jumped to the conclusion that this would always be true, so there would never be enough for everybody. This was developed by other political economists and became the governing philosophy of the British ruling class, and then of all other ruling classes who were trying to compete with the British for world domination. For instance, an uncle explained it to me when I was in my teens, telling me that the Christian ethics taught to me by my mother and our church simply would not work in the real world. All ruling elites still believe this. “Pray all you want,” they think, “but most must perish and only a few can be successful.”

In 1928, I began asking myself if this philosophy was still true. I began by listing everything that had changed since the year Malthus died. The first thing I discovered was that the telegraph was invented the year after he died. I went on from there, listing every invention, every new wealth-producing tool, from that time to 1928. I then began drawing curves, projecting the trends I had found into the future. I deduced that within fifty years Malthus would be obsolete, and there would be









Black Star



abundance for everybody. We have now passed that point.

**HIGH TIMES:** So the energy shortage is a kind of shared hallucination?

**FULLER:** Yes. I can prove this with computer readouts of known resources: how much we can get out of each unit of energy and matter, and so on. Abundance exists. The remaining problem is to make people aware of it. Selfishness is obsolete, because it is now, at this date, no longer rationalizable as mandated by survival. We all have more to gain by cooperating now.

**HIGH TIMES:** What do you say to people who reply that you may be right in terms of what is scientifically true, but people don't behave in a rational way? That is, how do you answer those who say humans will continue to compete and scheme and go to war just because they have an instinct for selfishness?

**FULLER:** Such people are ignorant. The behavioral sciences have demonstrated that all species have primary and secondary behaviors. The primary behaviors are all designed for species success, and normally function to balance survival of self, survival of the gene pool and survival of the whole species. The secondary behaviors only appear in emergencies, and cancel out all interest in species survival while attention is directed only to personal survival. This is why ordinary parents—human or animal—will risk death to protect their offspring in normal conditions; but in the most terrifying emergency, such as a fire where people are literally suffocating even before the flames have burned them—because the fire withdraws oxygen from the air—they will stomp on their own children in blind panic to get to a door. That is madness caused by extreme terror. You see, we can live only thirty days without food in most cases, about a week without water, but only two minutes without oxygen. When oxygen is withdrawn, all the emergency reflexes take over and secondary behavior overrules primary behavior. But when such emergency does not exist, primary behaviors function quite smoothly to maintain the whole ecosystem. We are living with secondary behaviors at present because we have been conditioned by emergencies in the past, when scarcity was real. When we recognize our new situation is one of abundance for all, we will return to primary behaviors.

**HIGH TIMES:** The pessimists say that people would rather fight than think.

**FULLER:** You don't have to know anything to be brilliantly negative. Do you understand that, sir? Anybody who can speak can be brilliantly negative. The only sign of intelligence is to be brilliantly positive. Anyone can say that there are no solutions; that's being brilliantly negative. To assert that there are solutions, and demonstrate them, is being brilliantly positive.

**HIGH TIMES:** If most of our wealth is invisible as you say, people are going to have to get smarter before they see it and use it, right?

**FULLER:** People are getting smarter every generation. I can assure you that almost everything I was taught as a child was wrong; it was simply misinformation. I spent a lot of time trying to invent the airplane, along with a million other kids born in 1895, and what did our parents tell us? They all told us that it was impossible. They said nothing heavier than air could fly. Then the Wright brothers succeeded and I began to wonder if I should believe everything the grown-ups told me.

What happened to me in 1905 happened to our whole culture in the 1920s when radio came in. Kids spontaneously began to notice that the voices on the radio, even if not infallible, really knew a lot more about the world in general than their parents did. The parents didn't know anything beyond their small town, their church, the clubs they belonged to. The radio brought the whole world to the child. "Papa knows best" has never recovered from that shock.

*"It's all touch and go  
for the next eight  
years. Either we all  
make it and  
humanity achieves  
total success in  
Universe or we all go  
down together."*

Television was the knockout blow.

Some people asked me to go to Berkeley in 1968, at the height of the youth revolution, to talk to the students. I discovered that everybody involved in those events had been born within one or two years of the appearance of TV in American homes. Over and over they told me basically the same thing: "We love Mom and Dad, but they simply don't know what's going on." The kids had learned, for instance, to think globally, in whole systems, while their parents were still thinking locally—my team, my town, my nation.

**HIGH TIMES:** Then you agree with Marshall McLuhan that TV causes people to perceive the world differently?

**FULLER:** Young people simply react to the reality available to them. If all that's available is one small town and its small prejudices, that's all they know. If more is available to them, their brains integrate more. Unfortunately, beyond a certain age people stop noticing more even if more is available. That's why my hope is entirely in young people. Every child is born naked, hungry, helpless and intensely curious. Before that curiosity is stifled, they notice and integrate everything available.

A few years ago, some Los Angeles newspaper got me together with some children to interact. I asked them what they wanted to be when they grew up. One boy, age twelve, wanted to get into electronics. Another boy, also twelve, wanted to be a magician. A girl who was ten said, "I want to be a comprehensivist like you are, Bucky." I subtracted ten from that date and I found she had been born the year Neil Armstrong walked on the moon. You see, she had grown up inside the new reality, the space age.

**HIGH TIMES:** What happened to the first youth revolution, the one you say was provoked by TV?

**FULLER:** They became more intelligent. They began to realize that politics provides no real answers. They stopped using their heads as battering rams against policemen's clubs and started using them to think with. This is an inevitable progression, because every generation enters the world with less and less misinformation. You don't have to tell young people to think globally and comprehensively; they spontaneously integrate the information that there are no local solutions to our problems.

**HIGH TIMES:** You say in *Critical Path* that nationalism is obsolete.

**FULLER:** Yes. We simply cannot continue navigating Spaceship Earth with a hundred and fifty separate and supreme admirals all steering in different directions. That could work only when peoples were relatively isolated from each other. Now with the planetary system omniinterconnected, a hundred and fifty separate admirals steering in a hundred and fifty directions merely causes us to go around in circles and get nowhere.

**HIGH TIMES:** When will humanity as a whole realize it?

**FULLER:** They will either realize it in the next eight years or they will not survive. I am not speaking idealistically but with total realism. It's all touch and go for the next eight years. Either we all make it, and humanity achieves total success in Universe, or we all go down together. All hundred and fifty nations will have to be abolished.

**HIGH TIMES:** And you think that can happen in eight years?

**FULLER:** We will continue to experience accelerated change. No persons or races or nations or clubs will be exempt from the evolutionary transformations inherent in our technology. We will either adapt intelligently as a species, or we will fail as a species and perish.

**HIGH TIMES:** It is hard to imagine Ronald Reagan surrendering the national sovereignty of the United States.

**FULLER:** Of course. In the first place, he's just a puppet, a dumb actor who can memorize his lines, and no more. In the second place, even if he tried to do it, he would be impeached, since it would violate his oath of office, which compels him to maintain our national sovereignty.

*(continued on page 39)*



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## INTERVIEW: BUCKY FULLER

(continued from page 37)

**HIGH TIMES:** So how do we get beyond nationalism?

**FULLER:** It is happening despite the politicians. Everything is being transformed by our invisible wealth, our new technology of doing more with less by thinking comprehensively and globally. The United States will be forced to adapt or perish, because ignorance has a high price now.

Because our government has made so many ignorant decisions in the past, we are now bankrupt. Everything is being done to hide that fact, but you find for instance that we cannot even pay the interest on the national debt. As long as we continue our obsolete practices based on obsolete book-keeping and scarcity economics, we will remain bankrupt and plunge toward disaster. Only when we see that our real wealth is global and can only be used globally can we begin to bail ourselves out.

**HIGH TIMES:** Would you advise people to migrate then? What country is better off?

**FULLER:** No, no, no. There is no place to hide. This time it has to be everybody or nobody.

**HIGH TIMES:** But how did we get bankrupt?

**FULLER:** The corporations simply moved out. They shifted most of their wealth to other parts of the world. They were thinking globally but selfishly, within the old Malthusian parameters. We have to think globally and cooperatively to survive.

**HIGH TIMES:** How do the Russians fit?

**FULLER:** They outsmarted us. We went in for nuclear weaponry on a bigger and bigger scale, and they went ahead with conventional weaponry, reasoning that nuclear war would not happen. With modern satellite surveillance, nobody can fire nuclear missiles without the other side knowing it at once. That means that the target country has twenty minutes before the missiles arrive, twenty minutes to fire off everything they've got. Within that twenty-minute detection period, nuclear war is unwinnable, and the military on both sides understands that. But the politicians do not have to understand anything, except how to get elected. So we find ourselves unable to win a nuclear war and inferior to the Russians in conventional war. That is why the next eight years are so critical.

**HIGH TIMES:** What might the Russians do that would provoke our politicians to war?

**FULLER:** Further Russian incursions into the Persian Gulf area could trigger real panic in Washington. But let me emphasize that this would happen if and only if everybody believes that we still need all that petroleum. The oil companies are all trying to make us believe that, printing those giant ads about solar power being forty years in the future, and so on. That is all lies and ignorance, of course—we can have the abundance I spoke of before without any further use of fossil fuels, and without nuclear

(continued on page 78)

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## Culture Hero:

# Jim Fanning

## Accessories is the crime

by Robert Lemmo

Jim Fanning is a genuine *champion* of the dope culture. Yet he's not a grower, smuggler or dealer. He doesn't sing songs or tell jokes about drugs. He never invented a hallucinogen or flew a load in under the radar. Hell, he doesn't smoke pot. What he does is sell rolling papers in Paramus, New Jersey.

This does not seem like much on the face of it. But in order to retain his right to sell papers in Paramus, Fanning has found it necessary to, along the way, throw a city attorney out of his store by the scruff of the neck, torpedo a state assemblyman's reelection bid, vow to destroy the mayor's political career and to put a lid on the matter, take the city and their antiparaphernalia law to state court and defeat them. In that last bit of work, the state also ordered the city to reimburse Fanning for his legal expenses in challenging the law, which was quite unprecedented icing on an already huge cake.

The spark that lit a fire under Fanning came in the summer of 1979 in the form of a constitutional challenge. The town council of Paramus had just passed an antiparaphernalia bill into law. At the meeting, Fanning approached state assemblyman Paul Contillo and asked the politician if he had the constitutional right to own and operate a head shop. Contillo told Fanning, "Yes, you do, but I'll do everything I can to close you." In effect, Contillo challenged Fanning to exercise his constitutional rights.

He picked the wrong man for such a challenge. Fanning's response was to look him

straight in the eye and say, "Fella, I'm going to do everything I can to get you out of office." That was in August. By the October 5 deadline, Fanning had registered 380 voters who planned to cast their votes against the antiparaphernalia assemblyman. In the November election, Contillo lost his office by 260 votes. Fanning's threat was no idle boast.

Although Contillo's challenge really put political passion into Fanning, the man has always had a certain awareness of the workings of government. As he says, "I attend all the town council meetings. I try to make myself at least knowledgeable of what the hell's going on around me. Before, I was just a concerned person, that's all. Concerned about how they're spending my taxes and about the laws they're passing behind everyone's backs."

From the time Fanning opened his store, called Joint Venture, in the summer of 1977, up until the spring of 1979, a concerned citizen was all he had to be. "I had no difficulty at all until the time the antiparaphernalia laws started blossoming around the country. The mayor of Paramus decided to jump on the bandwagon, as he'll jump on anything to better himself politically."

Fanning first drew the ire of paraphernalia-phobic politicians in New Jersey when he was quoted in a *New York Times* story on the pending legislation in April of 1979. Defending his right to do business, Fanning said, "I pay a lot of taxes. My accountant's due in here any minute. I'm doing nothing

wrong, and my industry is totally against hard drugs. It's just that people are so frustrated that they can't make people stop smoking pot that they're coming after us."

A month later, Paramus had passed its antipipes and -papers bill into law. Fanning, who attended the town council meeting where the bill was adopted, explains, "We had testimony that did absolutely no good. They brought up *HIGH TIMES* magazine. I said, 'Just a minute. This is covered by the First Amendment. What the hell does it have to do with the passage of this ordinance?' Of course, they don't listen to you. They went around beforehand to every single record or tobacco store in the area and told them to get their paraphernalia off the shelves. Because they knew that I would bring up the fact that these other places were selling things like hookahs, which any tobacconist can sell. Anyway, they passed the law and served me with notice the next day that I had two weeks to get my merchandise out. In such time, I got a temporary injunction, and then, of course, the permanent injunction."

Even though Fanning went to court and beat the law that summer, his business still suffered. Although the other head shops in the area had packed up and moved on at the sign of trouble, Fanning explains, "After I beat the law business *didn't* pick up. Of course, people read the newspapers or hear that there's a law passed. But they didn't realize I got the injunction, so they think I'm closed. They never read about when you



beat them. I had people come in four months after I had gotten a permanent injunction and ask, 'Wow, you're still here?'"

The fact that Paramus was ordered by the state to pay all of Fanning's legal expenses did little to endear him to local politicians, who were already angered by Fanning's publicity and by his balls.

City Attorney Joseph DiMaria is one of those who can personally attest to the Fanning brand of *chutzpah*. The day before the city lost its case to Fanning, DiMaria was staking out Joint Venture. According to Fanning, "A guy came up to me in the store and said, 'On the way out after buying some papers I was stopped by a guy in a brown suit down the hall and he asked me what I bought and what I'd do with it.' I had seen the city attorney around, so I knew who it was and I went and caught him. And I told him, 'Look, you stay the hell away from my store. First of all, you're breaking the law. If you keep it up I'll have you arrested.'

"I went down to my store, then he came back to the store saying, 'Oh, Jim, you know I'm not out to hurt you.' I said, 'Get out of my store right now. I'm gonna call the goddamned cops on you.' Well, he kept rambling on and I jumped over the counter, grabbed him by the shirt and threw him out the door. Then I called the mall security and they came looking for him."

Then came the run-in with Mr. Contillo. Exit Mr. Contillo in that year's election. Next on Fanning's list is the local honcho of the antiparaphernalia vendetta, Paramus mayor Joseph Cipolla. Fanning says that when he beats Cipolla, he's going to close his store, move to Florida and spend his days fishing. "But I'm not going to close it until I beat him. My kids are not growing up under Adolf Hitler. These people aren't going to oppress my children," says Fanning. "I told the mayor just last night, 'I'm going to beat you again. Then I'm going to close down the store. But I'm going to stay here and fight until I beat you.'"

Just this last November, Reagan's November, Mayor Cipolla ran for a more powerful post, that of town freeholder. Of the six candidates, Cipolla came in sixth. Cipolla still kept his job as mayor, but he comes up for reelection next November, and now he's quite concerned with the new paraphernalia voting block in his bailiwick. Right now it seems that Fanning has more access to people 18 to 35 in Paramus than anyone else.

He has accomplished most of this by simply registering voters who saw no reason to

register or cast a ballot until Fanning showed them one. The 360 people registered in 1979 and the 450 signed up for the 1980 race were not told whom to vote for or against at the registration tables set up in Fanning's store and the stores of a couple of friends. That would be against the law. The people simply left their phone numbers when they registered and then Fanning and his associates would call them on the day before elections and on Election Day itself. The callers would let people know which

plained about it. The landlord and his lawyer refused Fanning's offer to pay up. Counsel for the landlord was one Joseph DiMaria, the same city attorney whom Fanning evicted from Joint Venture.

Fanning has found new living space and is now waging his war to defeat Mayor Cipolla and a new Paramus antiparaphernalia law, based on the Drug Enforcement Agency Model Law. This second law was passed on August 12, 1980. On the morning of August 13, Fanning was told that this time he had just one hour to clear his shelves of forbidden materials. He complied and since then has been stubbornly keeping his store open to sell rolling papers, which is all that is allowed under the new law. He was taking in about \$10 a day until mid November, when he completely reopened his shop, once again selling the gamut of head supplies. Fanning remained open for four days, until four summons from the city forced him to close down. As we go to press, Fanning is awaiting the court's decision on his attempt to get a temporary injunction against the new law, the same course he followed in defeating the old law.

Displaying a newspaper article headlined **HARASSMENT CITED IN LOCKOUT**, Fanning described how the eviction from his house didn't faze him. "Didn't bother me a damn bit. And I'll tell you why. It just gave me another little *nudge* to go after the bastards. And I will and I'll never stop. I found a way to do it and I'm going to do it. You fight them with their own guns. By running for public office, voter registration drives. That's the only way to do it. And it's so easy. The head shops around the country, they just sit back and do nothing.

"Paraphernalia people have to get involved in local politics. Go to town council meetings. Don't be afraid to get up and speak, not just about paraphernalia, but find out how they're spending taxes. You go to a town council meeting and there's seats there for 200 people. I guarantee you, you go for a few months and you're going to see the same five people. Period. Those five or ten individuals have an awful lot to say about what happens to a city full of people.

"It takes a store owner about two minutes of work to pick up some voter registration forms, collect the signatures, witness it and mail it off. And that's the way to get rid of these people. Once the politicians see that this can be done—they're out trying to get votes by closing us down—I'm out to show them they're wrong. Closing me down is going to get them out of office." □



Brick Mason

candidates had an antiparaphernalia stance and let them take it from there. In addition, Fanning distributed a huge number of pamphlets with the same information to those voters already registered.

Fanning's love for politics has grown to the point where he is making plans to run for state senator next year against incumbent John Skevin. Fanning says he'll be collecting signatures to get 10 percent of the registered voters on a petition so he can be on the ballot. "We'll have the workers and I have the money backing me," he says. If he wins, Fanning says, he will, of course, postpone the fishing life in Florida.

There's been a price for all Fanning has accomplished. Besides suffering loss of income for over a year, in September of 1980 he was evicted and locked out of his home. Although he was 15 days behind in his rent, Fanning says the rent situation was not unusual at all and his landlord had never com-



# Cocaine Confidential



Henry Buerckholz

## NOSE CARE

by Michael R. Aldrich, Ph.D.



THE NOSE IS ONE OF THE MOST MARVELOUS organs of the human body. Aside from containing the sense of smell, it is the respiratory system's natural air conditioner. As

air flows up through the nostrils and down through the pharynx, larynx and trachea, it

*This is the second in a series of columns on cocaine, based on interviews with several hundred cocaine users and an extensive reading of the historical literature. Michael R. Aldrich is the curator of the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library in San Francisco, the nation's largest private collection of psychoactive drug literature. © Michael R. Aldrich, 1981. Adapted from the introduction to David Lee's revised Cocaine Handbook (Berkeley: And/Or Press, 1981).*

passes over mucous membranes, which warm it and catch foreign particles to purify it on its way to the lungs. Cocaine when snorted tries to follow the same route (hence the slight metallic taste or "drop" in the back of your throat a few minutes later) but gets lodged on the mucous membranes. Here it dissolves almost instantly, entering the bloodstream through the many tiny vessels of the membrane.

At the same time, cocaine constricts these blood vessels and anesthetizes the cilia which keep the mucous blanket moving back over the membrane. Thus the membranes dry out and stop functioning, leading very quickly to dryness, crusting and ulceration in your nose. Every time you take a toot you

are turning your air conditioner off. Unless you help restore this necessary function, you render yourself susceptible to nagging colds, bacterial infections and a host of respiratory diseases.

To begin the process of caring for your only nose, crush, chop or screen your coke to a very fine powder. Use small (0.05-0.10 gram) doses. Aim it high up inside the nasal cavity.

Beyond that, health care consists of three simple rules. First, don't neglect eating, even if you're not hungry. This also means keeping your levels of bodily fluids up to par by drinking plenty of water or fruit juices (not alcohol). Cocaine—especially if you're also smoking marijuana—dries up the membranes on which it is placed, and also dries up bodily fluids generally. Without adequate food and fluids, your body cannot function normally. The exhaustion that most users feel after a cocaine run is the signal that you should let that wonderful machine—your body—recuperate with the basics of sleep, food and water.



SECONDLY, TAKE YOUR VITAMINS.

The extra stress that cocaine causes in your energy and life-support systems quickly depletes your vitamin levels. The coca plant

itself offers a clue to the vitamins and minerals appropriate for use with cocaine. One hundred grams of *Erythroxylum coca* provides more than the daily Recommended Dietary Allowance of vitamins A, B<sub>2</sub> and E, calcium, iron and phosphorus, as well as a healthy complement of vitamin C, most of the B complex, iodine, magnesium, zinc, copper and sodium. (Duke, Aulik and Plowman, *Harvard Botanical Museum Leaflets* 24 (6), 1975.) These are the elements that must be replaced if you use cocaine.

"Vitamin C, 1,000 mg. A.M. and P.M. (time release), is strongly recommended, along with a stress B complex, 50 mg.," says *Earl Mindell's Vitamin Bible* (New York: Rawson, Wade, 1979). "A good multiple-vitamin and mineral tablet as well as a high-potency mineral taken twice daily is also advised."

If you have a sudden craving for peanut butter after a coke session, it may be a sign that your B vitamins are depleted. The B complex metabolizes rapidly, so take more than 50 mg daily if you're doing a lot of cocaine. Vitamin A should be taken sparingly because it's easy to overdose (nausea, diarrhea, chills). Vitamin E, 100 to 400 IU daily, helps spruce up your cardiorespiratory system. Acting as a vasodilator and mild diuretic, it lowers blood pressure and helps repair damaged tissues by enriching the blood's oxygen supply. If you smoke anything—tobacco, marijuana or freebase—take vitamin E to protect your lungs. Also be aware that ferrous sulfate, a form of iron often found in multiple-vitamin formulas, destroys vitamin E. Use a formula that contains iron as ferrous fumarate or gluconate. Learning how to use vitamins is almost as



tricky as learning how to use drugs.

Thirdly, clean your nose without fail after every coke session (not after every toot). There are two steps to cleaning your nose and reviving your air conditioner. First, make a weak saline solution in a glass with  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt in a cup of warm water. Pinch your thumb and forefinger together and pour a little of this solution over them. Raise this to your nostrils and sniff gently so a tepid salt spray is spread over the membranes inside. Alternatively, pour some into your cupped palm. Close one nostril and inhale through the other until water washes back into the throat. Change nostrils and repeat. You don't need much, and you don't have to go through any contortions like bending your head way back. Commercial nose sprays are pretty rough on nasal passages already irritated by cocaine and should not be used frequently.



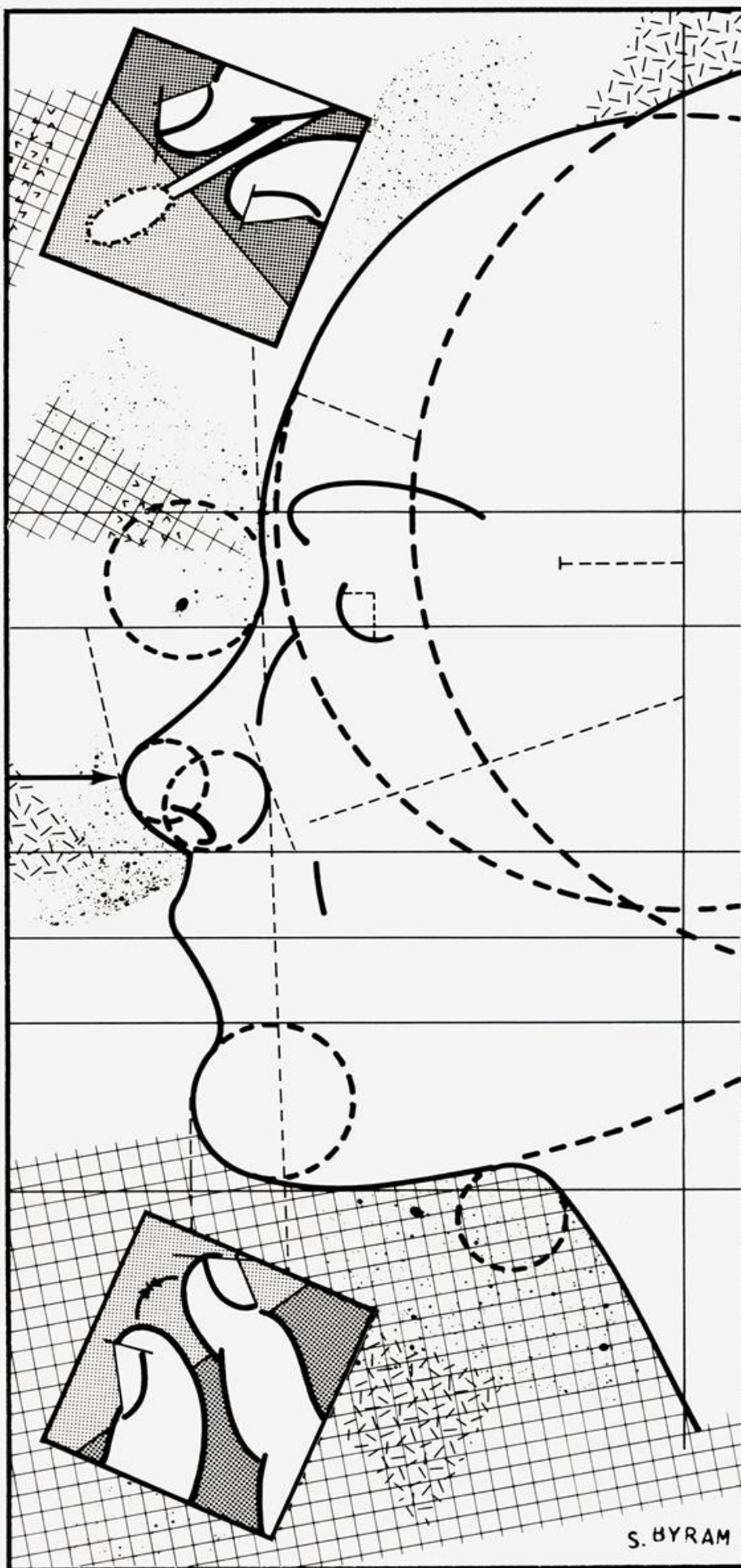
ONCE YOUR NASAL CAVITY IS IRRIGATED, the second step is to lubricate it with vitamin E oil. A natural vitamin E "beauty oil" sold at cosmetics counters is okay for this if it contains only tocopherol in an organic medium like safflower oil. Or you can hold a capsule of vitamin E in a facial tissue and open it up with a razor blade. Some people prefer a lanolin-petrolatum ointment of the kind used for diaper rash, but this is too heavy for more than occasional use in the nose.

If your fingers are large, use a cotton swab for the application: Most people will find this preferable. You can use the tip of your little finger if it's small, clean and not jagged. Dab some E oil on the swab or fingertip and *very carefully and slowly* apply it to the surfaces inside your nasal cavity. *Gently* wiggle it so the oil coats the membranes on all sides. Repeat the procedure in the same nostril, making sure that you lubricate the entire inner rim of the nostril and the little pocket near the tip of your nose. Do the same for the other side, glance in the mirror, smile smugly, say "next time," and go to bed. Don't worry if your nose starts feeling stuffy again: It's your mucous membranes beginning to revive.

A perforated septum is more often caused by clumsy attempts to clean the nose than by cocaine. The nose needs time to recover from the irritation of any foreign substance put in it. As with cocaine itself, douching and oiling more than every few days may harm your nose—and worse, your sinuses.

If crusting in your nose continues or if you start getting nosebleeds, lay off the cocaine and see your doctor without delay. At least switch to tooting under your tongue. Most young doctors these days won't rat on you to the police, and by having a checkup at the first sign of anything wrong you may avert a real tragedy. Paying attention is the definition of a connoisseur.

[Next: Alternatives to Snorting]. □





# THE TAXMAN

***BY BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN***

LOCKED IN COMBAT WITH THE GOVERNMENT OVER BACK TAXES, ULLMAN won some points, lost a few, but could not get the revenue service to accept his plush East Side apartment as a "working office."

"What do they think I use it for?" Ullman asked his accountant.

"They don't know," said Tisch. "They just sense it isn't for work."

"Then let them come up and see it," said Ullman. "I've got nothing to hide."

"I wouldn't do that," said the cautious Tisch. "I'd settle."

"No way," said Ullman. "I'm entitled to have whatever kind of office I like. Send 'em up!"

In truth, Ullman worked a little in the apartment and played a lot. But what business was that of the government's? For all they knew, he slaved away in the place from dawn till midnight and never had any fun there. The plush decor? He needed it to put him in the mood for hard work. Howard Hughes probably had twenty such places, all over the globe, each of them a clean tax deduction. Why not one for Ullman?

On the day before the agent arrived, Ullman ran around and tried to give the place more of an office-type look. He wheeled the bar into a closet, put away his erotic statuary, and scattered paperclips, rubber bands and file cards on the end tables. Here and there he set up tired piles of manuscripts.

The agent's name was Gowran, a fellow who kept his teeth gnashed together as though he were in severe abdominal pain.

"Would you like a drink?" Ullman asked him. "I don't know the protocol."

"Not just now," said Gowran, running his finger along the edge of a handsomely designed leather couch. "So this is the so-called office?"

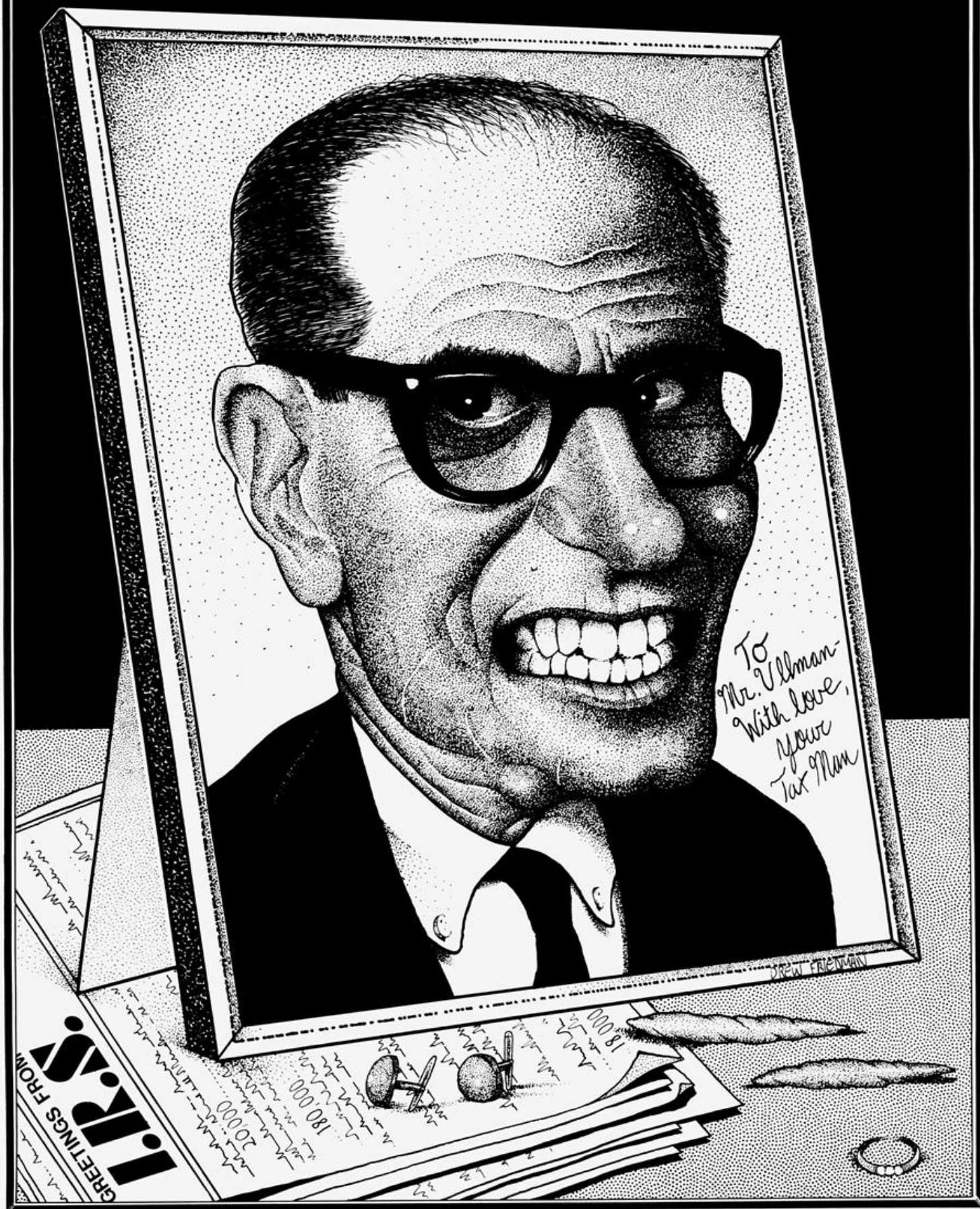
"Not so-called," said Ullman. "Just the office."

"Some place," said Gowran. "Must have cost you a bundle to furnish it."

"Not really," said Ullman. "You use tricks. Decorator short-cuts that make a little go a long way. Look, let's not fool around. This is my office. I work here. I happen to like nice surroundings. What's the government saying? That I have to work in a drab little place?"

"The government is saying take it easy," said Gowran, easing himself into a white futuristic armchair and practically disappearing in the cushions. "What about the bedroom? You work back there, too?" Ullman had hoped he wouldn't get around to that. He had devoted most of his money and effort to that room, paneling all four walls with mirrors, and the ceiling as well. He had bought the thickest rug made and put in a heavily gadgeted bed—in the great man-about-







town tradition. Just his luck, the revenue agent had taken a peek at the set-up on the way into the living room. "I take naps back there," said Ullman. "Half a dozen a day. That's my style of working. Work a little, take a nap, then work some more. You want me to stop that and not take any naps, is that it?"

"Let me see your calendar," said Gowran. Ullman could not tell if he was winning or losing with this fellow, who kept his teeth gnashed together but otherwise had a neutral expression. He was prepared to go along with Gowran until the fellow stepped out of line, at which point he would ask that his case be turned over to higher-ups. Tisch had told him he could do that. But it was difficult to tell if Gowran was stepping out of line. He probably wasn't. So Ullman handed over his daily record book. He had worked on it for two weeks to make it look completely legitimate.

"You certainly take a lot of cabs," said Gowran, flipping through the diary. "No, the government isn't saying you should walk. The government is merely making an observation."

"The government is cute," said Ullman. Gowran snickered, a gray civil-service exhalation of breath, and then plowed on. "Who's this guy Berger?" he asked, still studying the diary. "You've had him to lunch six times and I'm still in January. You both must be very hungry guys."

Actually, this was a break for Ullman. Most of the Berger lunches were legitimate, and in addition, he had called Berger, a public-relations man, and put him on alert that the government might be in touch. And to please back him up all the way. He was in great shape on Berger, not so good on Hellwig, Danziger and Ferris, all of whom were down for fake lunches and might not come through if Gowran checked them out. "Why don't you call Phil Berger and ask him if we talked business all those times or not," said Ullman. "Here, I'll give you his number."

"That's all right," said Gowran, making a few notations in his record book and then putting it away. "Let's take a break. I know about these calendars. Everybody bullshits their way through them. You probably just got finished padding yours the second I got here. How about that drink you mentioned before?" Gowran loosened his collar, kicked out his legs and made himself comfortable. Ullman winced at the thought of this fellow with his two-bit civil-service suit getting comfortable on his fine furniture, but he rushed to mix a drink all the same. If it ever got down to a pitched battle, he could say that Gowran drank on the job.

"You go to a lot of restaurants," said Gowran. "Try a place called Andy's. Terrific parmigiana and you get unlimited pasta and fruit for the same price. You get out of there, you feel just like you're gonna bust."

Ullman could just about imagine what kind of place Andy's was. With its all-you-can-eat policy on pasta and fruit. He almost threw up at the thought of it, but he made believe he was jotting down the name and address for future reference.

"I don't care how many restaurants you know," he said, joining Gowran in a drink. "You can always use another one."

"Must be nice work you do," said Gowran. "Going to all those lunches and then sitting around in a place like this to do your work. With this view."

"I really do work up here," said Ullman, still defensive. "I just happen to like nice surroundings. I've worked in flophouses and now I figure I deserve this."

"Hey," said Gowran, wagging a finger. "We're taking a break, right?"

"Right," said Ullman, relaxing slightly.

"You must meet a lot of nice people," said Gowran, "a lot of good-looking chicks."

"That's right," said Ullman. "They do sort of drift into the theater if they're good-looking."

"What do you do," said Gowran, "you get these thoughts and

then you sort of write them down on paper?"

"Something like that," said Ullman.

"That's nice work," said Gowran. "Hey," he said, looking at his watch and springing to his feet. "I'm supposed to meet my new girl. Can I use your phone?"

"Sure," said Ullman. "If it would make it more convenient, she can pick you up here." The drink had evidently made him feel a bit more convivial than he realized.

"That'd be terrific," said Gowran. "She'd love to see a place like this."

Gowran gave the girl the address over the phone, Ullman wondering how he could speak through those gnashed and battered teeth. He called the girl "little one," and Ullman figured this was internal-revenue style. Romantic internal-revenue style. He could just about imagine the girl.

Actually, she wasn't that bad. For one thing she probably should have been called "big one." She was a heavy-set girl, probably German, with languid, somewhat dazed eyes and an attractively slow-rolling style of movement. From the moment she showed up, she

slowed everything in the room down. It took a few beats for Ullman to realize how attractive she was and when he did he was a little annoyed. For one thing, it had to change his view of Gowran. He had put the fellow into some kind of cramped and pretty second-rate internal-revenue slot. If that was his proper category, what was he doing with Ingrid? Also, it made Ullman look bad. He worked in the theater. He was supposed to be the one with Ingrids.

"The thing about this girl," said Gowran, who suddenly looked a bit dashing, "is that she'll do anything."

"Nothing bothers me," said Ingrid.

"Do something crazy," said Gowran, with a heavy-handed wink at Ullman.

Slowly, lazily, the girl stood on her hands, using Ullman's expensive bookshelves to balance herself. Her skirt poured over her head, Ullman dazzled by the erotically chunky

spectacle. "It means nothing to me," said Ingrid, lightly regaining her feet after just the right amount of time, and with a single movement getting her blond hair to fall back over her shoulders. The doorbell rang and Ullman braced himself. More Ingrids! It was the dry cleaner, after Ullman's dirty suits. Ullman had them ready in a bundle and tossed it to the fellow. As the cleaner sorted it out, Gowran said, "Let's have some fun," and motioned to Ingrid. She took off her blouse, undid her bra and thrust a heavy breast against the startled dry cleaner's face. "Say," he said, "what kind of party is this?" Ingrid allowed him to enjoy it a moment and then dismissed him with a light kiss on the forehead. "She something?" said Gowran, with a chuckle. "Whatever you like," said Ingrid, with an almost bored snap of her fingers, "I do it."

"Yet I feel sorry for the kid," said Gowran, when the puzzled dry cleaner had left. "They're going to send her back to Germany." He spoke almost as though Ingrid were not in the room.

"You said you'd get me girls," said Ingrid, removing her bra entirely now, as though it were an annoyance.

"I'm working on it," said Gowran.

"I like it with girls."

"Listen," said Gowran, "how's the grass situation up here?" The question put Ullman right on the spot. He had some, but what if he produced a few joints and Gowran slipped the cuffs on him, booking him not only on tax evasion but also on a drug rap. Maybe that's what Ingrid's presence was all about. On a simpler level—if he brought out grass it would be clear-cut evidence that the apartment was more than just an office. Still, a certain inevitability began to surround the evening. He went and got some. From the second Ingrid had walked in, he had felt a little stoned anyway. Gowran seized his joint and began to suck on it elaborately in the style of the suburban experimenter; more predictably, Ingrid de-

(continued on page 96)

*She took off her blouse, undid her bra and thrust a heavy breast against the startled dry cleaner's face.*



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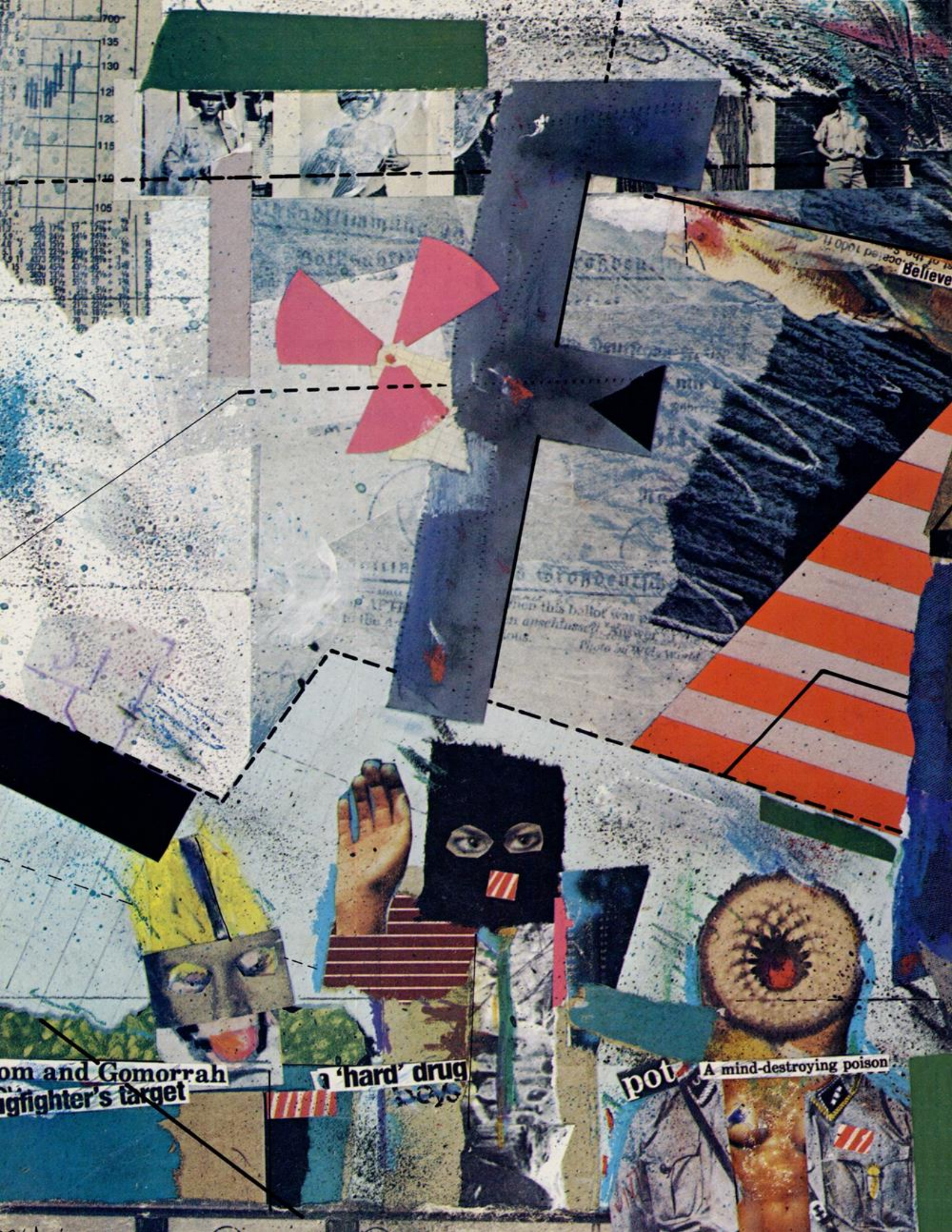
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# WAR ON DRUGS

The  
Strange  
Story of  
Lyndon  
LaRouche

Sinister Mastermind  
of the National  
Anti-Drug Coalition

by Chip Berlet

**They Want to Take  
Your Drugs Away!**

It sounds like a script from a grade-B movie, or a nightmare experienced by an overly paranoid dealer: a national "war on drugs" launched by a bizarre political cult group with ties to the organized right-wing and intelligence agencies.

It's real, however, and it's called the National Anti-Drug Coalition. The coalition has chapters in some 30 cities, and worked feverishly in last year's elections to unseat legislators who favored decriminalization of marijuana and on behalf of politicians who support tougher penalties for drug users. Marijuana is not the only target of the coalition; they are also "dedicated to forming a national machine capable of ridding the nation of the menace of psychotropic substances."

Representatives of the coalition have been appearing nationwide at local public and private schools with lectures on the dangers of marijuana use and have been guests on radio talk shows, where the message reaches a wider audience. They publish a glossy-covered 64-page monthly called *War on Drugs*, which recently summarized the group's goals and accomplishments:

Illustrations by Steve Byram



We have already stemmed the tide of "drug decriminalization" in state legislatures. We have succeeded in having some states recriminalize marijuana where decrim bills were passed. We seek tough laws, and tough enforcement. We want mandatory antidrug education programs in schools; a free hand for parents and administrators to stop pushing in the schools—without ACLU or others' interference in the guise of protecting pushers' "civil rights"; we will keep the entire public informed of all legislation, and where local, state and federal candidates stand on the issue....

Mighty strong stuff, but not surprising considering the source, because the National Anti-Drug Coalition is not a grass-roots organization of confused and concerned parents, but a highly sophisticated fund-raising and recruitment scam for a political cult group led by Lyndon LaRouche, Jr. You might have seen LaRouche on television forecasting nuclear war or imminent economic collapse. He ran in the Democratic presidential primaries and pulled 170,000 votes in 14 contests—a move that qualified him for over \$400,000 in tax dollars through Federal Election Commission matching funds.

LaRouche is no fly-by-night crackpot operating on a shoestring budget; he is a well-financed crackpot with some 600 cult members and another 1,500 supporters who are willing to spend long hours organizing for the political goals of their leader. Right now, Lyndon LaRouche wants a war on drugs—so to understand the National Anti-Drug Coalition requires an understanding of LaRouche and his minions.

Most of the key organizers of the National Anti-Drug Coalition are members or supporters of LaRouche's various front groups, which include the U.S. Labor Party, the National Caucus of Labor Committees, the Fusion Energy Foundation, the Humanist Academy, the New Democratic Policy Committee and the New Solidarity Press Service. LaRouche has masterminded at least a dozen other such groups in the past ten years, and like the National Anti-Drug Coalition, they generally operate out of the same offices and share the phone numbers of LaRouche's various fronts in the cities where he operates.

Lyndon LaRouche spent the late 1950s and early 1960s as a management consultant developing a unique view of world economy. He organized a small circle of followers out of the militant SDS chapter at Columbia University in the late '60s. LaRouche's "labor caucus" in SDS was expelled over political disagreements, so LaRouche established the National Caucus of Labor Committees (NCLC).

LaRouche and his followers began as a small inward-directed organization propounding esoteric economic views. In 1972, however, things began to change. LaRouche returned from a trip to Germany after his wife had left him for a younger member of the Labor Committee living in England. Shortly thereafter, LaRouche

became convinced that a secret conspiracy of evil people directed by British agents controlled world politics—and was out to assassinate him.

Labor Committee members who challenged LaRouche's rather arcane view of reality were called CIA agents or psychologically hung up on what LaRouche called "mother's fear."

NCLC members who were suspected agents were simply isolated in a room and harassed until they admitted they had been brainwashed. Chris White, the English NCLC member LaRouche's former wife had taken up with, was called before LaRouche in December 1973 for a "deprogramming" session. White was kept awake until he "admitted" he had been programmed by both the KGB and CIA to help set up LaRouche for assassination.

In January 1974, LaRouche publicly an-

**"My mother came up to see me and they ripped her up, screaming that she was a lesbian and had castrated my father."**

nounced he had successfully untangled the brainwashing of Chris White. LaRouche claimed White had been "brainwashed by the CIA to simulate a brainwashed KGB agent" through a process he called "psychosexual brainwashing." In the course of the rambling, virtually incoherent speech, LaRouche described part of the alleged brainwashing technique:

How do you brainwash somebody? Well, first of all, you generally pull a psychological profile or develop one in a preliminary period. You find every vulnerability of that person from a psychological standpoint. Now the next thing you do is you build them up for fear in males and females of homosexuality, aim them for an anal identification with anal sex, their mouth is identified with fellatio. Their mouth is identified only with the penis—that kind of sex, and with women. Womanhood is the fellatio of the male mouth in a man who has been brainwashed by the KGB; that is sucking penises.

LaRouche went on to claim that the programming played upon guilt fears about masturbation and homosexuality, and forced the person being programmed to engage in degrading acts. According to LaRouche, the programmers would show the victim a picture of a man performing intercourse with a sheep. "Wouldn't you like to do that? How about this dog?" The key to the technique was summed up by LaRouche thusly:

What brainwashes is the victim's knowledge that he is degrading himself in order to avoid pain. It's not the pain that brainwashes, it's forcing the victim to run away from the pain

by taking the bait of degrading himself. This persistent pattern of self-degradation, self-humiliation, is what essentially accomplishes the brainwashing.

The preceding explanation of brainwashing is pretty raunchy, but former NCLC members claim it forms the basis for the technique used by LaRouche to maintain strict obedience and loyalty from his followers. It is what turned LaRouche's inner organization into a cult. LaRouche's charges of a KGB/CIA brainwashing operation against him were a fantasy, but he believed the only way he could prevent further assassination plots was to subject followers he distrusted to a "deprogramming" session in which he "discovered" the psychosexual brainwashing. It was no surprise he was able to discover such brainwashing, since during the course of his "deprogramming" sessions he was conducting it himself.

## NEO-FREUDIAN RASPUTIN

LaRouche began to use his twisted Freudian psychoanalytical techniques to intimidate members during weekly meetings. One early research report on the LaRouche cult, titled "NCLC—Brownshirts of the Seventies," concluded that "the 'self-consciousness' sessions that LaRouche introduced were ostensibly to train the 'leadership' to withstand psychological terror. In fact, they were designed to create psychological terror and destroy opposition within the leadership—and eventually within the whole organization."

Former NCLC members say they experienced strong fears of becoming impotent as a result of the psychological conditioning. In one memo, LaRouche overtly linked the political with the sexual: "I am going to make you organizers—by taking your bedrooms away from you.... What I shall do is to expose you to the cruel fact of your sexual impotence, male and female.... I shall show you that your pathetic impotence is a mere aspect of your political work such that you will know that you cannot cure one without solving the other."

According to former NCLC members, many LaRouche followers were subjected to sessions where LaRouche or his hand-picked aides would strip down a person's psychological defenses to the point where they would be sobbing hysterically and begging to stay in the Labor Committee. A former member told the *New York Times*, "I've seen them destroy people. They made me blow my guts in front of the whole group and then they used it against me. My mother came to see me and they ripped her up, screaming that she was a lesbian and had castrated my father."

As part of the psychological manipulation within the group, LaRouche announced "Operation Mop-Up"—a series of physical attacks during 1973-75 on meetings held by other political organizations on the left. NCLC members with brass knuckles, sticks and chains would invade a meet-



ing and beat people up, sending some to the hospital. "We shall be cruelly ruthless in carrying out those duties which are necessary to build the kind of mass force required" to seize power from other groups, said LaRouche.

"Our hearts were not in it," recalls one former NCLC member who asked to remain anonymous. "We were all intellectuals, only LaRouche was up for [the attacks]. We knew it was an aberration but it was all or nothing. The attacks were supposed to harden the membership. Most of us now find the whole thing was crazy." The former member, whom we will call Mark, says the nature of the organization changed rapidly during the period of Operation Mop-Up. "LaRouche was an incredibly good speaker, he still is. . . . He's brilliant, but he has gone absolutely bonkers."

Mark was doing graduate work in the social sciences when he was recruited into the NCLC. Now, after leaving the cult, he recalls with disbelief what he did for LaRouche. One night during Operation Mop-Up he found himself with a group of NCLC members on a night mission to attack a political meeting:

We were wearing hockey helmets covered with ski hats to try to disguise them. We had on knee pads, and were carrying sticks, trying to hide them under our coats. Imagine, it was the middle of summer, and here we were marching through Harlem dressed like that. I remember seeing the blacks on the stoops looking at us in amazement, and thinking, "My God, we are going to be made into mincemeat." But instead, for blocks ahead, people were going inside and locking their doors.

A locked meeting-hall door stymied that mission, but the experience helped ensure Mark's loyalty and obedience to the NCLC and LaRouche.

After solidifying unquestioning support within the NCLC, "LaRouche began to move away from the issues," says Mark. What had started as an intellectual study group had turned into a militant cadre of conspiratorial fanatics. LaRouche evolved a paranoid world view in which Nelson Rockefeller was behind a conspiracy to assassinate LaRouche and spread famine and disease across the globe in order to seize power for the British oligarchy. "People who disagreed were called brainwashed and put in isolation," recalls Mark. The proof of their brainwashing was that they opposed LaRouche's policies, and only LaRouche possessed the intellect and perception needed to "deprogram" the dissidents.

Soon, "there were no economic policies left," Mark says, "only conspiracies; everyone hated everyone else. You couldn't talk to your wife because she was trained to rat on you. We were all pushed to do such crazy things. . . . we were totally exhausted. . . . it was very much like a Moonie operation." Mark says it was this atmosphere of fear that prevented objections when La-

Rouche moved to the right.

To bring his strange message of evil cabals and unseen plotters to the American public, LaRouche formed an electoral arm—the U.S. Labor Party, which ran candidates for public offices in 1973. The USLP articulated a theory of imminent nuclear war with Rockefeller's finger on the button. Since Rockefeller was the main enemy, LaRouche began to contact other anti-Rocky forces, who tended to represent the most extreme elements of the organized right wing such as the paramilitary Minutemen and the Washington-based Liberty Lobby. The campaign against Rockefeller launched by the USLP dominated the group's work for several years, especially after he was named vice-president.

One former USLP member, Gregory F. Rose, revealed in a *National Review* article that the anti-Rockefeller campaign focused

### **NCLC members with brass knuckles, sticks and chains would invade a meeting and beat people up, sending some to the hospital.**

the group's interest "in extremist right-wing organizations." Rose produced one memo telling USLP cadre: "Operations reports from our organizers in the field indicate growing sympathy for our 'Impeach Rocky' campaign among right-wing circles. We must move to take advantage of this situation."

### **A RIGHTWARD LURCH**

The memo suggested right-wing groups could be tapped as a source of contacts, recruits and money, and then when the Rockefeller conspiracy was broken, it would be "comparatively easy" to eliminate the co-operative right-wing groups. In late 1977 NCLC chief of staff Costas Axios told a reporter, "We must establish an industrial capitalist republic and rid this country of the Rockefeller anti-industrial, antitechnology, monetarist dictatorship of today." After accomplishing this, Axios said, it would be a simple matter to "win over the people's minds."

By the fall of 1977 LaRouche was talking about a "humanist capitalist alliance" and openly recruiting right-wing support. He also detected another in the endless series of assassination attempts on his life, and hired a former Office of Strategic Services spy with close ties to the CIA to serve as his security adviser. Mitchell Werbell not only advises LaRouche on security, but also trains LaRouche cultists in what are called antiterrorist techniques. Former members call them hit squads, and point out that Werbell operates an arms-manufacturing company and has garnered the nickname "Wizard of Whispering Death."

With the untimely death of Nelson Rockefeller, LaRouche was forced to concoct a new archenemy. He came up with a series of real and imagined organizations that were part of a global conspiracy. LaRouche declared that the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, a Jewish human-rights lobby and educational group, was the control network for the conspiracy in the United States.

This charge against the Anti-Defamation League surfaced shortly after the ultra-right-wing Liberty Lobby criticized the USLP for leaving the Jewish organization out of a booklet detailing the global conspiracy. Liberty Lobby complained that the USLP publication, *Carter and the Party of International Terrorism*, had neglected to include any of the "major Zionist groups such as the notorious Anti-Defamation League" in the list of conspirators in the terrorism apparatus.

U.S. Labor Party researchers went to work and prepared a series of articles in their publication, *Executive Intelligence Review*, a \$10-per-issue weekly aimed at corporate executives, which outlined the conspiracy they called Dope, Inc. Behind the conspiracy of drug trafficking "discovered" by the USLP were a group of individuals who generally shared one common denominator—they were Jewish. The articles appeared in late 1978, and almost immediately USLP supporters founded the Michigan Anti-Drug Coalition.

By early 1979 the USLP had published their research in a 400-page book titled *Dope, Inc.: Britain's Opium War against the U.S.*, in which they charge that U.S. heroin peddling is controlled by British and American Jews. Dennis King, a LaRouche watcher in New York, points to other anti-Semitic charges that began to appear after the Liberty Lobby complaint. "LaRouche and his followers began to publish articles claiming that the murder of six million Jews in World War II never happened, that B'nai B'rith is a nest of treason against America, that the Jews in ancient times plotted mass murder against the Christians, and that Zionism controls the drug traffic in America."

The anti-Semitic nature of the USLP and its charges concerning the heroin drug trade were downplayed when the USLP newspaper, *New Solidarity*, issued a call for a "National Anti-Drug Coalition" on July 10, 1979. For months the newspaper had been running a series of articles drawn from *Dope, Inc.*

From published reports of *Dope, Inc.* co-author David Goldman's tour, it was clear the USLP was considering a major campaign around the antidrug issue. The fundamentals of the campaign were outlined in typical LaRoucheian rhetoric in a May 4, 1979, article in *New Solidarity*:


The explosive nature of the antidrug battle nationally has been highlighted by the situation in northern Indiana, where Goldman addressed [an antidrug] group. In the city of Highland, following months of U.S. Labor Party antidrug organizing and the door-to-

(continued on page 76)



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**So You Want A CENTERFOLD...**  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK WORTH





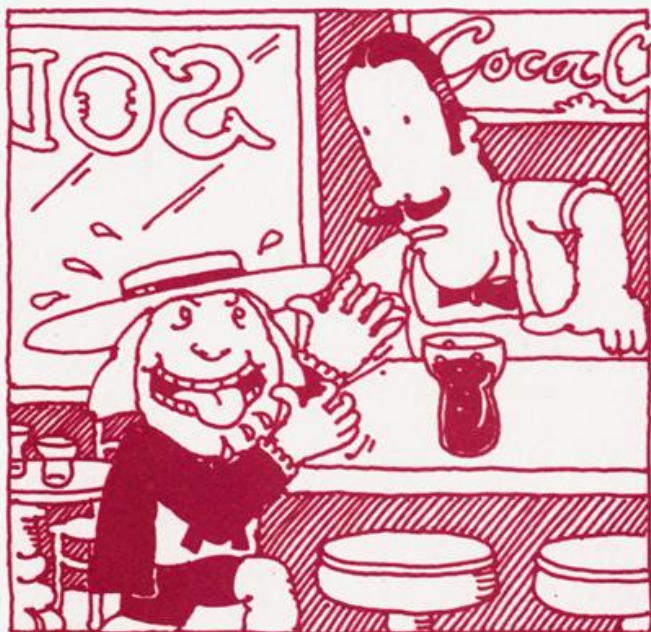








I wish there could be some medicine invented which would make one rise without pain, which I never did, unless after lying in bed a very long time. Perhaps there may be something in the stores of Nature which could do this. I have thought of a pulley to raise me gradually; but that would give me pain, as it would counteract my internal inclination. I would have something that can dissipate the *vis inertiae* (power of inertia) and give elasticity to the muscles. As I imagine that the human body may be put, by the operation of other substances, into any state in which it has ever been; and as I have experienced a state in which rising from the bed was not disagreeable, but easy, nay, sometimes agreeable; I suppose that this state may be produced, if we knew by what. We can heat the body, we can cool it; we can give it tension or relaxation; and surely it is possible to bring it into a state in which rising from the bed will not be a pain. —James Boswell, 1791

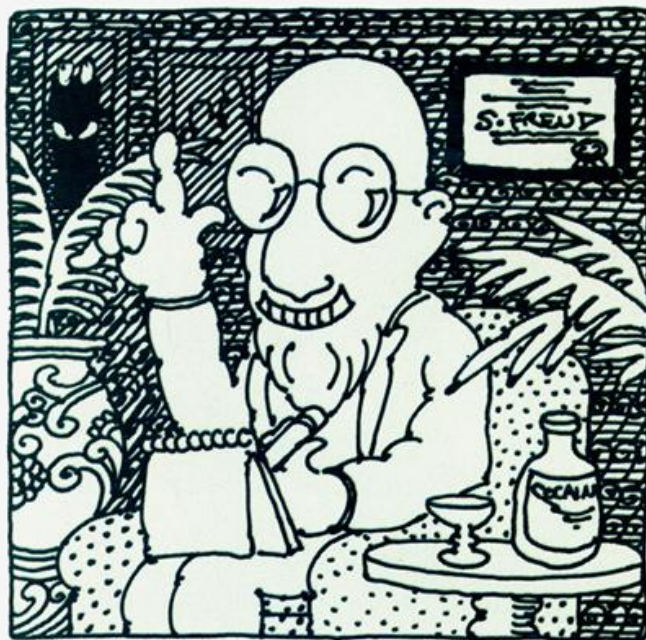


"Soft Drinks and Dopes" is the subject of Dr. Wiley's investigations in the August *Good Housekeeping*. Among the more virulent are caffeine, kolanut and cocaine. There are many others. These poisons tend to make the use of the various con-

# COKE QUIPS

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coctions a habit. They are put into them with the purpose to stimulate a craving, which will make the use of the beverage habitual. At this time, when tens of thousands of dollars are being spent daily in the purchase of so called "soft" drinks, this article is both timely and valuable. Parents particularly will want to guard their children against this settled inroad of the drug habit. You will find it in the August issue of *Good Housekeeping*. —advertisement, 1900



The first time I took 0.05 *cocainum moriatum* in a 1% water solution was when I was feeling slightly out of sorts from fatigue. This solution is rather viscous, somewhat opalescent, and has a strong aromatic smell. At first, it has a bitter taste, which yields afterwards to a series of very pleasant aromatic flavors. Dry cocaine salt has the same smell and taste, but to a more concentrated degree.

A few minutes after taking cocaine, one experiences a sudden exhilaration and feeling of lightness. One feels a certain furriness on the lips and palate, followed by a feeling of warmth in the same areas; if one now drinks cold water, it feels warm on the lips and cold in the throat. On other occasions the predominant feeling is a rather pleasant coolness in the mouth and throat.

—Dr. Sigmund Freud, 1885

One redeeming feature there is, the habit of cocaine seems to lessen both sexual desire and ability, so there is less danger of its transmission by heredity.

—American Journal of Pharmacy, 1903



The following day the Chief exchanged his revolver for one of heavier calibre. Yet the one with which he had shot the Negro was a heavy army model, using a cartridge that Lieut. Townsend Whalen, who is an authority on such matters, recently declared was large enough to "kill any game in America." And many officers in the south, who appreciated the increased vitality of the cocaine-crazed Negroes, have made a similar exchange for guns of greater shocking power for the purpose of combating the "fiend" when he runs amuck.

—Dr. Edward Huntington Williams, 1914

The colored population of Philadelphia is full of it, or was. We have cleaned it up. The colored people seem to have a weakness for it. It is a very seductive drug, and it produces extense exhilaration. People under the influence of it believe they are millionaires. They have an exaggerated ego. They imagine they can lift this building, or can do anything they want to. They have no regard for right or wrong. It produces a kind of temporary insanity. They would just as leave rape a woman as anything else, and a great many of the southern rape cases have been tied to cocaine. . . . Most of the attacks upon white women in the south are the direct result of the cocaine-crazed Negro brain.

—Dr. Christopher Koch, 1916



"I know they are not real rats. That's a real rat, though, on the floor. I nearly killed it that time. That is the original rat I saw; it's a real rat. I saw it first on my window sill one night."

Such, quietly spoken, is mania. And soon, the pleasure passes, is followed by its opposite, as Eros by Anteros.

"Oh, no! They never came near me." A few days pass, and they are crawling on the skin, gnawing interminably and intolerably, loathesome and remorseless.

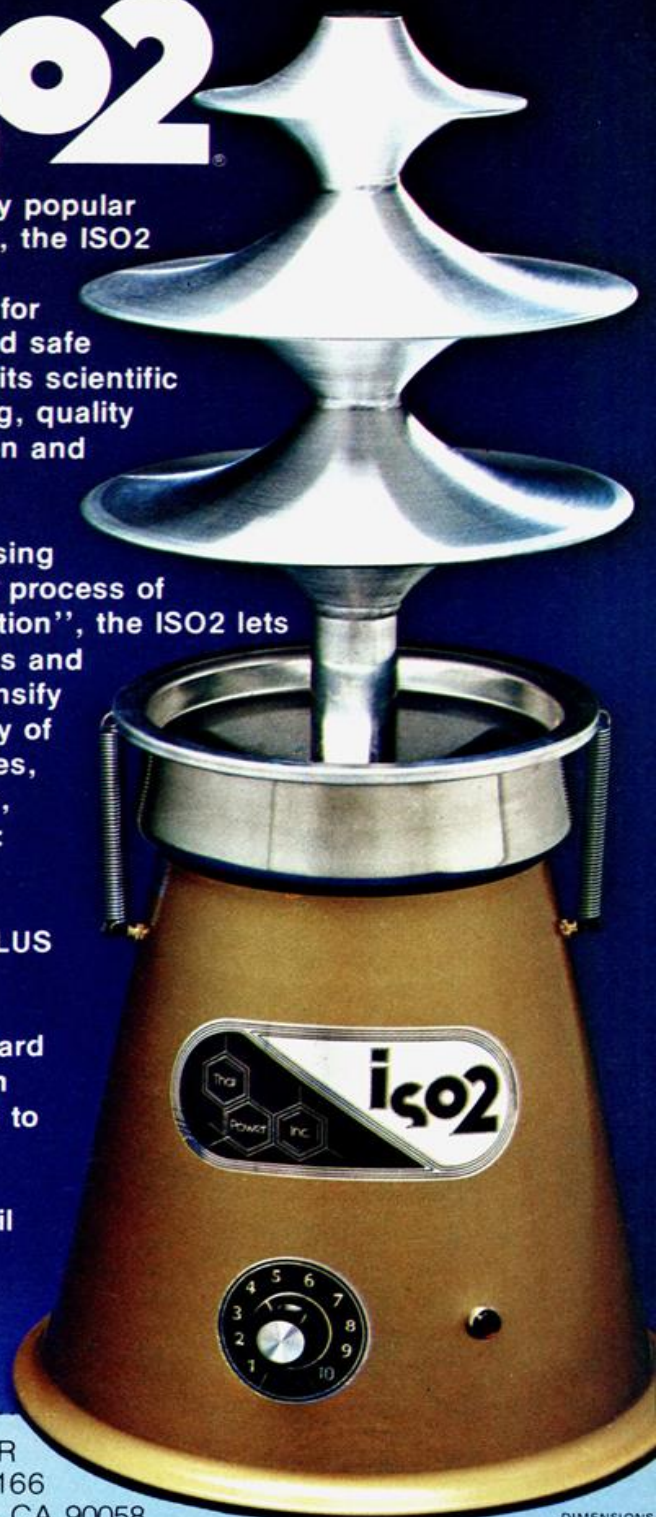
—Aleister Crowley, 1919

Case 5: The male patient came to the clinic to report an interesting experience. He had been smoking approximately 98 g of freebase over a 72 hour binge. He reported minor lesions on his hands and arms, sensations of scaling or crabs in his hair follicles, and seeing his muscle tissue pushing substances out of his skin. He monitored these latter effects with a microscope and reported seeing white snakes and black antibodies emerge from his skin. He collected these snakes with tweezers and filled up several vials. Upon subsequent examination, these vials were found to contain dried skin tissues.

—Dr. Ronald Siegel, 1980

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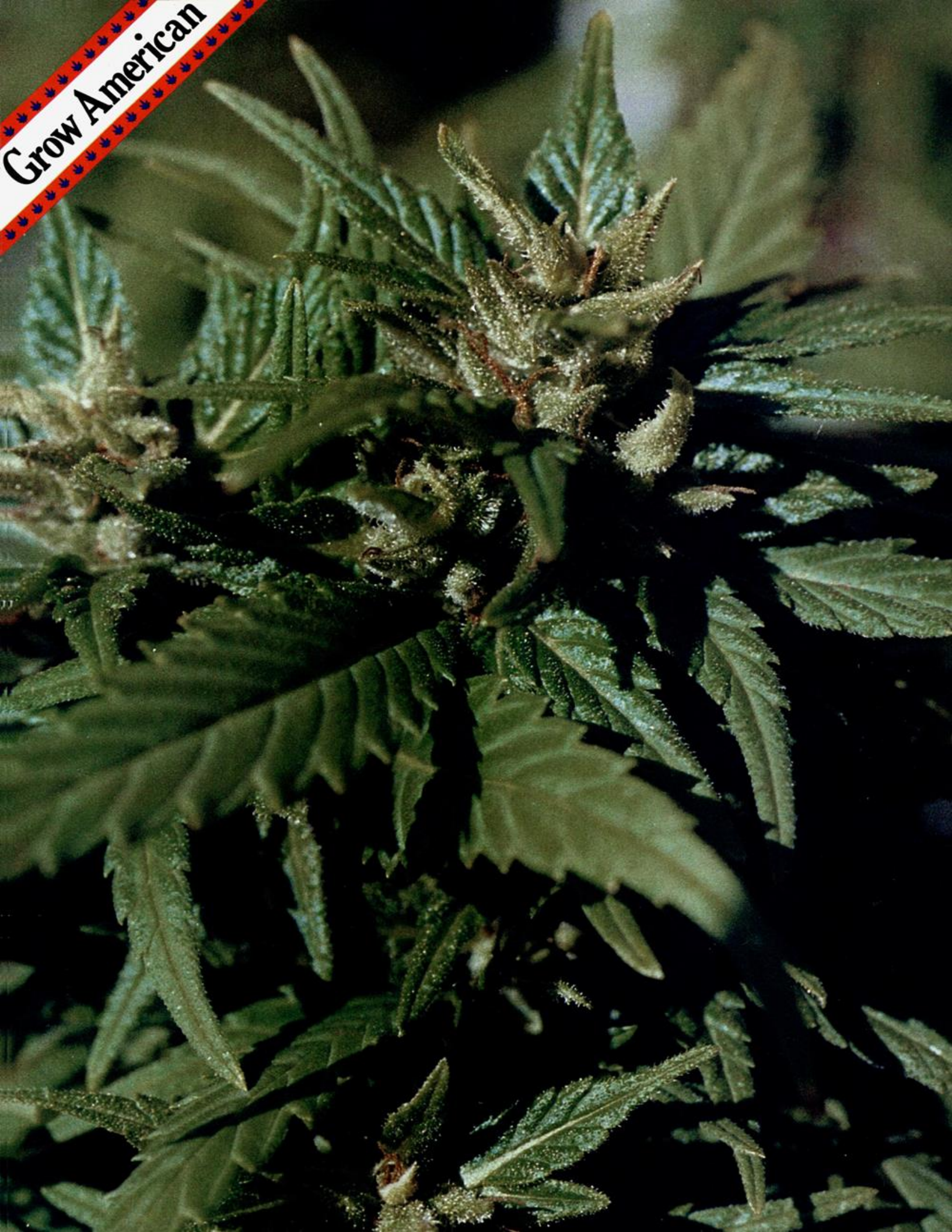
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**Grow American**





# Who put the "High" in Ohio?

by The Macedonia Kid

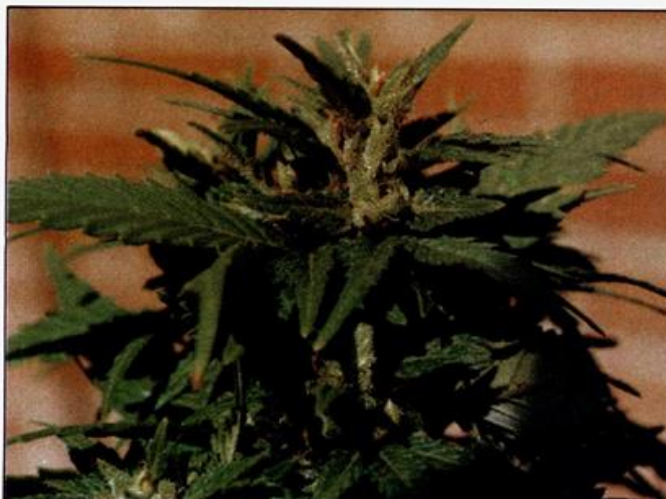
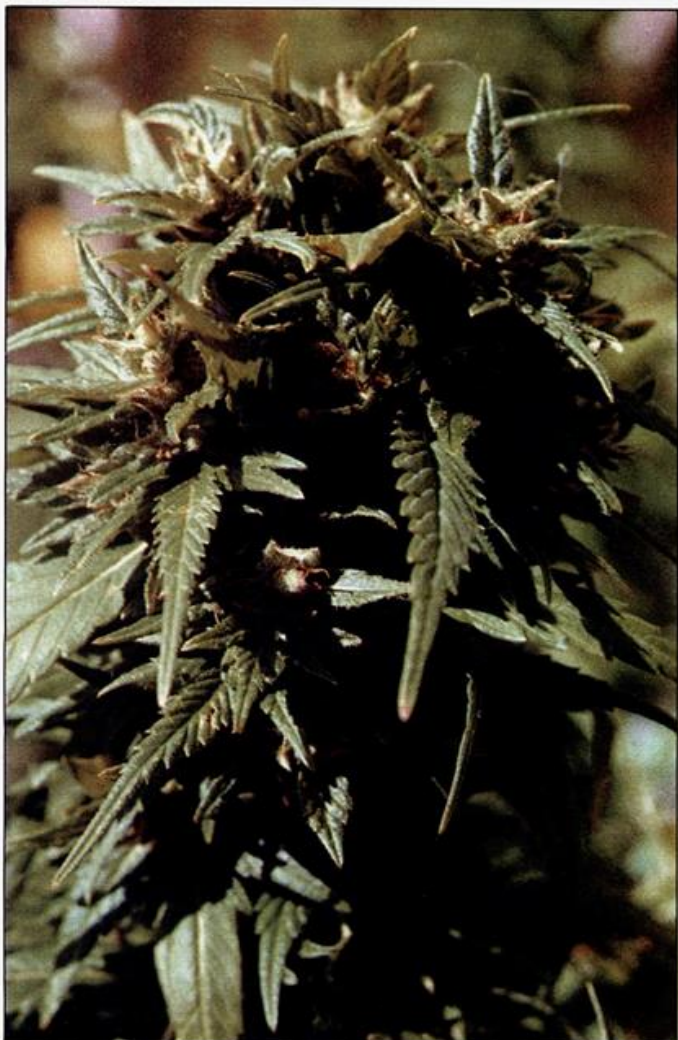
The only good thing that I can say about that frigid winter of '75 was that the biting cold drove me into the library. For five long years I had been beating my brains trying to squeeze some top-quality homegrown out of the dirt of northern Ohio, where the elevation is 1,000 feet, the latitude 41.20° north and the growing season short. I won't bore you with my early errors or disappointments; suffice to say that both were as numerous as the seeds in a ki of Mex ditchweed.

Anyway, in the library I began studying weather statistics that pertained to the major exporting countries, their photo-

periods and the intensities of light. I came up with a bounty of new ideas and information. I purchased a fluorescent light fixture with the special plant grow bulbs and started my new seedlings indoors under lights, around March 1. The fall of 1976 brought me my first mature buds, my first homegrown seed and my first taste of HIGH TIMES magazine. I had turned a very dear dealer friend of mine from Cleveland on to some of my homegrown and he, in turn, turned me on to HIGH TIMES.

Through HIGH TIMES I enrolled as a student to Rosenthal, Frank and Stevens. Each year learning, growing, striving to-

*Macedonia wowie: I harvested this beauty on August 1 and sold her at \$200 an ounce.*



*A close-up of my Macedonia wowie. Though I do harvest early I will pick no marijuana before its time.*

ward the perfect pod. Today, after ten years of growing, I can brazenly declare that I alone without a doubt do not grow the best pot in the world, but damn if it won't take the curl out of your hair.

For my 1981 crop I will start my now 27 strains in a greenhouse aided by supplemental lighting. My starting date is now January 1. I start each seed in individual four-inch pots. Instead of dirt, I use a nonsoil mix appropriately named Pro Mix. This mix consists of peat moss, perlite, vermiculite and a sufficient supply of nutrients to take the seedlings through their first month's growth. Mixes of this type are available through any garden-supply store or nursery under various brand names, some with nutrients and some without. The peat moss used in these soilless mixes will be acidic in nature. The pH can be easily adjusted to from 6.5 to 7.5 using agricultural lime. The medium is sterile so you need not worry about damping off (a fungus-type disease that rots the seedlings at the soil line), and it doesn't contain any weed seeds to germinate and compete with the plants for the much needed nutrients and light. I progressively step up the plants as they become pot-bound (the roots will appear as

a winding mass at the bottom when the plants are taken out of their pots). As the climate stabilizes I move the young plants out into the world, placing them under the protective shade of trees until they have become accustomed to their new environment. Each day I move the plants further into the light until, after about ten days, they are in full sun.

The plants will begin to grow at a furious pace with a ravenous appetite for nutrients and water. I like using a water-soluble fertilizer. These types of fertilizers allow you to provide the plants with immediate nutrients. During the growing stages the plants will require high levels of all the nutrients, especially nitrogen. Nitrogen regulates a plant's ability to make proteins. Proteins are vital in the formation of new protoplasm in the cells. Even the important green leaf pigment chlorophyll is a nitrogenous compound. Rapid-Gro 23-19-17 or Plantex 20-20-20 will do fine.

Because I am using a nonsoil mix, I add micro nutrients to my fertilizer. I dilute my fertilizer according to the package directions and water the plants with it at 10-day intervals. The micro nutrients can be added to this mix but you need only add them at 30-day intervals.



Water usually contains some of these required nutrients, and only a small amount will be used by the plants.

By July the plants will be entering their seventh month of growth. At this time I change the fertilizer to meet the soon changing requirements of the plants. As the plants begin to flower they have a need for more phosphorus and potassium and less of a need for nitrogen. A fertilizer with a ratio of from 5-10-10 to 5-15-15 will work fine. Now I will begin to change the photoperiod of the plants. *Photoperiod* is the relative length of alternating periods of light and dark as they affect the

think is mentally possible, then, *bon appetit!*

A word of caution! In the last few years an overabundance of growing information has been written on the subject of marijuana cultivation. Experiment yourself, for not all of the advice is accurate. Many, in an attempt to reap the financial gains, simply publish their untried ideas or merely rearrange old literature from other writings. It would be almost impossible to re-create Hawaiian in a backyard garden in Montana. Expect, though, with a proper knowledge of cultivation, to grow that Hawaiian to a good, top-quality, marketable

### Face facts: It's almost impossible to re-create Hawaiian smoke in a backyard garden in Montana.

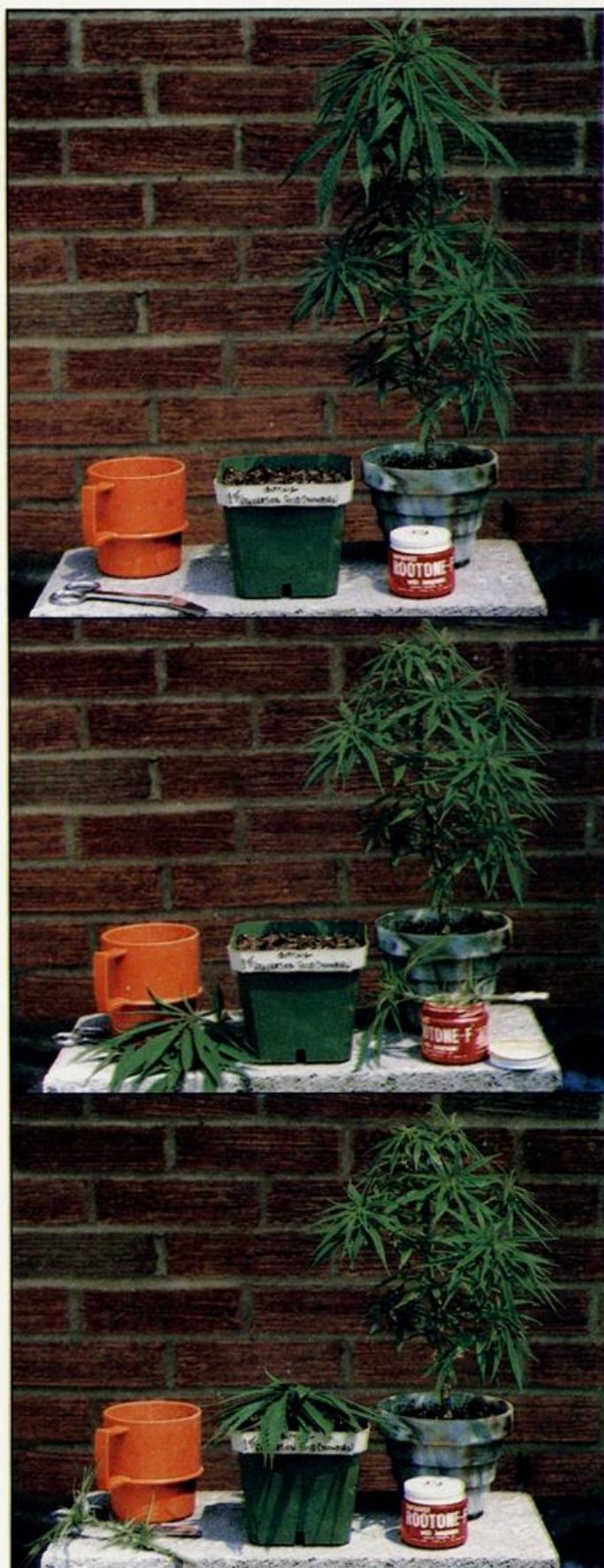
plant's growth and maturity. By artificially reducing the length of daylight to ten hours you enable the plants to build the chemical changes that are needed for flowering. By growing in containers I am able to move the plants into a comparably dark area at about 8 P.M. and then bring them out into full sun at 10 A.M., thus giving the plants the full benefits of the strongest periods of light each day.

By the end of July most of the plants will have full-size mature buds. I say mature because they will grow only slightly larger in size but they are in no way ready to harvest. The female when not subjected to the impregnating male pollens will literally drool her sticky resins in the hope of entrapping the male's grain. Through August the pistils will begin to turn rust in color, the calyx (the seed coverings or bracts) will begin to swell as though falsely impregnated. By this time you've probably chewed your fingernails off up to the elbows in anticipation, but your patience will pay off. After the pistils have turned red the female in her last frenzied attempts at motherhood oozes forth her most seductive fluids. Within the next few weeks you will see the beads of crystalline resin build, encrusting the buds as though the fabled pot fairy had come in the night to dust you ravenously with her sweet spicy sugars. Wait as long as you

smoke.

I have read various articles that state your first generation of plants will be near equal in potency to that of the parent, but that within a few generations, using the seed from each year, you wind up with a smoke comparable to rope-dope ditchweed. Not so! This condition would only happen if you were to grow only one strain and continually breed only these plants. By growing an array of strains you will be able to acclimate each strain to your area and then crossbreed one to another. This will help to keep increasing the potency and will add different characteristics to each succeeding generation.

Withholding water during the growing season to increase potency is also a myth. Marijuana releases only minute amounts of resin into the plants until the buds begin to form. These resins act as an antidrying agent in the plant. Withholding water during the growing season will only hamper the growth and health of the plant. Water is needed to supply the plants with the proper, essential uptake of nutrients. During flowering, stronger aromatic fluids are secreted around the seed bracts. This helps to keep the pistils from drying out and dying. These secretions act also to attract pollen-bearing insects to the plant. Withholding water near the end of flowering will cause an increase in



*Taking cuttings: Materials needed are cutters, water, pot with medium, rooting powder and plant. Main leaves removed from cutting (see pot) these leaves can be cured and smoked. Make hole with pencil in potting medium and firm cutting into soil. Place in aquarium and cover top with plastic.*



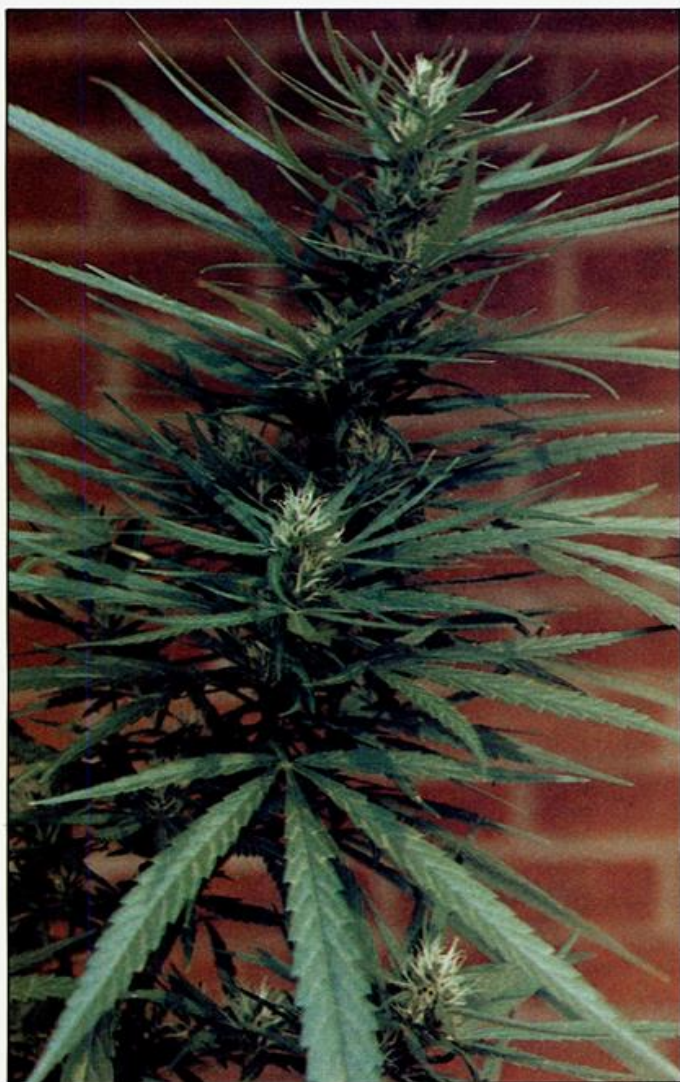
these secretions. The main leaves that shade the plant can also be removed to allow more sunlight onto the flowers. This will shock the plant into increasing resin flow to compensate for drying rays of the sun.

In choosing your seed stock, become aware of the conditions of the area in which you will plant, and also the general conditions of the area from which your seed has come. I fully realize that some of you may have limited access to a variety of seed, and that some dealers may tend to apply misleading brand names to their wares. With time, you will be able to tell different strains by

their characteristics of growth.

For Northern growers with a short growing season, *Afghani* (*Cannabis indicus*) makes an excellent subject. I have read articles that proclaim that *Afghani* is only good for making hash. No, no, no! This strain has been cultivated over hundreds of years specifically for the purpose of making high-quality hash. The plant grows in a compact manner yet yields a good weight in buds at harvest. It is highly resinous with good sugar and a sweet yet pungent aroma. The conditions that govern its growth are warm summers, a moderate amount of rainfall and a short growing season.

## Hi, Mom! They're going to pay me for this—cash money, American.



Top right: Well-rooted cutting after about three weeks. Above: My famed salt and pepper plant taken about three weeks after I changed its photoperiod. Note the immature buds beginning to form. If you've done your job, your cuttings after about three weeks should be well rooted and look something like this.



Does that sound familiar? Mountain-grown Mexican and Jamaican make excellent subjects. Hawaiian is also good in the North. Though the climate there changes only slightly throughout its season, Hawaii, at about 20° north latitude, shares a similar photoperiod with the States. Colombia, at the equator, has only a few minutes' change from its 12-hour photoperiod throughout the year. This does not mean that Colombian will not grow well in the North, but that it will require an early change in the photoperiod to bring the unacclimated strain to bud before winter.

Another plant peculiarity I found through accident deals with taste. I received some seed stock from some homegrown "red bud" through a grower friend in Florida. Though the buds were green, and quite exquisite, they had good potency and had the sweet taste of sinsemilla, but none of the characteristic red aroma.

My theory is that the light intensity that increases toward the equator holds some vital part in the formation of the taste in the buds of the plant. Miami at 25° north latitude has some 13,000 footcandles of light intensity during the longest days of summer, while at 40° north latitude we have only 9,000 to 10,000. During harvest, mid September, early October, we at 40° north have only 5,500 to 7,500 footcandles, while Miami

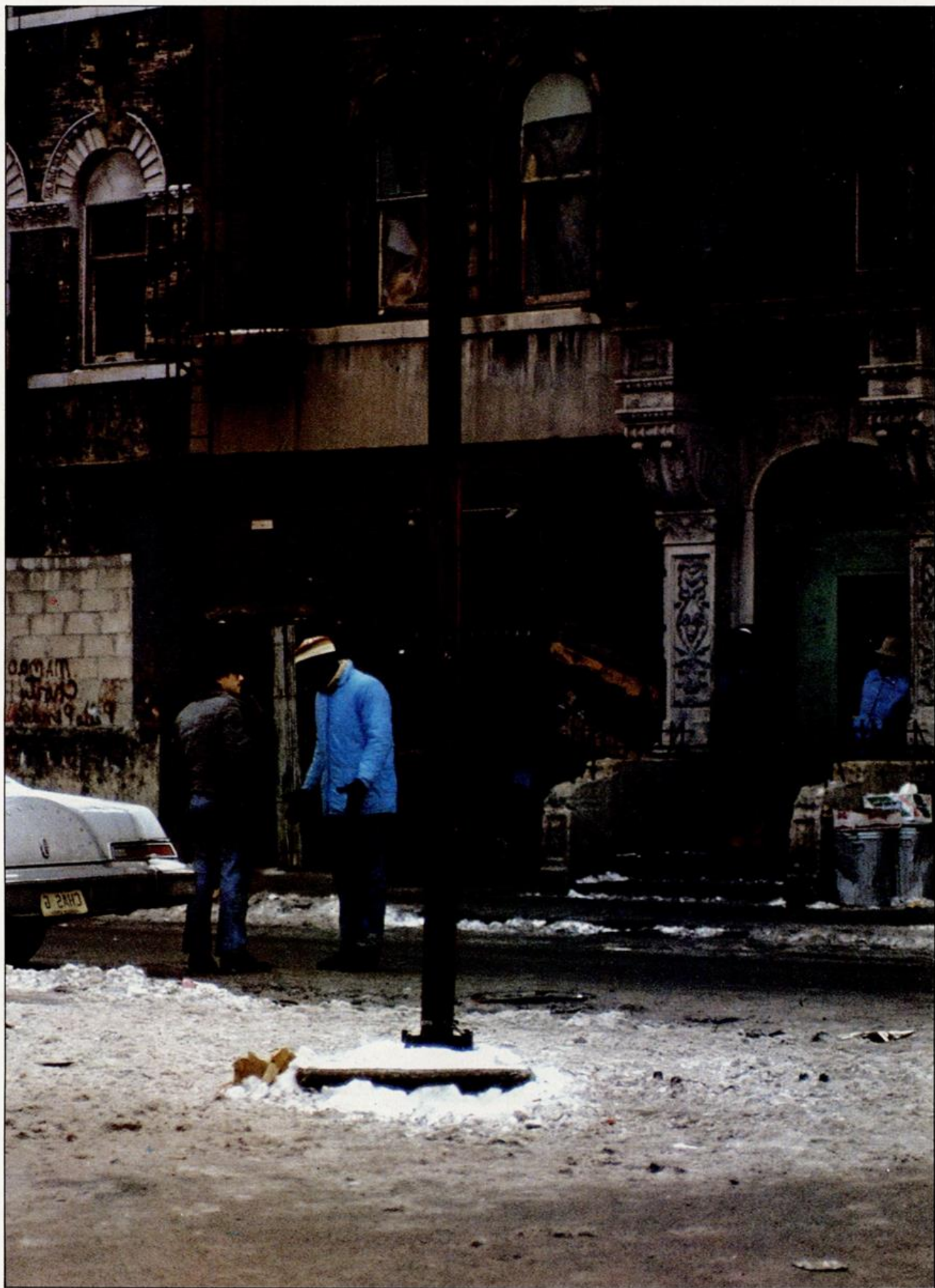
on their shortest days of around mid December will have around 10,000.

So we in the snow belt can reproduce California's finest, which is grown between 32° north and 42° north latitude, by simply starting early enough in the year to allow plants to receive a six-month growing season. Then change the photoperiod, and allow your maturing plants to bask in the strong summer sun of July and August.

For those of you who are in between the sun and the snow and may wish to extend your harvest, cuttings can be taken from the plants prior to the change in photoperiod. Given proper care they will root easily and can supply you with any number of "clones." Taking cuttings is an *asexual* reproduction. This means that you get an identical plant to that of the parent, or donor plant. *Sexual* reproduction involves the union of a male and a female germ cell. From this type of union a seed is produced. This seed may have a totally different set of characteristics from that of its parents.

Now that we are all horticultural wizards, break out the seeds and let's get growing! Hey, you got that, you sleazy, cheap-jack, low-life, scum of the earth, dirtbag, pod rustlers!!! Boy, have I ever been rustled. Bites my ass. Hi, Mom! They're actually going to pay me for this—cash money, American. □





Photography by Constance Hansen



# Smack City, USA

## Profiteering off the "Heroin Epidemic"

YOU KNOW THERE IS A HEROIN EPIDEMIC AFOOT WHEN THE GOVERNOR OF NEW York begins yelling about smack. We have a lurid record of gubernatorial involvement in the heroin traffic here in the Empire State. Hardly a poppy blooms anywhere in the world that does not put a vote or three behind whomever happens to be running things in Albany that spring. The governor of New York has only to open his mouth on the subject and we have a heroin epidemic, it never fails.


The last governor we had that made a killing on heroin was Nelson Rockefeller, who raised such a magnificent fuss over heroin in 1972 that jails from here to Dannemorra will still be full in the year 2000 with people who were busted under the Nelson Rockefeller Narcotics Laws over the six years they were in effect. Rockefeller had it in his head to run for president in 1976, see, sweeping in on Richard Nixon's coattails; in early '72 it looked like a terrific bet that after four more years of Nixon, anyone who was famous for sending up dope addicts for 25 to life, no parole, would have a sure shot at the Oval Office. So Rocky squalled about heroin to the high heavens, and from now to the end of this century we Empire State taxpayers will be supporting in prison several hundred poor South American women whose boyfriends back in Bogotá made them try to sneak dope through La Guardia Airport in their girdles; any dealer rich enough to afford a lawyer got the case transferred to federal court, where the penalties are at least a generation briefer, but these poor damn two-*peseta* mules had to make do with Legal Aid.<sup>1</sup>\*

Fate, alas, intervened at the Watergate to disappoint poor Rocky, and he also had to make do with second best. When he was presently wrapped in a rubber bag by the New York City coroner's men, stretched out stiff as a mackerel in his midtown townhouse, with his pretty secretary all ablush and stammer, the corpse was chuted straight into a furnace without so much as a Valtox Field Test for the presumptive evidence of narcotics. The New York City medical examiner was then, and still is, Dr. Michael Baden, sworn spouse to Dr. Judianne Denser-Gerber, who runs the cherished Odyssey House drug-free rehab cult. *Quincy*, you'd imagine, would have carved up six ways to Sunday the corpse of any state governor who croaked out under such very innaresting circumstances; but then Dr. Quincy is not married to a woman who breaks down narcotics addicts' drug-seeking behavior by having her bare feet hand-washed at eucharistic detox ceremonies, and gets away with such freakery by hobnobbing socially with whomever happens to be governor at any given poppy harvest.<sup>2</sup>

The one we have now in Albany, the Hon. Hugh Carey, has been caterwauling about heroin ever since last autumn, the autumn of 1980, which will therefore go down in all the books as the advent of this latest heroin epidemic. He formally launched it in October with something very

**by Dean Latimer, Sordid Affairs Editor**





like a ribbon-cutting ceremony, on the rear steps of the venerable New York Public Library, looking out over lovely Bryant Park. At his side was Julio Martinez, jefe of the state's drug-abuse bureaucracy (the Division of Substance Abuse Services, or DSAS), whose minions explained that Bryant Park had been selected to inaugurate this historic 1980 heroin crackdown because everyone knows you can score nickel and dime bags of dependably good quality Colombian there in broad daylight.<sup>3</sup> Julio Martinez, who was hooked on heroin all the time Rocky was setting up his presidential bid, tells the press now that he sincerely believes marijuana is just as bad and evil as heroin.

And if you will swallow that one, you will surely have room for Governor Carey's asseveration in Bryant Park that Ayatollah Khomeini is moving all this new heroin to the

USA with the connivance and material assistance of Red Communist Russia. He calls it the "caviar connection," because Iran and Russia have in common caviar, and the mortal hostility of the American public. The Countries You Love to Hate. Since everyone agrees that the governor's new heroin comes out of Iran, Afghanistan and Pakistan, he concludes that his epidemic "is being instigated and helped along by powerful countries in that region: the Soviet Union, and those who are backing the North Vietnamese." It's war again! Praise the Lord and pass the paradimethylaminobenzaldehyde!

"If they were using nerve gas on us, we'd certainly call out the troops. But this is more insidious than nerve gas. Nerve gas passes off. But this does not. It kills. I'm not overstating the case."<sup>4</sup>

\* \* \*

This last bit, the part about nerve gas being less lethal than heroin, is crazy. The governor said a crazy thing here, it's not libelous to point that out. Crazy as a loon. Three sheets to the wind. *Ferkakteh*. When the governor of New York State says crazy things like that about heroin to the assembled press, it is no less than a green light for every one of us sensationmongers to pull out all the stops and get as lunatic as ever we can ourselves about this crazy-making heroin, the Drug You Love to Hate. I know I went straight down to Smack City on the Lower East Side to get a taste of this great new shit the governor was advertising. Other journalists went crazy in sundry other fashions.

This has to happen in your own states, in your own towns and cities, anytime the respected authorities take it in their heads to conjure up a heroin epi-

demic. Just about every television station nowadays has some real hotshot tabloid reporter on the news staff, the sort of punk who'll shove the microphone right in the blistered face of the mutilated bomb-incident bystander and ask if he thinks it was the PLFP or the Ku Klux Klan who lit the fuse. The kind of ghoul who rounds up all the loved ones of the mass-murder victims, and has them describe what they'd do if they had the alleged perpetrator in the room with them right now. On the ABC station in New York City we have a woman named Jane Wallace who covers this tabloid beat. Mark her name, she does a real fine job, you're bound to see lots of her on national television in years to come.

After the governor had set the trend for being as crazy as ever you wish when it comes to heroin, Jane Wallace got in tight with Julio Martinez's substance-abuse people and ran a five-day smack marathon on the late local news. You had to see this one in color. Every night for a whole work week, all New York City got to watch Puerto Rican junkies masturbating their bloodstreams with hypodermic needles. Four, five minutes of it, every single night: "What you are about to see may disturb and disgust you, but it is the most forceful way we know to portray the frightening new flood of heroin which is inundating our streets."

Of course, the only new thing about it was its lingering depiction on the ABC late news, in full color. Shooting galleries have



been operating 24 hours a day all over New York, nonstop, since midnight, December 31, 1914, when the Harrison Act outlawing morphine took effect. The only mildly anomalous element in this ABC display was the special care the junkies appeared to be taking to keep everything as neat and sanitary as possible. They actually paused thoughtfully before they shot, so's to assure a bull's-eye hit, no wriggling and gouging with the spike. They hardly bled at all. Most shooting galleries in full swing look like somebody just set off a hand grenade in a crowded elevator, but this one was no worse than an OB ward after triplets. I wouldn't be surprised if Jane Wallace used up a whole pack of Kleenex, bending over the junkies asking intently why they thought they were doing this, careful to keep the gore off her pants suit. If only one of 'em would've squirted her a mouthful of plasma and heroin—but there, she might've turned out to *like* it.

Five nights in a row they ran this, the same fucking smack-pornography all week long, the most irresistible advertisement for doogie since Mother Winslow's Soothing Cough Syrup for Infants. Presumably the people who led Jane Wallace to this lair of degradation, the streetwise stalwarts of Julio Martinez's substance-abuse division, did *not* themselves watch this presentation. "Reformed" junkies are best off not looking at bottle-tops burbling over Bic lighters, and rubber hoses braiding around

biceps, and needles puncturing flesh, and blood sluicing scarlet up into glass-and-steel hypodermics: The cook-up-and-fix ceremony, even passively viewed through a telly, has been shown in lab tests with "detoxified" junkies to cue the anticipatory release of bloodstream hormones that set off just a *tickle* of a smack-rush all by themselves<sup>5</sup>. When the momentary placebo rush ebbs, then a whole *different* system of clean-out enzymes is liable to be called into play, promoting shakes, sweats, belly-rumbles and drastic junk craving<sup>6</sup>. You can be smack-clean for years, that is, and then one night you turn on the news and relapse because Jane Wallace has a grand tabloid career to pursue at ABC-TV. Aggressive young bint, that one. You'll see more of her for sure.


\* \* \*

Not that my own kind of going crazy was any more wholesome, once I got the governor's green light to do so. I was all prepared to exploit *children* to facilitate my drug-seeking behavior. The news out of the streetwise Substance Abuse office, which is barnstorming this heroin epidemic with something close to desperation, was that heroin purity on the Lower East Side is up around 10 percent, and it's being peddled to all comers on the sidewalks by little boys and girls. The preteens fetch the money from the client, take it to the Man in his stash pad, and courier the dope back to the street, says DSAS, because that protects the Man from arrest; even if the waifs get nailed carrying, y'see, they can't be threatened with legal penalties heavy enough to induce them to turn over on the Man. Or so the story goes.

My, my, sez I to myself when I heard this. The Born-Againists must be evangelizing among the narcotics squad, or something equally miraculous. We've come a long way since that Saturday midnight in 1969 when four detectives broke down the door of the woman upstairs







from me on First Avenue and held a gun to her four-year-old son's head for 20 minutes, trying to get her to divulge her old man's whereabouts; some business with narcotics, I gathered through the airshaft. The kid, she told me, wet the bed every night after that for four months. But maybe the bleeding-heart liberals of Mayor Ed Koch's administration have ordered the narcs to mollycoddle the children of the Lower East Side now; can't even twist their scrawny little arms till they 'fess up to where they got the stuff, I daresay.

Martinez's office hints that this is even so, though they cite a satisfying recent increase in the number of Smack City teenagers busted with sale amounts of that legended new ayatollah heroin in their possession. And to wring every last milligram of dope-scare sensationalism out of these statistics, they *also* cite these

kiddie busts as proof that this powerful new smack is being targeted specifically to the teen and preteen market, to cultivate a rising generation of adolescent ghetto addicts? These children are getting strung out, that is, on the smack they convey, all wrapped up tight in brightly taped packs, from the Man straight to the client; you have the full encouragement of the governor of New York to believe in this sort of topologically impossible mumbo jumbo.

Try operating on that fantasy when you go down to Avenue B to score all by yourself, though, and you are liable to wind up with a good stiff charge of pure synthetic Demerol in your bloodstream, while the emergency interns at Mother Cabrini's stitch your intestines back together. The children who convey this delectable new 10 percent doogie around Smack City tend to wear toothbrush mustaches on their little lips and laundry-ink prison tattoos on their little wrists, and when asked for heroin by strangers they innocently lisp, "You go fuck you asshole I kill you here fucking stinking dead right now, *maricón*."

Better to do what I did, and go with a regular local client whom you can trust not to rip you off while *he* does the fetching; better yet, which I *didn't* do, go with two or three regular clients, all at once, so's you aren't waiting alone on the fourth-floor landing while the score goes down inside the Man's stash pad. If your connection is handling this good new stuff, the landing's bound to be fairly crowded with sophisticated clients who can instinctively sniff out any nonaddict in their

midst. "Fucking garbage

head." "Hey, baby, you

got a *cab* waiting

outside?" "How

much money

you got on

you, man?"

They know

you're not

a cop—

police of-

ficers have more brains than to go anywhere near such places singly—just a fucking garbage head. ("Nonaddicted polydrug abuser" is the precise clinical Newspeak term.) We fucking garbage heads are lower than snail shit in the estimation of any righteous junkie, and very appropriately so; we're the ones who go squalling to Julio Martinez's substance-abuse missionaries the minute the dope starts to get ahead of us, and come back all self-righteous after we're "clean," hauling along aggressive white women with ABC portopack units. I didn't *want* these desperadoes on the fourth-floor landing to kill me just for being a nonaddict garbage head; but after they died themselves and went to Judgment, I don't believe God would weigh that particular homicide very heavily against their immortal souls.

After that crazy episode, I needed a couple-seven stiff drinks in a civilized cocktail lounge straight away—garbage head through and through. Conceive a man with three packs of Red Tape heroin in his wallet sluicing down *scotch* all night to defuse his nervous system. One dab of that Red Tape under the tongue, properly cooked up at guaranteed 10 percent-plus purity, and why—

Me, I'd just get more paranoid. Garbage head! Something you will never, ever hear from the governor of New York State or from Julio Martinez's Division of Substance Abuse Services is this, that heroin will *not* necessarily make you feel good if you



just happen to do some any old time in your life. It will make you Godawful sick the first few times, guaranteed. Opiate intoxication involves the invasion of your mind-body complex by genuine alien entities, submicroscopic pseudoproteins cunningly disguised as natural body hormones, that slip right into where you think and live, right in that supposedly sacrosanct interior theater where Subject and Object ordinarily act out their well-delineated roles.<sup>8</sup> The first few times most sane people do doogie, then, it can be the scariest episodes in their whole lives, while every organic particle in the nervous system sits up straight, trying to figure out who belongs in here, and who was once inside a gob of pearly juice oozing out of a fat green poppy capsule in a meadow on the other side of the earth.

So you really have to work at smack before you learn to like it, and this takes rather longer for most ordinary people than it does for most junkies.<sup>9</sup> For garbage-head chippers like me, who only ordinarily do smack when someone else is offering a snort for nothing (I calculate this happens 3.7 times per year average, but then I hang out in unusually generous circles), an episode of shit-chipping is always an iffy proposition. Most often it's all warm and womblish and funny and fortifying, but that's only because I'm generally careful not to have anything better to do that day. If it happens that I really should be writing or researching or fucking—doing something

personally significant and rewarding, that is—then I invariably get all claustrophobic, even hypochondriac, wishing I could breathe faster, nervously checking my fingertips for cyanosis blue, just wishing to oh God in heaven this shit would hurry up and go away. Acquaintances who have peer-pressured me into doing smack with them, with the emotional-blackmail ploy that I'd be implicitly rejecting them if I didn't share their almighty dope, have customarily not seen me much among their peer group after that. (Though I do it nearly every time.)

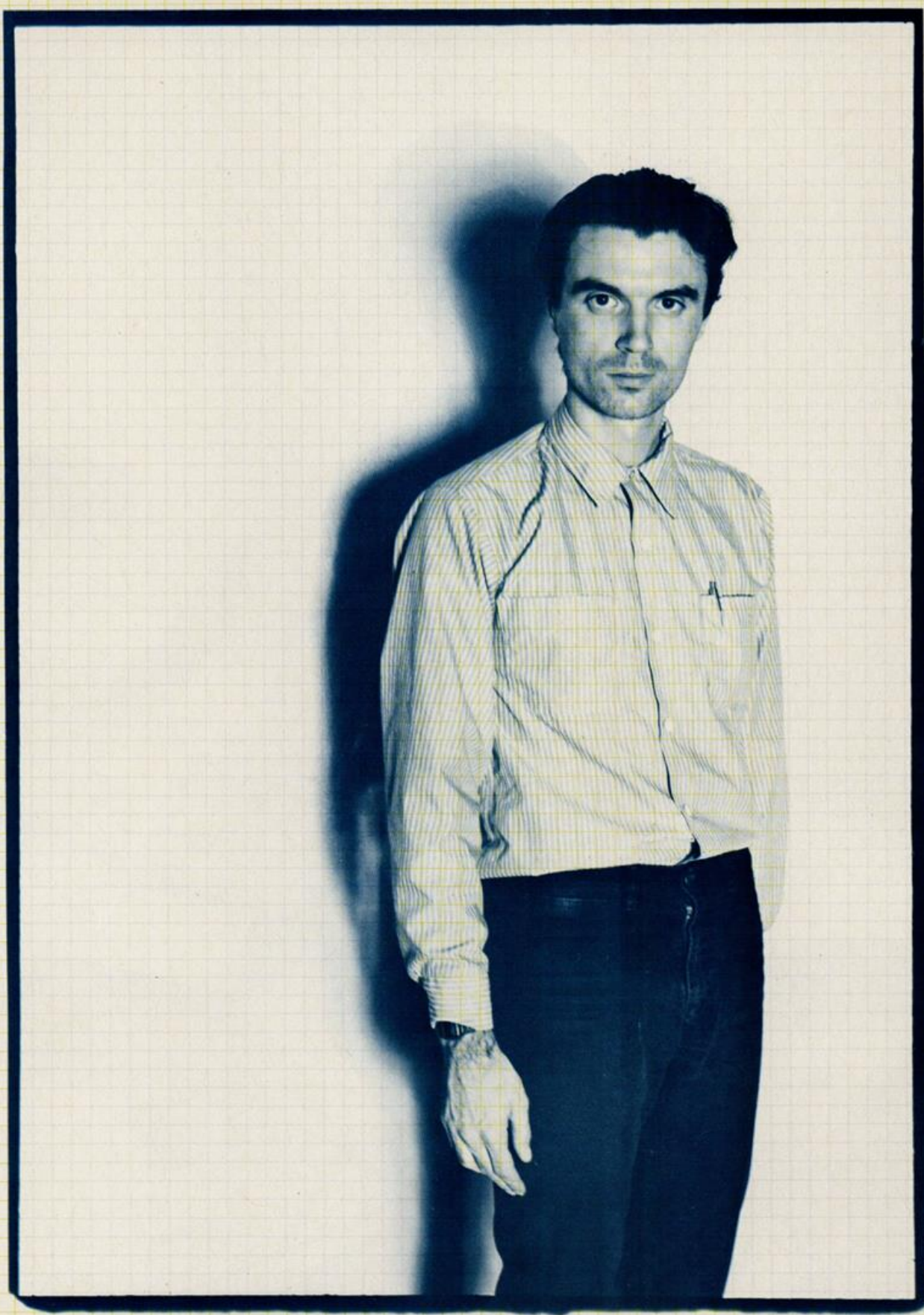
So conceive, I say, a man with \$120 of the ayatollah's finest in his hip pocket getting shitfaced on Dewar's to self-medicate anxiety. That gave me two days to psych up the proper head for this allegedly high-test smack; you want to have every particle of alcohol out of your system before you do up some purportedly extravagant quantity of opiate, for fear of synergistic booze-smack overdose!<sup>10</sup> However, whilst I was screwing up my grit and determination to undertake this heroic self-experiment (at bottom I am fully as toxicophobic as any charter member of DeKalb County Families in Action, seriously), the governor of New York State delivered himself of a ripe new dollop of lunacy anent the heroin epidemic, which helped immeasurably.

"East 76th Street," the governor had gravely told the press assembled, was the site of something new and terrible that had to do with heroin. Now, that part of town is called the Upper East Side, and it's all rich white people. You do not wait in stairways with snarling junkies to score smack in that neighborhood, and you don't get the grungy 3 percent commercial issue of junk available most other places in town, which has commonly already rusted salmon pink before it's even bagged and taped. Smack on the Upper East Side has always been at least

(continued on page 98)







Marcia Resnick



# DAVID BYRNE

## TALKING HEAD TO HEADS

By Scott Cohen



Marcia Resnick

**HIGH TIMES:** What's the Talking Heads' secret for success?

**BYRNE:** My point of view might sound naive, but if you're honest and sincere in what you're doing, then there's a good chance that there are people out there who will feel the same way. Even with a minimum of skill and technique, these people who feel the same way will find out about it through some mysterious process. We were very lucky. I expected it to take about five years for people to find out about us, and it took around two.

**HIGH TIMES:** How long should someone wait?

**BYRNE:** I've spoken to other people who took

much longer, like twenty years or so, before their audience increased beyond fifty people. There's a good way and a bad way of looking at that. Obviously you shouldn't persist at something if no one's interested at all. But part of the object of doing something is to get your idea across to other people, so you've got to make some effort.

**HIGH TIMES:** How long did it take before you knew you could make a living being a Talking Head?

**BYRNE:** Two years. I think it took us just over a year to get our first recording contract. We were lucky to be in the right place at the right time.

*(continued)*



**HIGH TIMES:** When you got your first big paycheck, what was the first expensive thing you bought?

**BYRNE:** I bought a phone-answering machine, a TV set and a bed, one of those un-painted furniture beds that I painted white.

**HIGH TIMES:** Usually one person starts a band. Was that you?

**BYRNE:** I had some songs I had written, but I didn't know what to do with them. Chris [Frantz] was saying let's have a band, and that seemed to make sense.

**HIGH TIMES:** Did Tina [Weymouth] come along with Chris?

**BYRNE:** After we had been living in New York for a while, Tina offered to play bass and I offered to teach her how to play.

**HIGH TIMES:** Was Tina once your girl friend?

**BYRNE:** No, she was always Chris's. I think we started like a lot of bands around that time. They started as friends with the same musical tastes, rather than people who could play real good, and they all felt they wanted to hear a new kind of music. So it was like kids starting out from scratch.

**HIGH TIMES:** Who was the first rock star you wanted to fuck?

**BYRNE:** Mia Farrow. Though she wasn't a rock star, she did marry Frank Sinatra.

**HIGH TIMES:** What was the first instrument you learned to play and where is it now?

**BYRNE:** The violin. I once lent it to someone and they never gave it back.

**HIGH TIMES:** Were you trained to be a Talking Head?

**BYRNE:** My father worked for Westinghouse as an electronics engineer so I leaned toward that sort of thing, but art seemed to be more fun, so I went with the art, though I had a nonart way of looking at things. I didn't know how I would end up. Being in a band was the most fun, and when we started to attract attention I automatically made a decision.

**HIGH TIMES:** What kind of art influences your music?

**BYRNE:** Sometimes painting done by what's described as "outsiders." Primitive people who might be schizophrenic, and have no contact with the art world at all. A lot of what's called folk art is by people who are trying to make something that's conventionally pretty but they lack technique; whereas these people aren't trying to make something pretty. They've evolved their own style that has nothing to do with the real world. They're definitely not for public consumption.

**HIGH TIMES:** Is that the kind of art you were doing in art school?

**BYRNE:** I would switch all the time. By the time I was leaving art school, I was doing a lot of writing: lists of things and question-

naires which I guess developed into songs. The difference between music and art is that there's a chance a song can change people's perceptions. When you go in and look at art you're already in a particular frame of mind and it's not likely that something on a gallery wall is going to change you.

**HIGH TIMES:** Which part of yourself would you most like to change?

**BYRNE:** At the moment I'd like to be more decisive. I'd like to say "no" or more often, "that's good."

**HIGH TIMES:** What kind of neighborhood did you grow up in?

**BYRNE:** It was a cross between two neigh-

**Q: Who was the first rock star you wanted to fuck?**

**A: Mia Farrow. Though she wasn't a rock star, she did marry Frank Sinatra.**



Lynn Goldsmith

borhoods, lower suburban and run-down rural. It was in suburban Baltimore. My parents moved around a bit, sometimes not by choice. One house we lived in was a nice house, which they got real cheap, but it got bought up and was made into a parking lot. Another place we had to move from because they put I-95 through. Another one we had to move from was one of these barrackslike apartments, because I made too much noise and was disturbing the neighbors.

**HIGH TIMES:** Were you one of those unfortunate kids with a real high voice who figured out a way to cash in on it?

**BYRNE:** No, it's not my natural voice. It seems to jump up there when I sing because I get excited. I think, with more practice, I'll be able to sing in my natural voice and then I might be able to convey more emotions, rather than everything being a squeal. Too often I sound like I'm being strangled, which gives the song the wrong impression. I might want to sing words that are very heartfelt and it will come out like I'm being strangled.

**HIGH TIMES:** Do you believe in love?

**BYRNE:** I believe it's something real and happens to people. I fall in love now about the

same as before. It's a job, sort of. It's work.

**HIGH TIMES:** Is sex everything you thought it would be?

**BYRNE:** No. Sometimes you think it's what you want but it's not at all what you needed at the time. I really don't think about it that much because I'm personally happy without it and I don't mind waiting until I find someone who I really get along with. I don't go out on the prowl too much.

**HIGH TIMES:** As the Talking Heads got better, did your sex life get better?

**BYRNE:** About twenty-five percent better.

**HIGH TIMES:** Did the beds get better?

**BYRNE:** The beds in the Holiday Inn always seemed comfortable to me. They're all made up before you get into them, which is more than I can say about my bed at home.

**HIGH TIMES:** Do you talk a lot in bed?

**BYRNE:** Not during sex.

**HIGH TIMES:** As the band got better, did the drugs get better?

**BYRNE:** Not in my experience. Maybe the others have run into a substance that I don't know about. I think there are just more offers. Drugs became more available, not necessarily better.

**HIGH TIMES:** As a Talking Head do you pay more or less for drugs?

**BYRNE:** Probably the same as anybody else. Many fans offer to give them in return for a chat or conversation.

**HIGH TIMES:** What was the last new drug you've taken?

**BYRNE:** A year ago I tried XTC. It didn't do much for me. It

stung my nose. Sniffing is an odd way of doing things. What's next? Putting eyedroppers into your eyes? Painting something onto your skin?

**HIGH TIMES:** Where would you go on a dream date?

**BYRNE:** Sometimes when I meet a girl I think, Could I ride on a Greyhound bus with this person? So I suppose I have romantic notions about that, but maybe it has more to do with two people going someplace. I guess dream dates turn out to be where you go to all these different places in the same night, maybe spending an hour at one place and an hour someplace else. It ends when I come home, listen to a record and go to sleep.

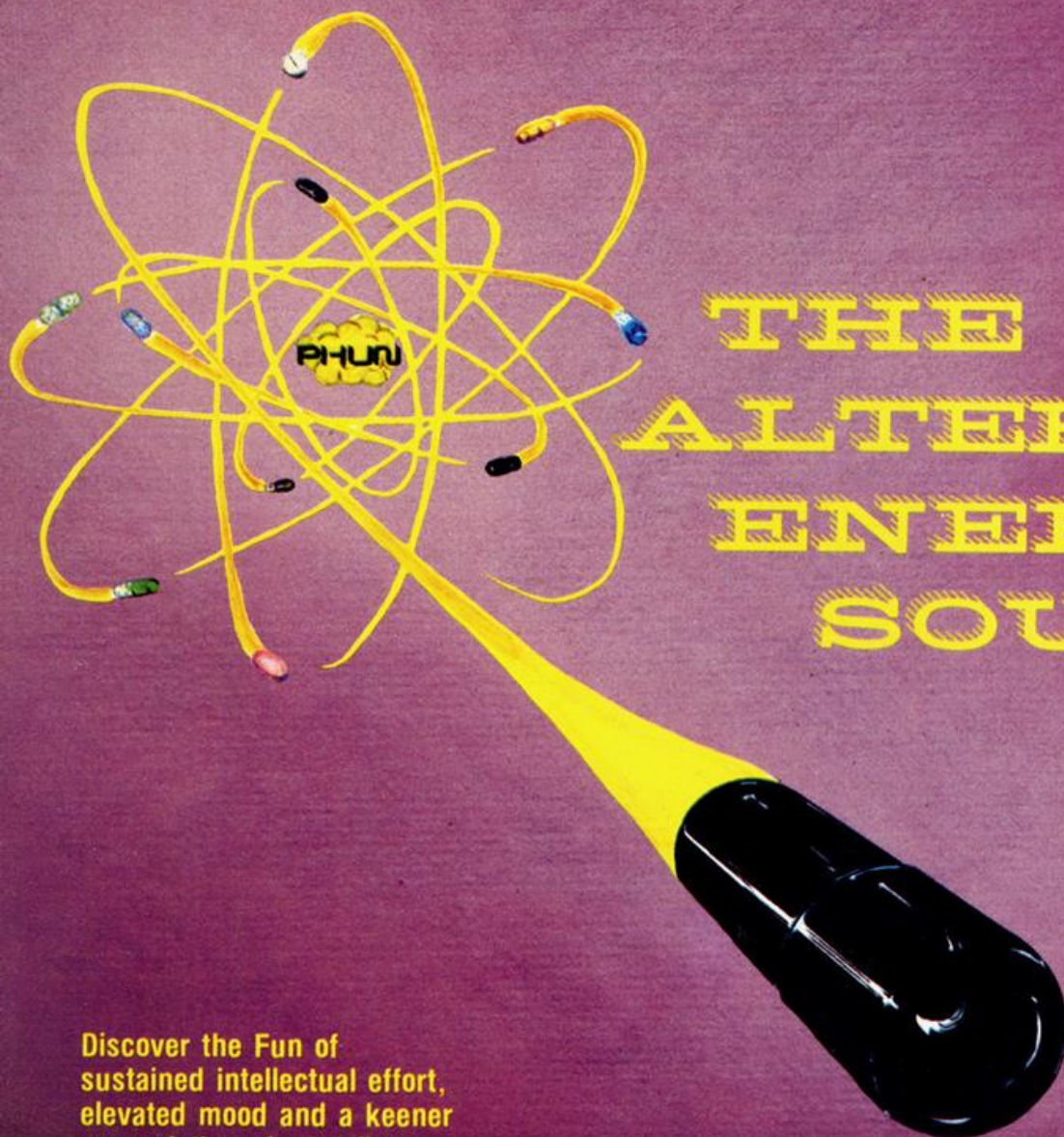
**HIGH TIMES:** Did you ever get caught fucking?

**BYRNE:** Yes, and I felt real silly. A friend of mine caught me fucking his girl friend. It was in their house. I felt pretty bad and the guy felt pretty bad but the girl thought it was real funny. But it didn't change our friendship very much.

**HIGH TIMES:** Did you get a song out of it?

**BYRNE:** I think I wrote "Psycho Killer" shortly after. □





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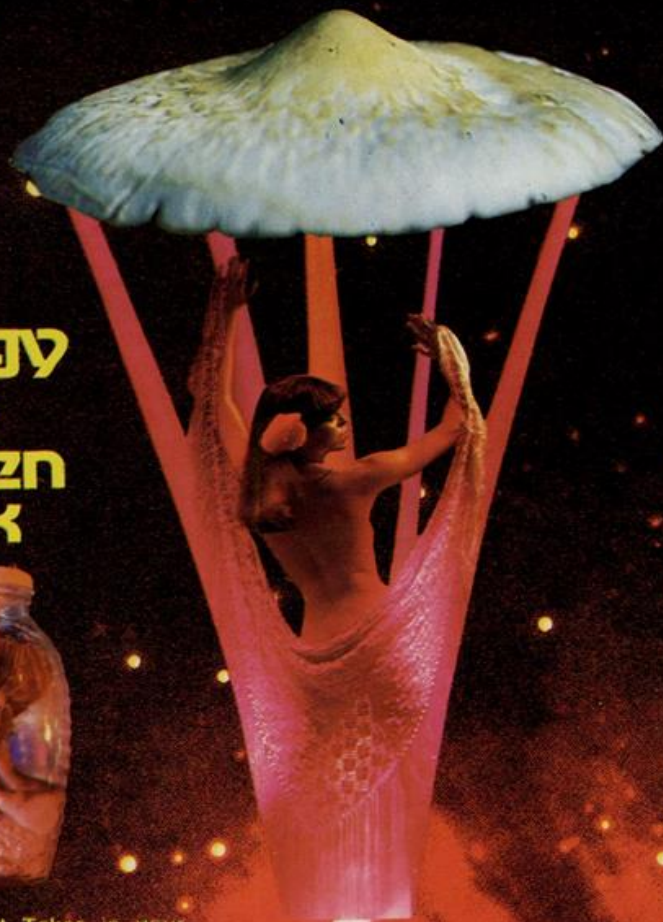
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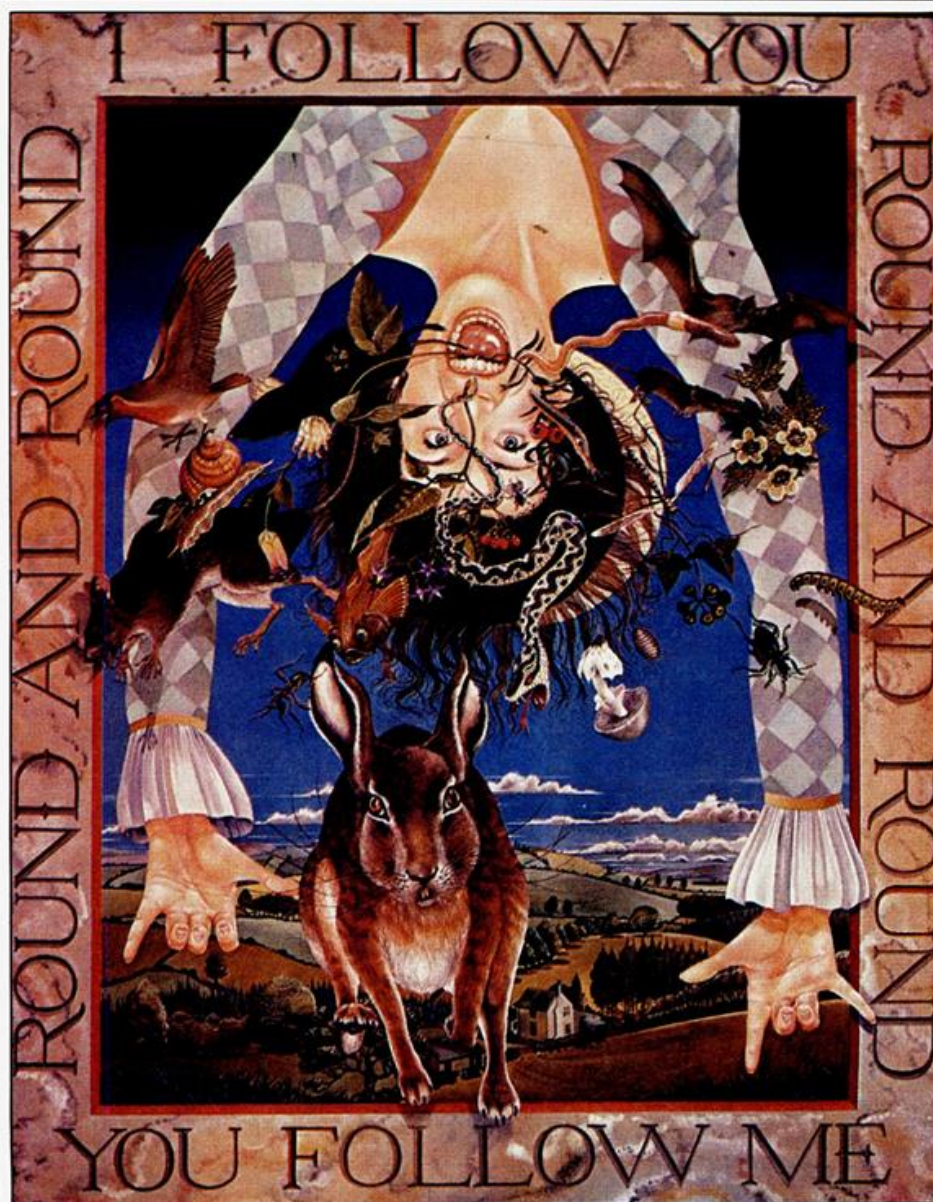
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# Pleasures



## Master Hare

If you've never forgiven yourself for outgrowing Middle Earth, take comfort in *Masquerade* (New York: Schocken Books, \$9.95), newly imported from the British Isles. Like the Tolkien productions, *Masquerade* offers riddles posed on mushroom caps and acid-rock graphics of throat-gripping intensity (such as the ones we swiped for this page). But this is one fantasy you may never outgrow. Artist-author Kit Williams stretches the thin and troubled membrane of reality to leave you wondering which side you're on.

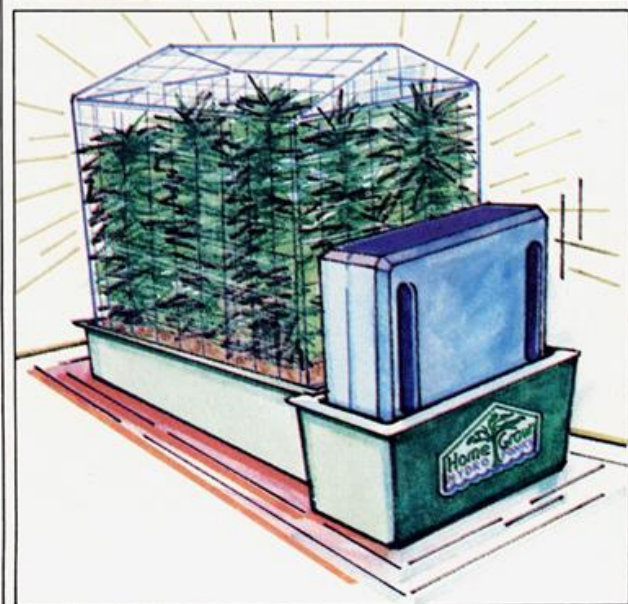
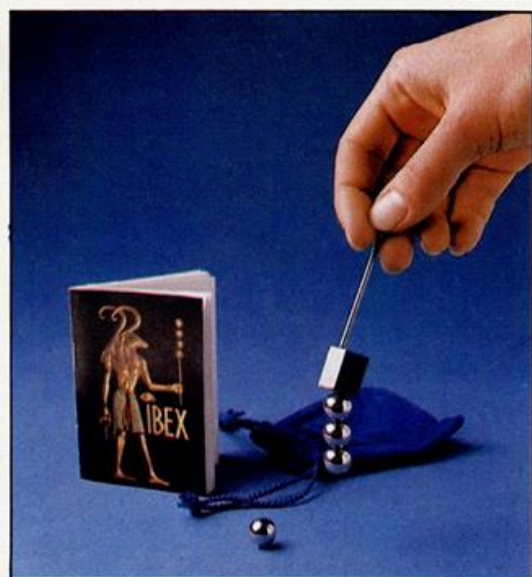
Here is the storyline, such as it is, and please bear with us: The Moon, in love with the Sun, fashions a gift and entrusts it to Jack Hare for delivery. But by the time the hare arrives at his destination, the gift is lost. The author challenges the reader to figure out where the rodent messenger dropped the prize. The clues, he asserts, are in the illustrations.

Meanwhile, Williams upon a moonlit night buried a golden hare somewhere in the British Isles. The treasure, worth upwards of \$10,000, awaits the reader who cracks the puzzle. (As we go to press, the puzzle remains unsolved.) British readers turned treasure hunters are digging up merrie England while in this country the hype may exceed any book promotion since the "I believe in Garp" T-shirts of a few summers back. *Masquerade* is set for Broadway in June; watch for calendars by midsummer.

How do you get hooked on *Masquerade*? Note the legend running around the illustration below. The letters in red spell out *mouse*, and the notched letters read *child*. Hmmm. This is going to take longer than we expected.







*Clockwise from bottom left:*

**A very short tree grows in Brooklyn:** Finally, a hydroponic system that you can fit—nay, rather *stack*—on your windowsill. Use for starting seeds, or raise ten-foot monsters in its confining (19" x 15" x 10½") space by training plants over the trellis (included). Ends telltale window fringe forever. \$49.95 ppd. Roy Enterprises, 110 New York Ave., Dept. HT, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216.

**Crunch:** Alligator clips take form as skinhead sculpture or new-wave jewelry or whatever you call these artful novelties. Plus, they make dandy roach clips. Pins, in neon reds, yellows, oranges and greens, \$14 ppd. Necklace, in chartreuse, neon orange or neon yellow, \$8 ppd. Double-wrap belt, not shown, \$16 ppd. Sherry Mills, 10 E. 23 St., Dept. HT, New York, N.Y. 10010.

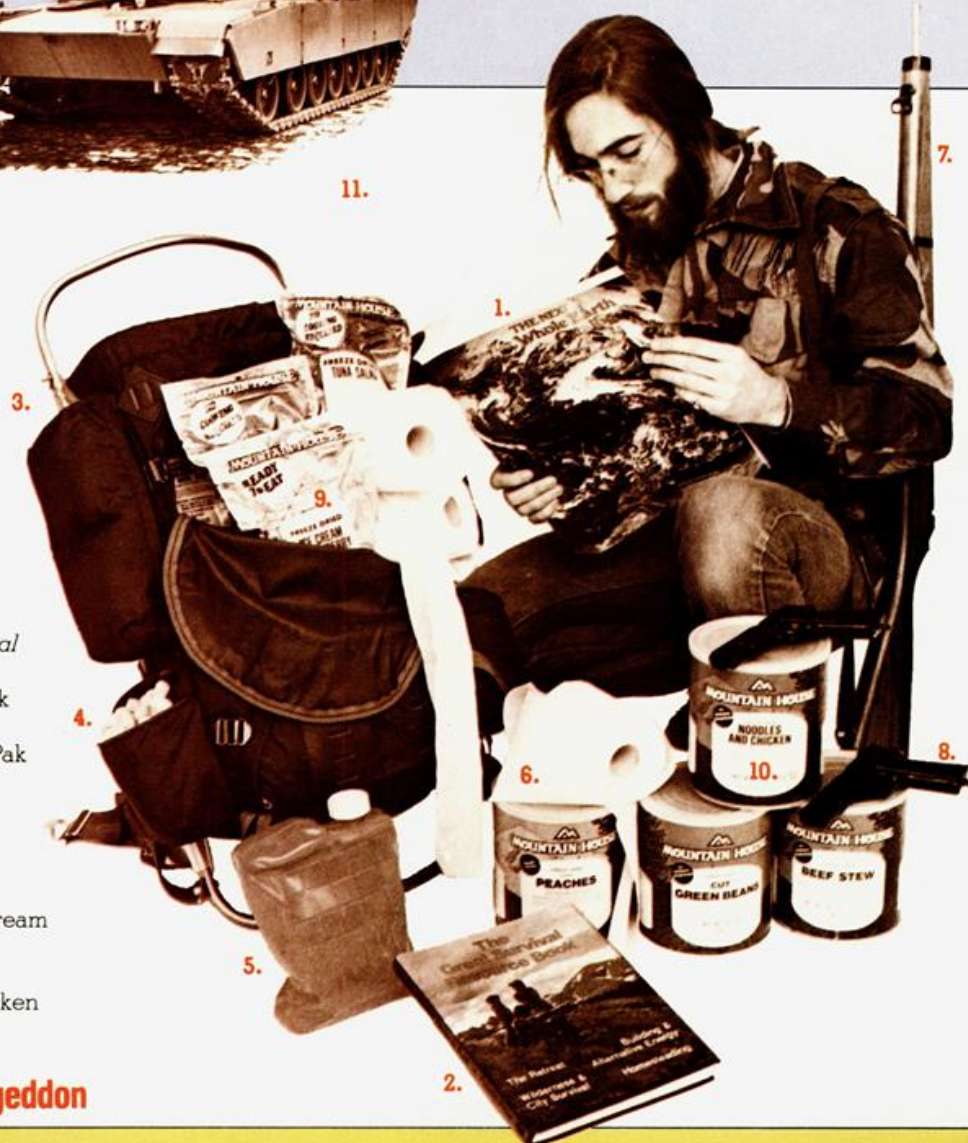
**You've got balls:** And all four, plus one magnet and a nonmagnetic probe add up to Ibex, a new game for one or more. You score points by completing increasingly difficult magnetic tricks before the clock stops. You lose points when you fall under the hypnotic spell of the balls and try to convince your friends Sir Isaac Newton was wrong. \$9.95 ppd. Ibex International, 875 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. HT, Suite 1557, Chicago, Ill. 60611.

**Class brass:** Amid the proliferation of stash pipes on the market, this solid brass number stands out as a really burning item. It measures out single hits for your best one-toke smoke and holds 30 bowls. \$21.45 ppd. Pocket Stash Pipe, Mellow Mail, Inc., Dept. HT, P.O. Box S-3, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.





11.



1. *The Next Whole Earth Catalogue*
2. *The Great Survival Resource Book*
3. Jansport Backpack
4. Survival Candy
5. Reliance Freeze-Pak
6. Toilet Paper
7. .22 Rifle
8. .45 Automatic
9. Mountain House Freeze-Dried Strawberry Ice Cream
10. Mountain House Freeze-Dried Noodles and Chicken
11. Abrams Tank

## Poised for Armageddon

Remember the peaceful little army and navy store? There's a fine irony working when longhairs sport khakis and pack joy weed in surplus gas-mask cases. But the next time you cruise into the local guns and ammo, expect to find Mr. Be Prepared stocking up on life's essentials. Because this ex-head is now a member of a sizable fringe group that believes the U.S. economy will fall (by 1982, the latest, one convert asserted), heralding The End. Survivalists are preparing to retreat to secure havens when all hell breaks loose. They're squirreling away food, toilet paper and counterculture sundries, the better to prosper during the coming apocalypse. And their motto is Tune in, drop out, arm yourself to the teeth.

*The Next Whole Earth Catalogue* (New York: Point/Random House, \$12.50), the latest edition of that handbook of the ecology-self-sufficiency-co-op movement, is finding a new audience among the bad revelations crowd. *Whole Earth's* doomsaying counterpart is *The Great Survival Resource Book* (Boulder: Paladin Press, \$19.95), which contains chapters on beekeeping, wind power and guns. St. Martin's Press will issue the paperback this summer.

All the nifty camping and backpacking gear above can be co-opted for survivalism. Stow everything you'll need for when the Russians land in the oversized Jansport backpack, \$135 (courtesy Herman's World of Sporting Goods). Trail candy (left pocket), the lifesavers of the hiking set, is available as survival candy—lemon, cherry and pineapple—\$3 for a 3 lb. box, from The Survival Exchange, P.O. Box 14843, Spokane, Wa. 99214, a resource center that asserts it can "put together most anything," from a month's food supply for a widow residing on Mt. St. Helens to a year's helter-skelter supply.

The Reliance Freeze-Pak (about \$2) holds five pounds of ice or one-half gallon of water. Survivalist sources urge you to store a two-week supply, 15 gallons of water per survivor—in case the Mongol hordes fluoridate your water. And with freeze-dried food, you can carry chemo-nutrition right out into the wilderness this spring. Mountain House, distributed nationally, markets foil packets for campers and No. 10 cans of the same stuff for those who want more security. A handy 120-day supply is just \$920. For a list of local dealers, write Mountain House, P.O. Box 1048, Albany, Ore. 97321.

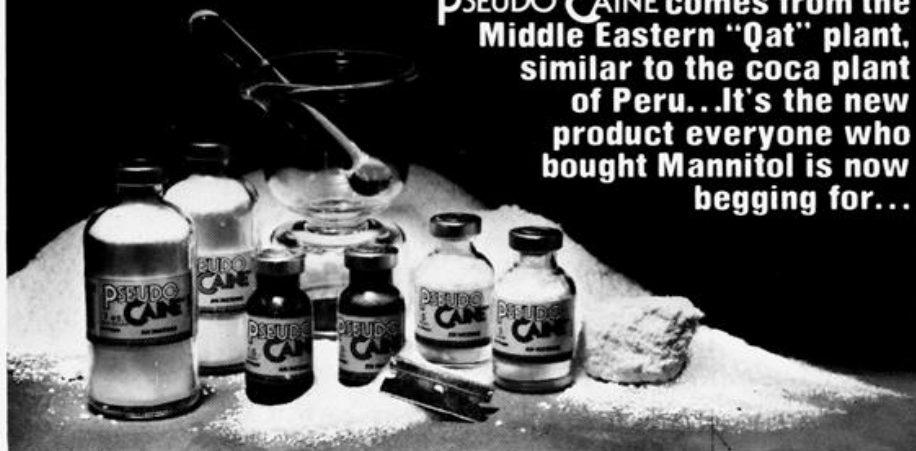
The guns shown here aren't for sale. They aren't even real. Honestly now, would you trust *him* with an M-14?



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## WAR ON DRUGS

(continued from page 51)

door mass sales of *Dope, Inc.*, a successful crackdown on drug use in the schools was launched by local officials. Dozens of drug-abusing students were caught and subjected to strict reprimands and exposure by school authorities and parents.

The growing momentum of the antidrug movement clearly alarmed the phony "liberal" establishment. Working on behalf of their drug-pushing British masters, the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) has threatened court actions to disrupt the drug clean-up. The ACLU, a front for Zionist-British crime interests and a recent defender of the Nazis, is charging that students' "rights" are being violated when they get caught carrying dope in the schools!

Furious at the ACLU's defense of drug use by young people, Highland citizens marched, over 200 strong, along with a U.S. Labor Party contingent, calling for a strong antidrug fight and carrying signs identifying the ACLU as the "Anti-American Creepy Liberals United."

When the U.S. Labor Party perceived it had stumbled across a gold-mine issue, it went into high gear. The call for the National Anti-Drug Coalition in the July 10 issue of *New Solidarity* was accompanied by an endorser list of over 120 community leaders, legislators, union leaders and clerics. The founding convention of the group was set for September 29, 1979, in Detroit's Cobo Hall.

As a warm-up for the September meeting, the U.S. Labor Party scheduled a series of state and city meetings of antidrug forces, including an annual awards banquet for the Illinois Anti-Drug Coalition, a neat rabbit-out-of-the-hat piece of organizing since the Illinois coalition had only recently been invented by USLP cadre. At first several prominent political, civic and religious leaders were lined up to appear at the Illinois awards banquet, but as word of the LaRouche connection spread—he was the featured guest speaker—people began to back off.

Typical of USLP paranoia, its cadre fired off a message on the group's international telex network.

Chicago event targeted by Kennedy...

LaRouche campaign is determining U.S. politics

The Illinois Anti-Drug Coalition event scheduled for this Sunday in Chicago is coming under heavy attack by the Kennedy-controlled drug running networks in the state. The event has become a battleground around which speakers are being targeted by various Kennedy networks including the congressional Black Caucus, the University of Chicago, and Mayor Byrne. This is the line-up: Bennet Stewart (U.S. Rep.), has been forced to withdraw by members of the Black Caucus, the same group of lackeys proposing "Auschwitz-style" camps for the black unemployed.

According to well-placed sources, this deployment against LaRouche and the Anti-Drug Coalition is unprecedented in the history of political events in the city. With the kind of



destabilization scenario now going on in Washington, the enemy is afraid of the potential we have to capture the American population.

It's this kind of paranoia that makes the LaRouche cult so dangerous and unpredictable. Unlike other cults, their conspiracy theories change from week to week, but they approach their tasks with a zeal that is characteristic of all cult groups. Despite the unstable nature of the group, it can be coldly calculating when it comes to organizing support. A secret internal USLP memo obtained from the group's Chicago office outlines the real goals of the Illinois Anti-Drug Coalition: "In general our strong point is our inroads into the World Community of Al-Islam in the West (WCIW) and our work with the police department and related organizations." The WCIW is a Black Muslim religious organization the USLP was trying to recruit at the time. The memo went on, "The strategy for the WCIW is to open the base" to the Illinois Anti-Drug Coalition and allow WCIW's religious leader, Wallace Dean Muhammad, "the breathing room he needs to nationally come out in the open for the Coalitions and for LaRouche at a later date. Our primary concern now is to engage the WCIW membership and significant leaders in the World Community at whatever level they want to work with us."

The memo continues saying, "The police work is moving along extremely well," and describes a conversation with the head of Chicago's Narcotics Division. The memo reveals two thrusts of the Anti-Drug Coalition, organizing blacks into the LaRouche support network and solidifying ties with police agencies through the drug angle.

The USLP has long supplied "intelligence" on its enemies to local and federal law-enforcement agencies. For instance, in 1977, USLP security "experts" met with representatives of the New Hampshire State Police and handed over a report claiming the antinuclear activists protesting the Seabrook nuclear power plant were part of an international terrorist conspiracy. The USLP also publishes *Investigative Leads*, a newsletter sold to public and private security agents.

The organizing of the black community through the Anti-Drug Coalition has been successful in many cities across the country, and a majority of those attending the Illinois Anti-Drug Coalition awards banquet were black parents with their children.

## HARD LINE TACTICS

The highlight of the Illinois banquet was a slide show by Philadelphia autopsy technician Edward Christian that featured mangled bodies of narcotics users who had "all started out on marijuana."

The slide show was also shown at the founding convention of the National Anti-Drug Coalition in September of 1979. The official report of the meeting stated with pride: "After the presentation, a number of people, including children in the audience,

fainted. 'We must make our children faint,' said Juan Torres, Michigan Anti-Drug Coalition chairman, 'to burn in their minds the destruction drugs means.'" Such neanderthal sentiments were right at home with the convention speech of Dr. Gabriel Nahas, whose marijuana research studies are so ludicrous and biased that serious researchers have dismissed them for years.

In the audience were a number of state and local elected officials who have become key contacts for the campaign to stop the decriminalization of marijuana. They included Georgia state senator Culver Kidd who told the 700 assembled delegates: "We need laws that make it so that anyone caught with 100 pounds of marijuana faces ten years in prison with no parole."

Coming out of the conference were a series of resolutions on education, legislation and organizing, and a network of antidrug

## Issues of War on Drugs include articles on how rock 'n' roll is a plot to destroy the minds of America's youth.

activists who have begun organizing lobbying efforts in state capitals against decriminalization. There are also significant efforts to introduce the National Anti-Drug Coalition's "educational" materials into public and private-school curricula. Dr. Christian and his gruesome slide show have toured the country appearing at schools and town meetings drawing audiences of up to 800.

In June of 1980 the National Anti-Drug Coalition launched its slick magazine, *War on Drugs*, which has grown at a tremendous rate. According to an internal USLP financial telex, last year, after only a few issues, USLP cadre were selling up to 1,300 copies of the \$2 magazine every day. Memberships in the National Anti-Drug Coalition and sales of the book *Dope, Inc.* also continue to grow. The sale of materials produced by the National Anti-Drug Coalition is quite lucrative but represents only a small part of the income-generating empire of LaRouche. On a good weekend day, the LaRouche cult raises over \$30,000, primarily in publication sales, although their weekly income usually averages between \$50,000 and \$60,000.

The National Anti-Drug Coalition is just one component of the political movement being assembled by LaRouche. His other highly successful front group, which also funnels in money and recruits, is the Fusion Energy Foundation, a pronuclear group that specializes in fund raising at major airports. Recently, LaRouche decided to drop the names U.S. Labor Party and National Caucus of Labor Committees from his pub-

lic repertoire and has been conducting most of his organizing through various front groups, especially the National Anti-Drug Coalition.

Many of the same psychologically manipulated cultists who have been with LaRouche for years continue to carry out his master plan through the various front groups. And that plan is fascism. The word *fascism* is tossed about rather carelessly by some people, but a number of writers and researchers point out LaRouche's economic and political goals fit the classic fascist pattern of seeking rapid industrial growth through a highly centralized government that enforces cooperation of all sectors of society. LaRouche believes that only he has the ability to ensure the necessary cooperation in the social, political, cultural and economic arenas; he dismisses technology as "the rule of irrationalist episodic majorities."

As with most fascist ideologists, the LaRouche cultists want to police our morals—and their standards are very stringent. The National Anti-Drug Coalition is already grooming its contacts for their role as the moral mind police in LaRouche's drive for fascist power. Issues of *War on Drugs* now include articles on how sex education is "brainwashing by perversion," and that rock 'n' roll is a plot to destroy the minds of America's youth. Jazz is labeled a racist and inferior musical form. LSD is reputed to be part of "the expansion of British intelligence's 50-year campaign in the United States to create cult formations among the general population through the use of drugs and Dionysian rituals." The mind control envisioned by the moral gendarmes behind the Anti-Drug Coalition extends to removing rock, disco, jazz and blues from public-school curricula, and from public television.

"Jazz, disco, rock, and blues have been inseparably linked to the use and dissemination of marijuana, heroin, and other mind- and body-destroying drugs throughout this century. This is as true of blues and jazz as it is of rock and disco," states an article in *War on Drugs*. "The pornographic content of today's rock and disco echoes the role of jazz and blues in the 'Roaring Twenties' as the music of organized crime and prostitution."

By tying together drugs, rock 'n' roll and sex education, the LaRouche forces have been successful in organizing among the same fundamentalist and "new right" forces that helped give us Ronald Reagan as president, but they have also been extremely successful in organizing in the black and Latino community. This year the coalition is targeting state legislatures with antiparaphernalia bills and calls for stiffer penalties for marijuana use and sale. They are highly organized and motivated. They are directed by a zealous cult of political fanatics with a neofascist political philosophy. They have a multimillion-dollar publications network to finance their activities. They should be taken very, very seriously. □



## INTERVIEW: BUCKY FULLER

(continued from page 39)

plants, either—but everything depends on enough people understanding the real facts soon enough.

**HIGH TIMES:** You speak of "ignorance and greed" constantly, but you also insist in *Critical Path* that there are no "bad" people.

**FULLER:** Universe contains no good and bad. Everything is plural and balanced, but good and bad are human inventions. We walk right foot, left foot, not right foot, wrong foot. Ignorance and greed are part of the evolutionary process, which is just to say that mistakes are part of learning. There is nothing bad about behaviors or perceptions that do not work; they simply have to be given up and replaced by behaviors and perceptions that do work. Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote over forty years ago, "The tidal wave devours the shore/There are no islands anymore." The people who have not integrated that information yet are not bad but simply ignorant.

**HIGH TIMES:** What do you say to people, like Theodore Roszak, who reject all technological solutions to our problems, who say that technology itself is the problem?

**FULLER:** They are specialists, and all specialists are profoundly ignorant. To become a specialist is to ignore more and more things, to become more and more ignorant. Nobody is born a specialist; infants are curious about everything. If nature wanted us to be specialists, we'd be born with one eye and a jeweler's lens attached.

If you train yourself to think comprehensively, you will quickly observe that Universe is nothing but technology, from the inside of the atom to the farthest galaxy. The human hand is beautiful technology. Use one finger, you've got a prod. Use two fingers, you've got pliers. Use three fingers, you've got a tripod. A tree is beautiful synergetic technology, employing tension and compression exquisitely to get maximum performance. The equations for gravity are all technology and possess a staggering beauty.

**HIGH TIMES:** Incidentally, why do you always say "Universe" instead of "the Universe"?

**FULLER:** *The* comes from *theos*, God. It seems to me that "God God" is a bit redundant.

**HIGH TIMES:** Universe and God mean the same to you then?

**FULLER:** God is a rather small concept to contain the intricate harmonies and omniinteraccommodating structural integrities I find in Universe.

**HIGH TIMES:** You have said that *God* is a verb. . .

**FULLER:** Everything is a verb, a wave function. I am a wave. You only see me because of interference, because light is bouncing off me. We don't understand Universe or Mind because we keep thinking of them as nouns, static things, and they are not static at all, not nouns.

**HIGH TIMES:** What is Mind?

**FULLER:** Patterned integrity. I am not the tons of food, water and air that have gone into supporting this patterned integrity for eighty-five years; I am the patterned integrity itself. You breathe out everything you breathe in. A little bit of flesh gets rubbed off by friction against other things or air molecules every second. The patterned integrity organizes the food, water and air into this wave function in time that you recognize as Bucky Fuller.

Suppose you had a different-colored telephone for each friend. Then when the pink phone rings, you would say, "That's Mary." If you never left your room, all you would know of Mary is the pink telephone. The pink telephone would be Mary for you. If the pink telephone was destroyed, you'd think Mary had ceased to exist.

**HIGH TIMES:** Sounds like Plato's parable of the prisoners in the cave, who think only shadows are real.

*"God is a rather small concept to contain all the intricate harmonies and omniinteraccommodating structural integrities I find in Universe."*

**FULLER:** I am simply saying that patterned integrities are more real than the matter on which they are imposed. I can make the same knot in cotton or nylon string, but the knot is not cotton or nylon. It is a patterned integrity.

**HIGH TIMES:** Sometimes you sound like a Buddhist.

**FULLER:** I see absolutely no difference between Buddhism and Christianity. Let me put it this way: When I was a student at Harvard, they told me there was a difference between the animate and the inanimate. Then along came biochemistry, genetics and virology. The line began to blur, especially around the viruses. Now we have biophysics and the line has disappeared completely. We are made up entirely of atoms and atoms are inanimate. Then must we be inanimate? I find that impossible to believe. We are the patterned, structural integrities that hold the system together. Instead of thinking of animate and inanimate, we should think electromagnetically, in terms of the tuned in and the not tuned in. When the pink telephone goes, we would simply say that Mary is not tuned in. The not tuned in is not nonexistent.

**HIGH TIMES:** Did you find all this out when

you went through your famous year of silence in 1927?

**FULLER:** I had nothing mystical in mind. I was simply trying to break my conditioned reflexes. I reasoned that most of what we think is caused by conditioned reflexes and I wanted to start over fresh. I assumed that if Universe had any purpose in putting me here I could discover it by breaking the lines of misinformation that had been poured into me since I was born in 1895.

I resolved on certain disciplines that I have continued ever since. I sought to do my own thinking, confining it only to experientially gained information instead of following everyone else's opinions, credos, theories and beliefs. I pledged myself to reduce every idea to a physical working model before asking anybody to credit what I said about it. I resolved never to talk about anything until it could thus be physically proven or demonstrated. I was using myself as a guinea pig to discover what Universe needed mankind for; what one typical human of normal intelligence could accomplish when working always and only to advantage all humanity without disadvantaging any.

**HIGH TIMES:** Many people would doubt that your intelligence was ever simply normal.

**FULLER:** Let them repeat my experiment. The patterned integrity of Universe, like any other construction, depends on the integrity of each element. I simply unleashed what every man and woman contains within them. I am no special child of God. You all are.

**HIGH TIMES:** Since you rule out political solutions to our problems, what can the average man or woman do to achieve the total success of our species and to stave off the dangers we've mentioned? You wouldn't suggest that they write to Congress. . .

**FULLER:** Live with integrity.

**HIGH TIMES:** Is that all?

**FULLER:** It is both necessary and sufficient.

**HIGH TIMES:** Suppose we get through the "critical path" of the 1980s. What do you foresee in the '90s?

**FULLER:** There will be no more jobs. Employment as we understand it will vanish along with the nation as we understand it. People will share in the abundance available to all and will start remembering what they were interested in before they had to get jobs and earn a living. We will begin to discover Universe at last. We only knew of one galaxy until 1928, and now fifty-two years later we know of over two billion. We will discover much, much more. We're already living in the space age and we will move into it further and faster.

**HIGH TIMES:** Is there any one idea—one most important thing—that you want to leave with our readers?

**FULLER:** Absolutely not. There is no "one most important thing," since every system in Universe is plural and at minimum six. No, I have never found one most important thing. I deal in Universe always and only. □



# SEED N STEMS

## "LOVE BOAT" CAPSIZES!

**PRODUCER DECLARES SUSPICION OF  
FOUL PLAY**

**SCORES MISSING IN WATERY GRAVE!**

Personalities Battle Sharks and Vicious  
Rip-tide in 12-Mile Swim To Shore

**DODIE GOODMAN RESCUES GAVIN MACLEOD!**

Boring Series to be Renewed for Coming  
Season Anyway

**MEXICAN AUTHORITIES JAIL SURVIVORS!**

"Thought They Were Drug Hippies,"  
Says Yucatan Narcotics Chief

**(THRILLING DETAILS INSIDE)**

"Jiggle Girls" of "It's a Living" the comedy series that every week recapitulates the inane activities of some table waitresses in a restaurant somewhere, are pictured here on our cover so that you will want to look inside and read more of our magazine. This is why there is a picture of the "Jiggle Girls" here in this place.



Memory Shop



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**YOUR TELE-VISION GAZETEER**



# An Interview With "J.R. Ewing"

Which Is the Name of the Character  
Larry Hagman Plays in "Dallas"

by Our Hollywood Correspondent

**Seeds 'n' Stems:** Mr. Hagman, we are pleased that you are giving us this exclusive interview for the "Seeds 'n' Stems" Tele-Vision Gazeteer Section. There are many, many interesting questions which we have for a long time been very anxious to ask you.

**"J.R. Ewing":** Well, fire away, then. I'm all ears.

**S 'n' S:** Good. Then we want to know first of all, why do you not simply save the tax-paying man a lot of money and just let Jeannie blink you to the moon?

**"J.R.":** What? Who's Jeannie? What are you talking about?

**S 'n' S:** It costs billions of dollars every year to develop a rocket vehicle which would put an astronaut like you on the moon. Yet you have in your very home—though you cleverly all the time endeavor to keep this a secret from your superiors at NASA—a magic-making woman who can cause anything to happen just from blinking her eyes. Why have you not just let her blink you there, so as to save our people all that money?

**"J.R.":** Jeannie?! That was years ago. I'm doing "Dallas" now, y' know, and producing some films and specials. My latest special, which should be out this fall—

**S 'n' S:** Come now, Mr. Hagman. Do not imagine that your adroit, silver-tongued slyness can hoodwink or bamboozle the

## Our Correspondent Confounded

Hagman/Ewing:  
"Where Have You Been?"



Globe Photos

readers of "Seeds 'n' Stems." Ho no! You will have to "come clean" with us, sir, or the interview is at an end!

**"J.R.":** Let me get this straight. You've been watching reruns of "I Dream of Jeannie," from the '60s? That's ten-twelve years ago! Where have you been?

**S 'n' S:** Again you evade our questions with cunning duplicity. Well, it won't wash here, sirrah! Here, now, you must own up to the truth. And do not imagine that by calling for the magic-woman Jeannie, that she will be able to blink you out of this predicament. Face up to it. You have been brought to book at last, Major, and—

**"J.R.":** Who arranged this interview? How'd you get past CBS Publicity?

**S 'n' S:** Animadversion will avail you nothing, you should realize that. This galvanic voice-recording device will merely continue to operate until you break down and attest to the truth. We have all the time in the world.

**"J.R.":** By God, you can take all month! I'm getting out of here!

**S 'n' S:** Let the voice-recording device register the fact that Mr. Hagman has exited hastily from the room, slamming the door behind him with a violent noise. In our next Tele-Vision Gazeteer, we will investigate the influence of black-magic witchcraft in national advertising by interviewing Darin and Samantha Stevens of "Bewitched." Thank you for reading our interview.

## Behind The Tube

by Our Dramatic Critic, Mr. George Bernard Peoria

In my judgment, it was clearly the fault of the studio scriptwriters that the recent performance of Mr. Ronald Reagan, in the prime-time Tele-Vision presentation called "Special White House News Conference," was so vastly and conspicuously inferior to his many previous performances on stage, cinema screen and Tele-Vision. Boris Karloff in his prime could not very felicitously have exploited such paltry and unconvincing material, and even Mr. Gene Kelly would have been hard put to "bring it off," though he might muster up every iota of his terpsichorean graces: a "song and dance act" so mortally flawed in its fundamental scoring and lyrics, to coin a metaphor, that it would have challenged the talents of many a performer superior to Ronald Reagan.

To be only fair, Mr. Reagan has customarily thriven best in dramatic vehicles which required of the audience a considerably less monumental suspension of disbelief: drifter cowboys and laconic sheriffs in potboiler Westerns, petty gangsters and pettier police officers in potboiler crime melodramas, and as the well-coached media lobbyist for the General Electric Co., Inc., in recorded commercial presentations. To expect of Mr. Reagan, this late in such an essentially limited career, that he effectively impersonate a president of the United States under fire—it is as though, to coin another metaphor, a zucchini were expected to



Rob Steiner/Globe Photos

convince us it was a watermelon.

*Pettishness*, for example, is a comparatively refined, complicated emotion which appears to be patently beyond Mr. Reagan's repertoire. His responses to journalists' questions about his preelection promise of a "tax cut," in which he tried to convey pettishness, were resolutely unsuccessful; one was left with the impression that a tax cut had never been sincerely intended, even for a minute—an impression the direct opposite of what the studio scriptwriters

clearly meant to have him convey. And true *covertness*, as when he appeared to be "fielding" questions about the final hostage negotiations, and their ultimate fate—covertness, to be generous, is not Mr. Ronald Reagan's forte. His understudy, Mr. George Bush, is considerably more proficient in simulating covertness.

The producers, in my frank estimation, would do both themselves and the viewing public a favor by hastening Mr. Reagan out of this all-too-demanding role, and implementing his replacement by Mr. Bush. Mr. Reagan is, I understand, solidly contracted for this role until 1984, but I frankly see no future in it. The role of U.S. president, to coin a fine comparison, should at least be accorded the relative dignity of a charade, and not be derogated even further by such egregious miscasting into the category of mere farce.



You would think by now, wouldn't you, that Ronnie and I would be nicely settled into the White House. The previous tenants left a collection of awful messes. For almost a month we've been trying to catch some sort of big-eared hunting dog that has been running loose in the house dropping a trail of blue ticks behind him and tearing the pants off some of the secret servants who have tried to tranquilize him permanently with their .357s. Finally we had to hire a bear trainer, who lured the dog outside with a tame bruin. Once outside the dog was a much easier target.

It has really been a chore getting an old or "historic" house like this White House into shape. I've had to use all my persuasive powers just to get fussy groups of preservationists to let me make the place livable. I thought one of the little beardies was going to have a fit when he saw I knocked out the wall in the Hoover Den to make room for the deck around the hot tub.

Last week I finally persuaded Ronald to let me take a little secret trip to disaster-strewn Italy to convey our official "too-bads" to the Italian people. Naturally I had wanted to go earlier, but Ronnie said I should give things time to "shake down" a little over there. He was right as usual; how would *anyone* feel, having visitors when their house is a total mess?

Also, I had not wanted to leave Ronnie alone with G. Bush, who has not given up making repeated attempts on the president's life. Our family doctor, Dr. Baker, has told me that the terrible drugs that give G.B. all his energy and alertness also work to erase his sense of caution. Apparently they work on the mind the way powerful household cleansers full of abrasives do on pots; the pots are shiny for a while, but eventually the cleanser wears through the brainpan. The best thing would really be to lock G.B. in a dog kennel and feed him electricity. His mind can never be reclaimed. Ironical, with all our science, which can keep carrots and peas fresh for years in little plastic pouches, we cannot refresh poor George's head.

Mr. Bush has been sneaking about the White House turning all the volume-control knobs on the television sets all the way up to noisy. It was his hope that Ronnie would turn on a set inadvertently and that

# NANCY REAGAN'S *Diary*



Roger Sandler/Black Star

the shocking loud sounds would cause a cardiac event. Bush should have known better, as Ronnie is naturally protected from such attacks by his virtual deafness in all ears.

Still, I felt it was essential to get George Bush out of the way before I could safely make my little jaunt to Italy. I spoke to the State Department individual in charge of George's trips about the matter.

I had read that those Indians up the Amazon River who put party whistles up their noses and dishes in their lips had declared war on all white persons. I suggested that an active, articulate man like G. Bush, with the stature of vice-president of the USA, might be the ideal fellow to talk sense into these people's deranged heads. And if he himself wound up with a teeny-weeny head or a backside full of blowgun darts, at least his wife could take some pride in the fact that he had disappeared without a trace in the service of his country. Well, the State Department man was very polite, but he explained that as the savages are technically Brazilian citizens, it would be best to let the Brazilians handle the problem their own way first, though of

course they'd use our bombs.

As a compromise he suggested sending George and his wife to inspect a baby-mattress factory in Alabama. Well, that seemed like a good idea—looking at all that mattress stuffing might spark George to speak to his wife about her way of dressing.

So, off to Italy!

I was shocked upon my arrival to be greeted by hordes of dirty, half-mad unfortunates clothed in gaudy rags, more so when these proved to be members of the Italian House of Deputies and they began to conduct me on a tour of the distressed regions.

The first city I saw was a scene of unimaginable devastation and squalor. This was Rome, and it had not been affected at all by the earthquake; but it made me shudder with foreboding at what I would see in the Naples areas. In fact, although the quake-shaken area was very bad, it was still in relatively good condition when set alongside Rome.

The chairman of the relief committee, Mr. Vincente Douchebaggia, was kind enough to show me over the stricken area in his emergency Cadillac. I saw with damp

eyes the huge trenches dug to bury the horrible clothing sent by people from Queens, New York, so recently bulldozed over. Elsewhere, large fires burned, destroying the food sent from Britain, lest it spread disease amongst the incautious peasantry. I practically exhausted my phrase book muttering such comments as "What a pity," "Oh, my dear," and "Too, too bad."

Fortunately, before I was forced to use any very inappropriate expressions of sympathy, Ronnie called to ask me to come home. Apparently the Italian ambassador had been making noises about presenting a bill for my visit and Ronnie didn't think it was fair, with the economy in its present condition, that we pay a lot of money just for me to stay in a place that was half wrecked anyhow.

Leaving was quite a scene, and I was never more grateful for the shower on *Air Force 2*, as the Italians had kissed me all over my arms and I was starting to get a rash from their saliva.

I arrived home to find there had been a terrible keffuffle that morning. While Ronnie was resting in the Oval Office, one of the secret servants had found some sort of a dangerous-looking gizmo on the floor of the Hoover Den. As all of these men had been wised up to George Bush by me, they assumed the worst.

The device had sort of a control stick protruding from the center, with a chrome handle, a blue button labeled "Destructo Death Beam," and a yellow button labeled "Launch Imperial Targ Death Commanders."

The secret servant threw himself over the doohickey hoping to protect the others and received a bad bruise from the control knob. He was then packed around with sofa cushions, wrapped in a curtain and carried into the Rose Garden.

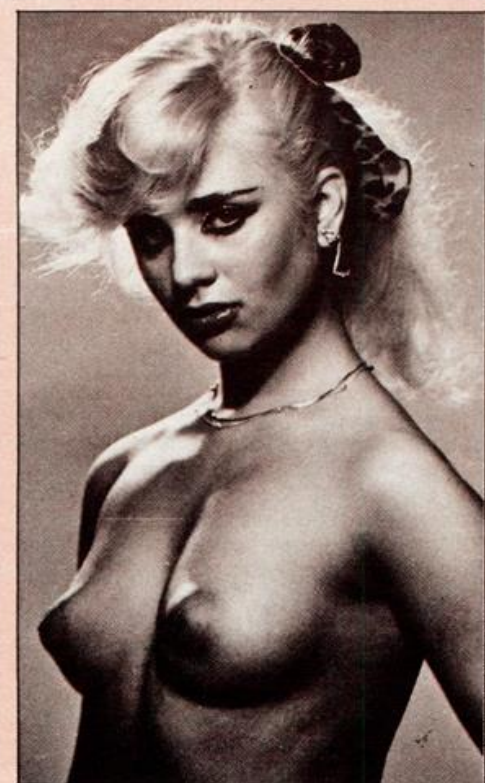
Defusing experts called to the scene were able to determine that the device was not a booby trap at all but actually the control element of an Atari TV game that Caspar Weinberger had been using to teach Ronnie something or other about the economy. A lot of fuss over nothing, as it turns out, but you cannot be too careful about the life of a president, especially a not-too-vital type of chief executive.

George Bush has now returned from his trip to Alabama, and once again I must increase my vigilance.



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## Haute Fromage

Miss Susannah Pettibottom, whom you see here piquantly in deshabelle, you may recognize from her many, many spritful performances on Thames Tele-Vision in "Benny Hill," "After Benny," "Benny Redux," "More of Benny" and "Who Will Rid Us of Benny"? We are running this picture of Miss Pettibottom in this space so that you should not have been disappointed when, after seeing the "It's a Living" "Jiggle Girls" on the cover, you opened our Tele-Vision Gazeteer to see if there were any more "Jiggle Girls" to be seen in it.

Louis Curzon/Photo Trends

## And Everybody's Talking About...

Hymen Bono, the moppet spinoff of one of TV's most comic couplings, is recovering nicely from her very first facelift. Not slowing her down a bit tho—she was seen busting it up at the Stork Club with **Malcolm Muggeridge** and **Margot Kidder's** sister **Wotta**. All were high on smack... **Hugh Downs** and **Barbie Benton** were discovered snoozing in the underbrush hours after Massachusetts police found their sportscar wrapped around a poplar tree. Everybody's gotta unwind, but you guys are a caution... Singer **Wayne Newton** was arrested in a predawn raid on his plush Nevada ranch "San Twinkie." State and federal police seized some 7.7 pounds of illegal cyclamates that authorities say would gather over \$4.20 on the street. Tough luck, Wayne. You struggle all these years to reach puberty, then you get hit with something like this... Other dopers' names in the news: **Bud Collyer**, **Red Buttons**, the singing **Head Family** (**Edith**, **Giveth** and **Murray**), **Piper Laurie**, **Hy Gardner** and the fabulous **Jackie "O"**...







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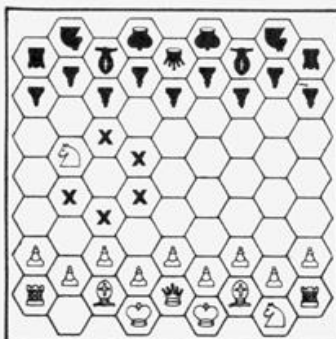
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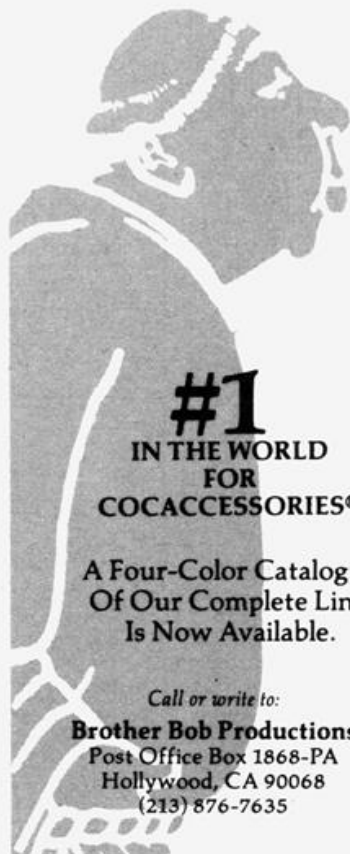
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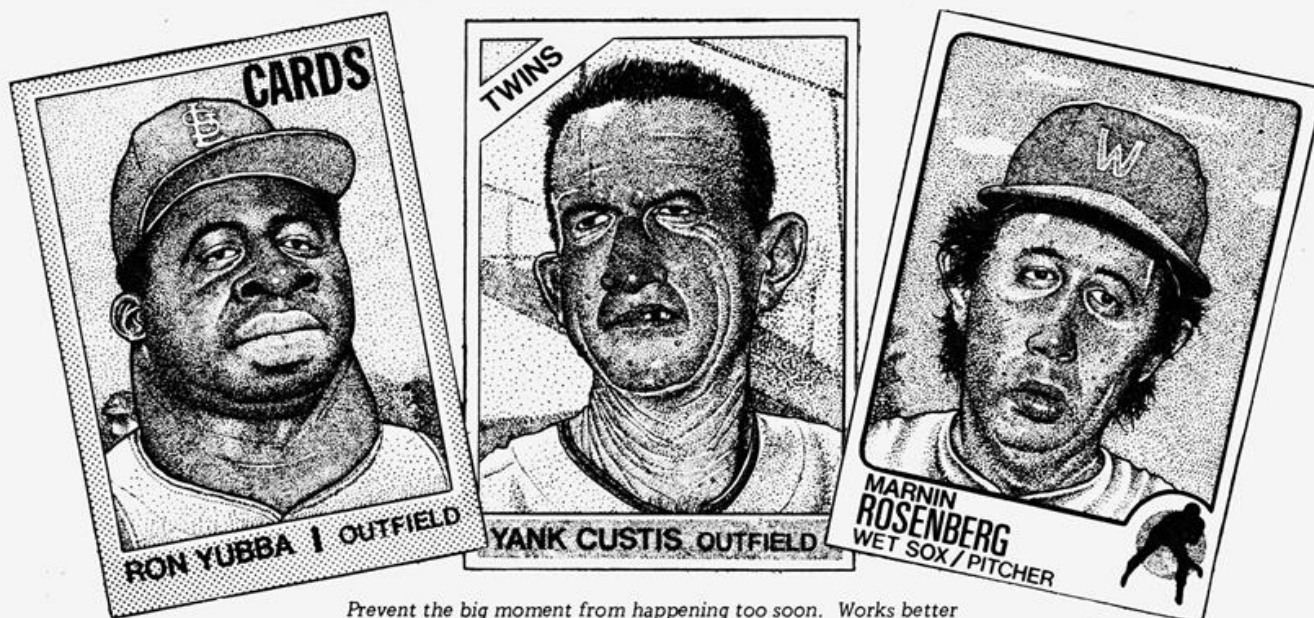




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# 1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

## SEVENTH OF A MONTHLY SERIES



**101** ALL PERVERTS MAY NOT BE MARIJUANA smokers, but practically all marijuana smokers are perverted.  
Col. Garland Williams,  
head of U.S. narcotics  
enforcement, 1949

**102** AN UNIDENTIFIED MAN DIED IN violent convulsions at a Miami Beach oceanfront hotel after swallowing a pound of cocaine worth \$30,000.

The man is the 10th drug smuggler to die in Dade County after bringing drugs into the country inside his body...

An autopsy revealed 82 double-wrapped condoms packed with cocaine in the man's stomach. "We've seen quadruple wrapped ones that didn't work," said Dr. Wright...

"It's absolutely ridiculous," he said. "The jail sentence for being caught importing cocaine is perhaps five years in the federal penitentiary at most. If you smuggle it in your body, it is a death sentence."

UPI dispatch, *Toronto Sun*,  
August 8, 1980

**103** CAN'T THOU NOT MINISTER TO A mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous  
stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

*MacBeth*, Act V, Sc. III, 1.47-52

**104** GIVE ME LIBRIUM OR GIVE ME meth.

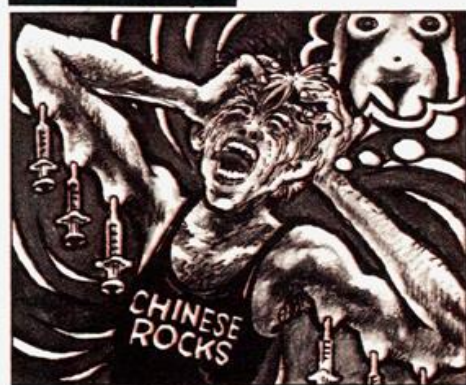
Scrawled in chalk on piece of  
sculpture, East Village, NYC

**105** HERMAN BROOD, A DUTCH PUNK rocker who sings "Rock 'n' Roll Junkie" is proud to show off his tracks, tells the story of how he signed his first rock 'n' roll contract. "I was playing at this club and was backstage in the dressing room getting ready to go on stage. I had my smack all cooked up but I dropped the needle. I was crawling around on the floor looking for it when the owner of the club came in. 'What are you doing?' he asked me. 'Looking for my works, sir,' I told him. Well he got right down there and helped me look. The next day he sold his club and signed me up as his client."

Charlie Frick & Harry  
Wasserman, *Overthrow*,  
July, 1980

**106** DOPE WILL GET YOU THROUGH times of no money better than money will get you through times of no dope.

Gilbert Shelton, *The Fabulous  
Furry Freak Brothers*



**107** SEX WILL GET YOU THROUGH TIMES of no dope better than dope will get you through times of no sex.

Graffito, 1970s

**108** FOR CREATIVE WORK I FIND THAT a toot of coke for energy, a hit or two of reefer for inspiration, a big multiple B complex capsule and about 500 units of vitamin C will usually put my consciousness at its discursive best.

"Alan" in William Novak's  
*High Culture*, 1980



**109** I'LL SAY THIS FOR DIET PILLS: THEY make you think small, and when you think small you do a lot of cleaning up.

Andy Warhol

**110** IF GOD HADN'T WANTED US to have painkillers and mood-modifiers he wouldn't have equipped our systems with enkephalins and adrenaline...

Michael Newman, *HiLife*,  
July 1980

**111** IN RUSSIA, THE USE OF TOBACCO was prohibited under the penalty of the bastinado (a severe whipping) for the first offence, cutting off the nose for the second, and loss of life for the third.

*Home Book of Medicine*,  
American, 1907

**112** IT IS UNDOUBTEDLY HERE A DAY OF jubilation or of something in the way of celebration. You perceive that the tables are set with golden plates, that the waiters all seem to be dressed in velvet costumes, and that hundreds of canary birds are singing in gilded cages. It must be a celebration of a good deal of magnitude, as the many bands of martial and orchestral music seem all to be playing at once.

Casual remarks of Dr. George  
Wheelock Grover at table to his  
friends at the Eutaw House, in  
Baltimore, after imbibing freely of  
some "Gungawalla Hashish  
Candy," which store signs hung  
freely in the streets of the city in  
1894





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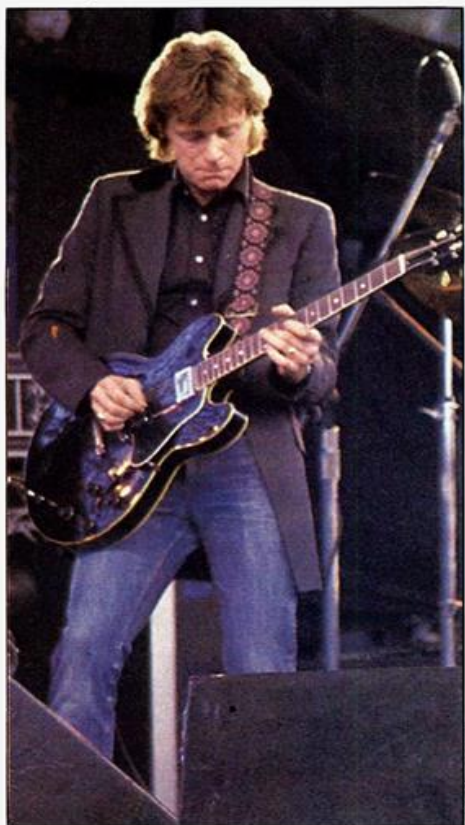
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by John Swenson



Lynn Goldsmith

## ROCKPILE

A couple of years ago I was over in Cambridge, England, and heard that Rockpile was scheduled to play at the Emmanuel College May Ball. The May Balls in Cambridge are big party-night events where all the townspeople dress up in tuxedos and drink champagne all night on the back lawns of the local colleges. The May Balls are expensive propositions so I scammed my way in with the help of an ill-fitting set of tails and a frayed top hat. The duds enabled me to swill unreservedly at the drink tables and sample the barbecue (I had to pass on the tickets-only dinner, but what the hell). The entertainment was going on under a circus tent; most of the bands were pretty faceless, but when Rockpile hit the stage sometime after midnight there was instant chaotic recognition.

It was a pretty surrealistic scene: four musicians clad in jeans and work shirts, drinking Abbot Ale, whipping an audience of champagne-stiffed people in evening dress into orgiastic frenzy. The band played for a solid two hours—it seemed like they did everything leaders Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe ever recorded—and by the end of the set very few people still had their hats

on. Rockpile is one of the hottest live bands I've ever seen. They were transcendent a while back at the Bottom Line in New York—when Keith Richards jumped up on stage to join in for a couple of tunes—and toward the end of last year they tore up the house at the Ritz, also in New York, for several nights running.

Although Rockpile seems to have been around for ages, their new album, *Seconds of Pleasure*, is their first album under the group name (Edmunds and Lowe have recorded solo albums with the same band that comprises the bulk of Rockpile's stage sets). The band blends a perfect balance of instrumental skills, stylistic influences and songwriting ability. Edmunds himself is the master craftsman, one of the most tasteful guitarists working today, with a comprehensive knowledge of blues, R&B, rockabilly, country and early rock 'n' roll forms. Edmunds chooses to retrieve and recast bits of rock history rather than write his own material for the most part. Together with Billy Bremner, Edmunds has organized a two-

guitar attack that makes Rockpile the hottest British ax combo since the Stones. Lowe is the perfect complement to Edmunds's strengths, a rock-solid bassist who lays down one of the most melodic bottoms since McCartney. He's also a tuneful and witty songwriter who provides most of the group's original material and thus, to a large extent, its identity. Then there's drummer Terry Williams, who in addition to backing Edmunds on all of his solo efforts, was the mainspring driving force behind Man, England's answer to the Grateful Dead. Williams kept Man rhythmically crisp through the band's legendary four- and five-hour sets, but in Rockpile his job is to wind that watchspring tight enough to burst on the group's trademark three-minute blast-offs. Rockpile can pack a week's worth of energy into an hour and a half, which is a pretty useful trick these days. Few bands have brought as much accomplishment into a debut album, and we can undoubtedly look forward to a lot more from these guys in the future.

**Edmunds has organized Rockpile into the hottest British ax combo since the Stones.**



Lynn Goldsmith



# Sounds

## CODY RIDES AGAIN



Ebel Roberts

**"They think burnt-out lunch-meat hippies can't do it anymore, but I'm gonna show 'em I can."**

After a hiatus of several years, George Frayne has once again donned his Commander Cody uniform and set out to rid the world of boring twits. The one-time king of country rock has revamped his act in a somewhat harder-edged rock 'n' roll direction, and, in order to bypass his notorious problems with artistic direction at the major labels, he produced and recorded his new album himself. We caught Cody during his two-night stand at New York's Lone Star Cafe where any number of record-company talent scouts could be seen lurking about while they monitored the Commander's new delivery.

"They think a burnt-out lunch-meat hippie can't do it anymore," Frayne quipped, "but I'm gonna show 'em I can. I have a lot of friends in the music business who are waiting for me to come out with something new. I just can't keep doing the old stuff all the time."

As for the reason behind his switch from country, Cody said that when the audience for that stuff became Wall Street broker-

types on a bender in their gray flannel suits and ill-fitting Stetsons, it was time for him to change his tune. "All these cowboy businessmen," he fumed, "what a lot of shit. This one jerk last night kept yelling out for 'Orange Blossom Special' and saying I was playing punk rock. I told him to go to hell."

"People complain to me, 'You don't do country anymore, do some truckers' songs,'" he went on, "but truckers ain't cool anymore, man. Trucks make a lot of pollution and there's no independent truckers' movement anymore—it's all Teamsters. I'm not doing country anymore because Andy Stein isn't in the band and I don't want to replace him with another fiddler."

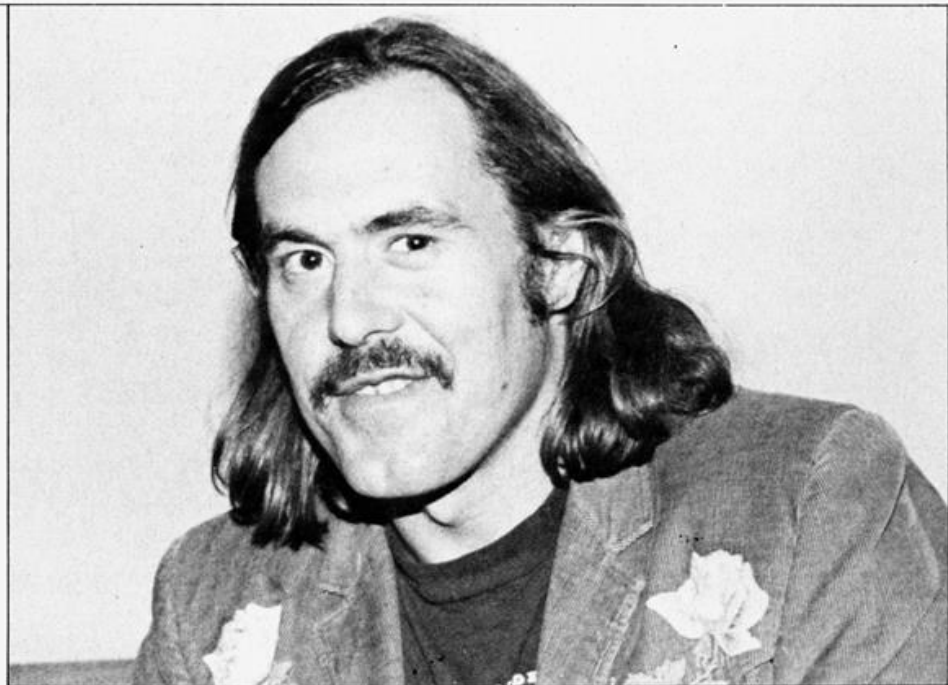
Cody opened that night with his current signature piece, "I Think I'm Gonna Lose It Tonight." Stringy hair flying as he wagged his head, meaty fingers punching out gooey clusters of notes on the piano, Cody was at his raging best. "This is a song about the kind of food they serve in this dive," he chortled, then led the band into another new song, "Two Triple Cheeseburgers Side Order of Fries."

After a couple of other new tunes and standard crowd pleasers like "Beat Me Daddy Eight to the Bar," and "Seeds and Stems

Blues" with longtime Cody sidekick Bill Kirchen singing, the Commander started in a little preamble to the accompaniment of his boogie-woogie piano: "You talk about your economic pol-icy," he snorted, "I got one too. Steal everything you can before they steal it from you. Steal a 747 or maybe a nice . . . limousine." By this time the band was churning and they blistered through a version of Cody's minianthem, "Seven-Eleven," followed by another new tune, a ballad called "I Ain't Gonna Leave Till I Get Your Love."

Next up was drummer Tony Jackson, whom Cody introduced as a guy who "writes, sings pretty good and always has a whole stash of LSD," singing "Midnight in Memphis." After a stirring version of "Too Much Fun," Cody announced a "new song about smuggling drugs, doing illegal things, the kind of stuff I'm always getting busted for so I might as well write a song about it—never think twice, just get the fuck down and 'Roll Those Dice.'"

This proved to be the craziest moment of the night as Cody assaulted the crowd with bug-eyed frenzy, dancing, playing the piano and pushing the band until they almost lost the beat. He kept up the pace with a breakneck "Hot Rod Lincoln," then finished with "Ubangi Stomp," leaving the packed house screaming their lungs out for more. If any of those A&R guys were still around at that point, they became well aware that Cody is back at full strength. (continued)



Ebel Roberts



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## TIM HARDIN

For the last ten years of his life, Tim Hardin was an ignored and forgotten man; in the end he was no more than a police statistic, another apparently drug-related death, a man found dead in his apartment by local police acting on an anonymous phone tip. Hardin was given a few column inches in the daily papers. He was best remembered as the man who wrote "If I Were a Carpenter," a supreme irony, because it was the success of that song, in Bobby Darin's version copied from Hardin's original, nuance for nuance, that caused Hardin to turn into himself in bitterness and become a junkie. He battled with heroin, with self-loathing and with despair all through his life. He became known as a songwriter, but when he started out he promised to be one of the finest singers of his generation.

Born in Oregon, Hardin took up residence in New York City in the early '60s after serving time in the Marines. His intention was to become an actor, but he sang and played guitar in his time off and began to hang out with the beatniks in Greenwich Village. By 1964 Hardin had given up on acting and took up music as his vocation, establishing a local reputation through his residency at the Night Owl cafe. Hardin was unique—he'd already begun to play what would later be called folk-rock and was deftly mixing folk with jazz and blues styles. His guitar playing was inspirational to a lot of the local folk performers and his cool, semiwhispered and highly emotional vocal style was extremely influential.

Hardin's notoriety was sealed with a bril-

liant performance at the 1966 Newport Folk Festival. His first album, *Tim Hardin*, contained the classic "Misty Roses," which Johnny Mathis covered successfully, and "Reason To Believe," later recorded by Rod Stewart. "If I Were a Carpenter" and "Lady Came from Baltimore," both of which were covered by Darin, were on Hardin's second album, *Tim Hardin 2*, and while his personal problems began to mount as the '60s climaxed, Hardin's songwriting genius remained intact. In 1971 he wrote several beautiful songs, particularly "Andre Johray," "If I Knew," "Love Hymn" and "Southern Butterfly," for an album hooked around Hardin's beautiful interpretation of the Leonard Cohen standard, "Bird on a Wire."

## JOHNNY VAN ZANT

At its best, Southern rock has always focused the rage and helplessness of the post-Reconstruction South into a stinging attack on those who support big business and keep the common man downtrodden. At its tightest identification, Southern rock is a pastoral medium, a celebration of the land itself and a warning to those who would encroach upon it. The greatest exponent of this message was the late Ronnie Van Zant, who wrote songs for Lynyrd Skynyrd that warned of corporate plans to rape the land—a sentiment best expressed in "All I Can Do Is Write About It," a song that catalogs

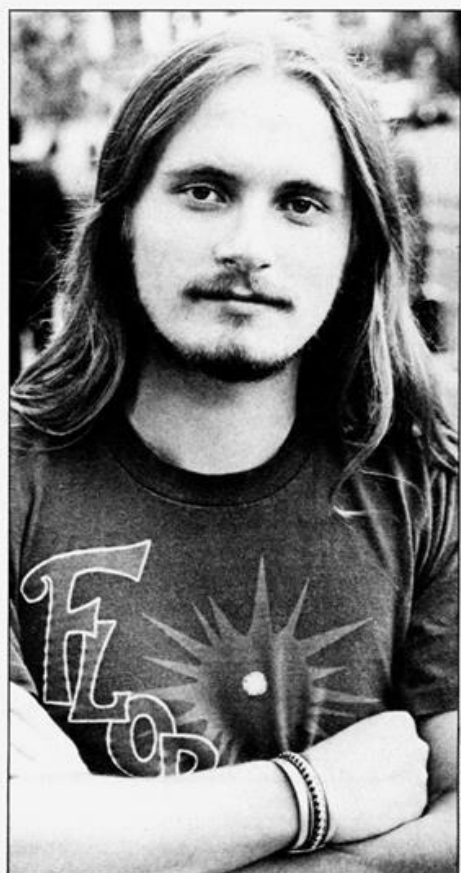
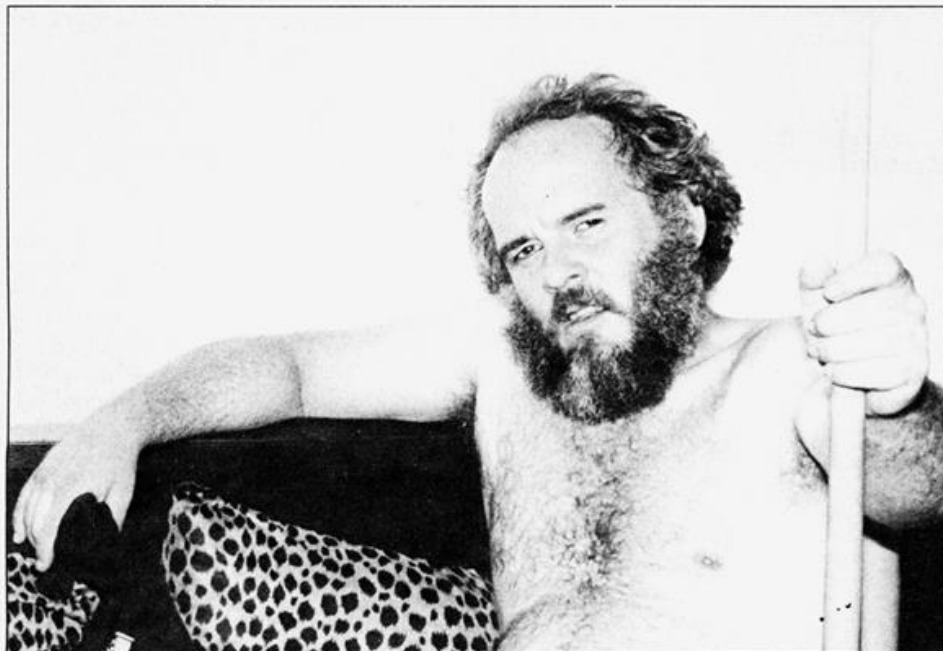


Photo courtesy Polydor

Van Zant: Carries his brother's message.

**In the end Hardin was no more than a police statistic, just another apparently drug-related death.**



Tim Hardin: Dead at 40.

the rich beauty of the rural South.

Ronnie's younger brother, Johnny Van Zant, who now leads his own band, is carrying on his brother's message. "He told me whenever you write something, write it for the working man, for the average person, because that's the person who'll go out and buy your album."

The 20-year-old Van Zant's songwriting seems fired by the same sense of urgency that his older brother displayed in Lynyrd Skynyrd. "Hard Luck Story," the most overtly political of the songs on Johnny's debut album, *No More Dirty Deals*, lashes out at the oil companies and laments, "Help us, Mr. President, or ain't that your job?" Van Zant points out that when he wrote that song it was to "get down on Carter's ass," but it applies to "whoever the hell's president. Now it's aimed at Ronald Reagan. Whoever's in there. I'm telling you, I don't know what's gonna go down now. I might be singing 'Johnny's gonna come marching home again from Iran, hurrah,' pretty soon if I don't watch out." □

Marcia Resnick



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## THE TAXMAN

(continued from page 46)

clined, saying, "I don't need this. It is a waste of time. Come. What do you want to do?" She took a seat between them on the couch, cradling both Ullman's and the tax collector's head against her giant bosom and saying, "Poor babies." Ullman wasn't sure if it was the grass or a certain drugged aroma that came from the girl's flesh, but there was a jump in time, some minutes or perhaps a large part of an hour that fell out of the evening, like a skipped piece of film, and the next thing he knew the three were standing on his Swedish rug, arms around each other, none of them wearing clothes. "A little music," the tax collector whispered to Ullman. Gowran's voice, in a whisper, had none of the reedy internal-revenue style to it. It was surprisingly continental. As Ullman made the adjustments on his stereo set, he became aware of a sharply attractive fragrance which he took to be Ingrid's Germanic cologne. Then, too, there was the possibility that it might be Gowran's aftershave, a subtle concoction which Ullman would never have dreamed was favored by federal tax agents. Selecting an album somewhere between hard rock and the big-band sound of the '40s, Ullman turned and for a panicky moment saw that the couple was gone. But then he tracked them into the bedroom and found them on his heart-shaped bed, a hundred versions of them reflected in his craftily arranged wall-and-ceiling mirrors.

Ullman slipped in beside the couple, who had begun, tentatively, without him, and soon caught their rhythm, he and the tax collector wandering across the girl's heavy-duned body, Ingrid, not bored, but somewhere beyond them, as though she were a huge piece of experiential statuary stretching herself voluptuously in the sunlight. The unspoken rules were that Ullman and the tax man were to make love to her, but that both were to occupy separate zones and never to make contact with one another. Until one moment, deep in the night, when Ullman heard the revenue man whisper "over this way" and it seemed natural to alter the rules somewhat and finally, to abandon them altogether. And then, in an even deeper chamber of the night, the girl was gone and Ullman could recall no effort on either his or Gowran's part to keep her there.

In the morning, Ullman awoke with an awareness that he had not slept very long. At the same time, he felt none of the staleness that generally went with lack of sleep. A moment later, Gowran, fully dressed except for the thin civil-service necktie, stood above him with an opened can of condensed milk, wanting to know if it was fresh enough to use with his coffee. "I think it's okay," said Ullman. He brushed his teeth then, put in his contact lenses and showered, deliberately keeping his thoughts vague in the stream of hot water

(continued on page 98)

1. I USED TO  
BE DISGUSTED  
NOW I'M  
JUST AMUSED

5. I don't know  
I don't care  
And it doesn't  
make any difference

7. Sounds Like  
**BULLSHIT**  
To Me

### NOT NICE T-SHIRTS!

2. PARANOID OR BUT  
YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY  
MISUSED OR FOR  
SOMEONE WHO  
GIVES A SHIT

6. Those of you  
who think you  
know everything  
are very annoying  
to those of us  
who do.

3. We'll get  
along fine  
as soon as  
you realize  
I'm God

8. **QUESTION  
AUTHORITY**

4. Life is like  
a shit sandwich  
The more bread  
you have the  
less shit you  
have to eat.

9. HAVE AN



ORDINARY DAY

10. "SO?" 11. "When choosing between two evils I always like to try the one I've never tried before." 12. "It's not that you and I are so clever, but that the others are such fools." 13. "Just because you're PARANOID doesn't mean everyone isn't out to get you." 14. "Don't ask me no questions. I just might tell you the truth." 15. "IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS" 16. "If you can't dazzle 'em with brilliance, baffle 'em with bullshit." 17. "I'm not cynical. Just experienced." 18. "I know you think you understood what I said, but what you heard was not what I meant." 19. "ASK ME IF I CARE" 20. "If you have to ask you'll never know." 21. "THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS" 22. "There are no rules." 23. "If I tell you you have a beautiful body will you hold it against me?" 24. "MURPHY'S LAW: Whatever can go wrong, will. And at the worst possible moment." Silk screened blue on tan or white on black. First quality 100% cotton t-shirts. S.M.L.XL.

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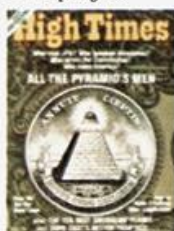
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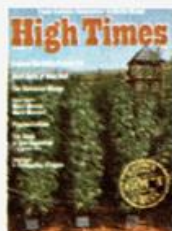
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☐ 17: January '77



☐ 18: February '77



☐ 19: March '77



☐ 20: April '77



☐ 21: May '77



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## SMACK CITY, USA

(continued from page 67)

twice as good as anywhere else in town: the white Burmese variety that has you sweating and farting before you even come down off the high. It's so Godawful expensive, you have to be right bloody rich to get strung out behind Upper East Side doogie; and the rents there are such that you have to be right bloody white yourself. Now how the hell, sez I to myself when I heard this, can the governor possibly expect to get the public all exercised over the prospect of a China White epidemic among the rich Protestant snottoses of the Upper East Side?

Why, by employing the magic word *children*! "Mothers with children in the better schools," quoth the governor, have come to him telling of tots "ten and eleven" on East 76th Street and thereabouts, "who are stoned." High-tech preteen junkies, these ones: The local shit merchants keep "illegal radio transmitters" in their stash pads, y'see,

## THE TAXMAN

(continued from page 96)

and preferring not to confront just yet the central new fact of his existence: that no matter how he sliced it, he had spent half the night in a tax collector's arms. After changing the sheets and making the bed, he dressed, making sure that everything he wore was spotlessly new and clean—and then he appeared in the breakfast alcove.

"Get some sleep?" asked Gowran, sipping his coffee and riffling through Ullman's daily record book, making a note or two.

"Not bad," said Ullman. "What happened to your girl friend?"

"Nice kid, huh?" said Gowran. "She had an appointment. You want to start now or get some breakfast first? I've got some questions about April 1968. Your figures don't add up."

"All right, hold it right there," said Ullman, pouring some juice and then slamming down the container. "I don't think you quite realize what's happened. You know, I just don't do this. This is a very big thing to me, I've never done this in my life.

and the junkie moppets walk around all day with portable transistor radios tuned to a particular station, waiting for the Man to broadcast a telltale overriding score tone: "The frequency beep is the signal that the pusher has the stuff," Carey told us!<sup>11</sup>

"I want something done about it!" Carey declared forcefully. "Nationally, we need a full-scale, all-out assault," he said. "But we've not seen the money," he finished!<sup>12</sup>

Ahhhhhhh . . . now sanity returns, and everything is lovely. Now it all makes sense. Now I can test out my hard-boughten "Rufus" with an unripped complacency, for all has been revealed ahead of time, and put my poor mind at ease.

It wasn't really "Rufus," I can tell you that straight off. "Rufus" is West Coast slang for this legended new Middle Eastern "Persian" smack, which allegedly is the provender of this putative new heroin glut on the New York City market. This stuff I scored in Smack City was as Persian as Pancho Gon-

I won't kid you. I've had the thought a few times and maybe I even knew that some day I'd get around to it and give it a try. But I've never actually done it before. Never even come near it. This is a very strong new thing for me. I haven't even begun to assess the effect of it yet. I may not even be able to function normally when it hits me. My whole personality could be out the window. For Christ's sakes, I haven't done anything like this since Roger Lacey in Bunk Nine at Camp Deerfleet and that was nothing compared to last night. That was just a harmless little cupcake. For all I know this may turn out to be the single most shattering thing I've ever done in my thirties. I may get a goddamned nervous breakdown over last night and you want to casually jump in and review calendar notes for April '68."

"That's right," said Gowran, munching on a toasted English muffin and turning the pages of Ullman's diary until he came to the page he wanted. "Now who's this fellow Benziger and what do you fellows find to talk about three times a week at expensive French restaurants?"

"Bitch," said Ullman and was shocked by the unmistakably female hiss that accompanied the outburst. □



zales, though: the same damn gritty sleazy Mexican mud we've been getting ever since they broke up the Corsican Connection in '72. It was sensibly stronger than the customary 3 percent mud you score anyplace in town besides Smack City, but it was nowhere near three times stronger, by my estimation (though it *did* cost precisely three times as much). Lacking a gas-liquid chromatograph and a DEA license, my assay technique is admittedly slipshod—I can only gauge the potency of a snort-dose by how junk-sick I get while it wears off—but this stuff didn't even give me the trots afterward. Ten percent will have me on the john all the next morning, but this stuff only left me like S.T. Coleridge after a laudanum binge: "the Wind and the Hiccoughs, as though the Demon of Hurricanes were laying waste my trillibub-plantation."<sup>13</sup>

Not Persian, that settled it. Between the distinctive South-of-the-Border provenance of this skag, and the governor's emotional appeal for emergency Dope War funds from the feds, it All Comes Together, as we conspiracy fiends are fond of portentously droning.

See, news of this Persian shit first started circulating in these parts about two years ago. Mexican was falling off badly that season, what with frost, drought, Paraquat, 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T in Culiacán, and the roundup of the whole damn Herrera family by the Drug Enforcement Administration. Street purity was way below 3 percent all over town, and junkies were ingeniously killing themselves with preposterous makeshift confections like gin and Darvon and Ts and blues!<sup>14</sup> If the shah of Iran hadn't fallen, why, where *would* the governor have gotten our new heroin epidemic from? And he desperately needed one last summer.

See, whenever there's a smack drought that severe, new junkies stop showing up for treatment at DSAS, and Julio Martinez's people begin to hear the wolf sniffing at the door. Nationally right now, we have some 35,000 people employed full-time in what Dr. Thomas Ungerleider of UCLA calls the "drug abuse industrial complex."<sup>15</sup> The great majority of them are ex-junkies administering "drug-free therapeutic communities" like Odyssey House and Synanon and so on. These places work by removing the addicts from their prior drug-associated environment—the street, the family, whatever reminds them of drugs—and stabling them for a period from 18 months to permanently in monastical Houses with various wholesomely inspiring names. Here they are subjected to a systematic "desensitization" regimen designed to make them *want* to be good, clean, hardworking, well-motivated human beings, and to *not* want dope!<sup>16</sup> All the most sophisticated nuances of clinical behaviorist psychology are employed in these places: systems of aversion (if you act up, you get your head shaved), systems of reinforcement (if you act good, you get to read your mail from home), and a painstakingly cultivated fealty to legitimate authority

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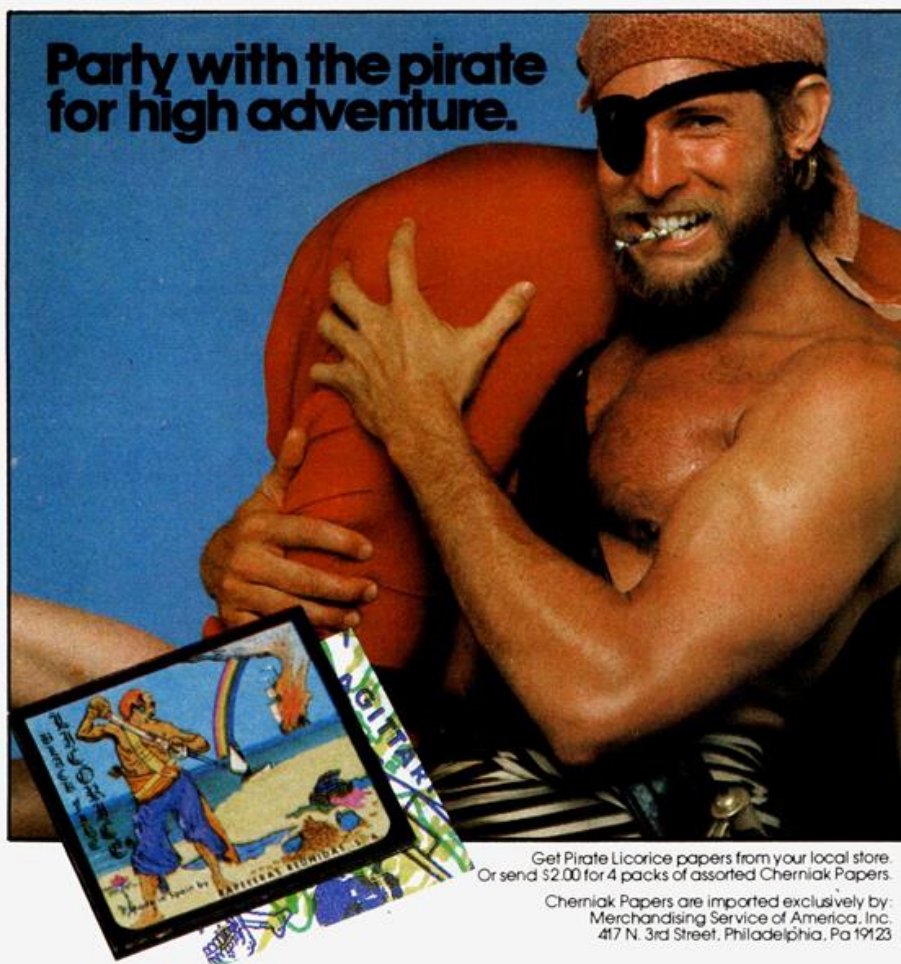
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(washing Dr. Judianne's feet). The average cost per treatment slot at one of these brain laundromats is over \$8,300 per annum, which means a place like Phoenix House in New York has to be slopping at least \$650,000 out of the public trough—and that's not counting staff, administrators, travel expenses to Substance Abuse Conventions and so on!<sup>7</sup>

When all the smack stats nationwide plummeted to nearly zip between '75 and '79 —thanks to the Mexican dry-up and (credit where it's due) the DEA's rather stunning effectiveness at fucking up the international doogie industry<sup>18</sup>—it was a major calamity for these drug-free therapeutic communities. See, this behave-mod business works the same in Synanon and Daytop Village as it does in the Unification Church or the Hare Krishnas: You wind up with a good, clean, well-motivated population of *authority* junkies. God *forbid* you should get a *bud-get cut*! Chuck them out of the house, tear them from the anointed feet of the role-model "therapist," fling them back into the horrible outside world where *drugs* lurk, and the poor creatures—why, would you believe that these drug-free houses won't even submit detailed follow-up statistics on the relapse rates among their "graduates" to the U.S. General Accounting Office, though legally required to do so by law? An awkward number of them, it seems, flatly refuse to graduate at all!<sup>19</sup>

Luckily, the shah of Iran fell in January of '79, and straightaway whole suitcases full of "Rufus" commenced rolling uninspected in around the carousels through San Francisco and Los Angeles internationals. (The shah's refugees had an understandable preference for relocating in Reagan Country.) The friends of the esteemed Pahlevis—SAVAK torturers, petroleum investors and other human scum—had to have *some* way to fetch their hard-earned capital into the USA. A Mercedes-Benz looks pretty conspicuous to a Customs clerk, but a dozen ki's of Number Three brown smoking diacetylmorphine, toted in a combination-locked American Tourister case with a properly diplomatic bearing, wouldn't turn a hair. The only trouble after that was moving it to the street.

The shah's friends were evidently surprised that the street was already spoken for by purveyors of Mexican mud, who wouldn't buy their superior Isfahan brown at any price. Regional smack distributors, who know all the best consumer outlets, aren't in any position to doublecross *their* bloodthirsty Mexican superiors by contracting for independent consignments of new, *better* smack from immigrant Iranians; and the friends of the shah just couldn't haul in enough of it on their panicked *hegira* to the States to offer the mud distributors any secure, long-term commercial arrangements. It appears that around March 1980 some Iranian exiles were setting up some kind of permanent commodity arrangement with their antiyatollah pals back in



poppy-producing Khuzistan, but this was squelched when the DEA (credit again) popped the very nephew of Shaphur Bakhtiar in the midst of a colossal import scheme in Virginia<sup>20</sup>

It was just a little while after the Bakhtiar bust that some fourscore remorselessly well motivated clients of Project Return—a celebrated New York drug-free therapeutic community—showed up for the TV cameras at the federal courthouse here on Foley Square bearing picket signs. On each sign was the terrible visage of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, whom we all Love to Hate, over the legend, "The Ayatollah Gives Us The Needle." President Carter had just ordained a 30 percent cutback in federal funds for drug-abuse treatment programs—\$18 million out of New York DSAS alone—and so at a Woolf hearing inside the courthouse Julio Martinez was predicting a whole generation of heroin-addicted Caucasian children because of it. Across the way in Tehran, Sadeq "Hanging Judge" Khalkali was proudly burying dope movers upside-down alive in pits of ashes and hoisting the heads of opium smokers up on pikes. Out front, the Project Return disciples were plaintively claiming to be hostages of the ayatollah themselves.

Heroin is truly the maker of crazies, the very mother of all delirium. This contemptible charade on Foley Square last April, which could have been produced and directed by the inmates at the asylum at Charenton, actually played big in Albany. We have in Albany a legislator named Frank Padavan who for many, many years has labored feverishly to ban drug paraphernalia from open sale in New York State. He is absolutely sincere in this undertaking; it's not just a publicity ploy. I have plenty of friends in Albany, and they all agree that Frank Padavan would move heaven and earth to put me and all my friends and associates in the dope press in jail tomorrow. I can understand this perfectly—I would do the same for him tomorrow if that were possible. If either of us ever succeeds, it's a sign that all you other poor fuckers are in bad trouble, because America as we know it will have gone off the deep end, for good.

Anyway, it seems this bizzarro ayatollah demonstration in Foley Square caught the eye of Padavan, whose perennial dope-gear bill was coming up for a vote just a couple months hence. So Padavan went to Julio Martinez—or it may have been the other way 'round, they are thick as thieves from way back—and incest occurred. All last summer, the chambers of Albany legislators were haunted continually by drug-free therapeutic clones, buttonholing the worthy solons there and regaling them with heartrending personal histories of misery and degradation in the narcotics pipe, lobbying for the state to make up that \$18 million the feds were withholding. And while they were at it, they told of how the availability of hash pipes in headshops drags innocent children into the bondage of ad-

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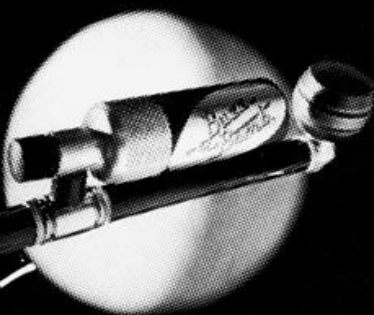
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diction and ought to be outlawed. And then Padavan's people would come around, howling about dope gear, and incidentally plugging for an \$18-million emergency appropriation to Julio Martinez's department, in view of the terrible new heroin epidemic.

Both laws passed, just hours before the Albany solons cut out for summer recess; the dope-gear bill was everywhere warmly commended by the honest folk of the Empire State, who were simply not informed that they were to pay for this paraphernalia crackdown by replacing that \$18 million that the feds had torn out of the poor DSAS budget.

Governor Carey was assuredly informed of it, though. The passage in Albany of that \$18-million DSAS appropriation in the summer was the instant occasion for the governor's ribbon-cutting ceremony at Bryant Park in the fall, inaugurating our current heroin epidemic. The Hon. Carey was damned if New York was going to pick up the tab for DSAS's federal-budget shortfall; Carey's only hope was to conjure up a smack epidemic, uttering the magic words "white children" as often as possible, in hopes of spooking the feds into pumping that money back into the state. The crazier his mouthings, he knew from dope-scare experience, the bigger the headlines would be, the more lurid the local TV tabloid news spots. It was an election year, the Democrats in D.C. were scared (quite properly) to death, and, by heaven, that money *did* come back. A whole month before the election, the National Institute on Drug Abuse vouchsafed to the entire Northeast a handsome \$1,767,072 to augment heroin-treatment facilities: specifically, short-term detoxification and methadone maintenance programs<sup>21</sup>

This is why you did not hear word one about the federal government's last-minute bailout of New York's junk-treatment services, right on Election Eve: None of that money, y'see, was earmarked for Julio Martinez's sacred drug-free TCs, Odyssey House and the like. Short-term hospital detox only involves spending about two weeks in a ward at (of all places) Rockefeller University Hospital, doing diminishing daily doses of phenobarbital until you have not a nanogram of opiate in your bloodstream and are pharmacologically "clean." Junkies tend to go in for this when their tolerance levels go up to the point where they have to steal more than one television set per day to make their bags; after a couple soggy, dreary, barfy weeks at Rocky U, their tolerance is down to a sensible \$10 to \$15 per day, and they can start building up again gradually. This may appear to be a terribly dehumanizing, no-exit mode of treating poor, wretched narcotics addicts, but it *does* have the signal virtue of reducing "street crime" by an enormous factor<sup>22</sup> It works, in a material and demonstrably beneficial way, and that's why NIDA targeted the money for it specifically.

Methadone also works swell. A metha-



done client maintained on around 100 milligrams per day simply cannot physically get off on smack, because the noneuphoric methadone's already occupying all the choicest opiate slots in the brain; and if the client slyly endeavors to up the methadone dose to the point where it gets him or her high, coma will dependably supervene before any really agreeable euphoria sets in.<sup>23</sup> This cuts down wonderfully on one's drug-seeking behavior, and better yet, methadone clients only cost \$2,300 per year per treatment slot, administrative costs included. Methadone not only works, it's *incredibly* prophylactic in all respects: A ten-year survey of New York methadone clients shows a 99 percent drop in arrests among patients who stay in treatment longer than three years.<sup>24</sup>

At this writing, though, not a penny of all that heroin-epidemic bread has yet gone forth in the holy war against the ayatollah's nerve gas. First of all, the Albany solons will have to vote to rescind that \$18-million Martinez-Padavan porkbarrel and replace it with the NIDA money; and that won't be done, bank on it, until the TC people can legally carve a good hunk of that NIDA appropriation away from the short-term detox and methadone budgets. In the meantime there's a three-week waiting period for junkies who want to get into short-term phenobarb detox at Rocky U, during which interval they will necessarily be ripping off lots of TV sets. If you live anywhere around New York, and your telly was ripped off last winter, you know now who to thank for it; but not to worry, because once it all gets straightened around, taxpayers all over the country will be financing Governor Carey's providential heroin epidemic.

Oh, right, heroin! Diacetylmorphine: You boil morphine in acetic anhydride and the world beats a path to your door. What is the real dope on smack, anyway? Well, when I saw that my celebrated "Rufus" was really just Mexican mud, I called the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic in San Francisco, where all this Persian smack originated two years ago. Dr. Greg Johnson there, who detoxes junkies with a wonderful 21-day regimen of acupuncture and Darvon, said that most of his "Rufus" junkies were originally rich Iranian exiles who showed up at the clinic with incredible joneses after smoking the stuff, as was quite customary among that genteel aristocratic set back in the old country; thing was, they'd been accustomed to smoking it *cut* over there, but over here they were doing the *pure* stuff they'd brought along with them, and were exceedingly astonished to learn that you *can* get viciously strung out from smoking uncut shit. As time went on, other "Rufus" casualties started showing up at the clinic: trendy Nob Hill socialite types, roller-disco dancing queens and the like, people who aren't the least bit ashamed to mingle in public with the likes of SAVAK torturers and petroleum investors. If they're rich, they're

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chic, and if *they're* chic, well, then their dope's chic, too.

HEROIN CHIC, that was a grabber tabloid headline in these parts, too, for a while. There's a prevailing notion that you can't get hooked by snorting smack, see: "As long as you don't use a needle," 'tis said, "you're safe." This is typical of street dope lore: Since you won't get *hepatitis* if you avoid needles, it follows that you won't work up a jones, either. You might just as reasonably believe that nerve gas is safer than smack, but for a good while last year, a lot of artsy-litsy people who customarily snort high-fashion cocaine hereabouts got the idea it would be just as kool to snort heroin. We have a sizable Iranian-exile community here, too, and for a few months the disco crowd was into "Rufus" as an up-and-coming status snort. The idiots moving it, though, had no proper notion how to step on it. *There* was your original 10 percent issue. I was sick for *two fucking days* after a piddling little party snort of it last April, so I can guarantee it'll never catch on big in the smart set hereabouts. Few things are more unchic than galloping diarrhea and shrieking your head off at your roommate for no good reason at all just 'cause you got the junk-sickness, baby. This disco-issue Persian never got to the street proper in New York, thanks to the vigilance of our traditional mud merchants, who would *not* welcome the competition. And the Drug Enforcement Administration, for all that they are in every *other* respect a pack of vicious rat Nazis, has been doing a *fantastic* job of keeping any large, regular shipments of Persian from getting into the country.

This is hardly the proper organ of opinion in which to be kissing the DEA's ass, but if you will write and ask them for a record of all the incoming smack shipments they intercepted last year, it will make you feel proud and safe to be an American. Here we will only record that by the DEA's own accounting, heroin street purity nationwide is only 3.5 percent, selling at approximately \$31.60 per 20 milligrams aggregate, your average junkie's daily street dose.<sup>25</sup> Though the DEA is ordinarily incapable by policy of telling the truth about anything pertaining to drugs, these purity stats are pretty firmly backed up by the independent street-drug analysis service at Pharm-Chem, Inc., in Menlo Park, California. "No new stuff lately," they report;<sup>26</sup> just the occasional pinch of quinine with a few teensy specks of Mexican smack in it. ("Rufus" tends to be cut with Nestle's Quik, from the ridiculous taste of it.) Three-percent smack of any nationality is not the stuff of which heroin epidemics are made. To launch an epidemic like the last one, which started around 1967, you have to start out with a massive influx of stiff 10 percent-plus issue, so's to recruit whole scads of addicts straight away. Once they're all good and hooked, you gradually ease the purity way down to 4 percent or less, so that the daft critters aren't overdosing themselves all the time, and will de-

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pendably keep coming back to score, year after year after year. It is the 10 percent-plus recruiter junk which the DEA is rather magnificently keeping off our streets, despite that the entire continent of Europe is awash with it?<sup>27</sup>

"Everybody's looking for it," they say at the Up Front drug-information service in Miami: "We're waiting for it." Face it, if it's not in Miami, this shit is just nowhere around at all. "We see very little of that in our area," a detox coordinator at the University of Wisconsin Hospital in Madison rather puzzledly reported—and he was talking about smack of any sort. In dope-saturated Philadelphia, Sam Hargitay of On Drugs, Inc., says, "I haven't seen anything that would lead me to believe anything new is going on. I suspect it's mainly just people making noise, looking for headlines." Greg Johnson at the Haight Clinic sort of summed it up when I mentioned some of the financial complications New York DSAS was experiencing: "For every budget cut, there'll be a new scare."

Governor Carey and Julio Martinez right now have to despise and fear the Drug Enforcement Administration nearly as much as we ordinarily do here at HIGH TIMES. You are not fishing for mere petty cash when you set about scaring up a heroin epidemic. The period 1969-79 saw a colossal drop in heroin availability and purity in the USA, yet over that drought-stricken period we still spent \$52 billion, in federal funds alone, combating the hideous drugs menace. Barely \$225 million of all that pelf went into overseas source interdiction of drugs, which is the sole and only way to reduce availability and purity of heroin in the USA<sup>28</sup>; once the shit is on the street, the toothpaste is out of the tube plain and simple. The remaining \$51,000,775,000 in that lump of taxpayer's revenue was carved up among various domestic enforcement and treatment, personnel, and now those people desperately depend on it, even as any junkie on his doogie.

If there really is no heroin epidemic, and the feds start casting around for fat to cut out of various human-services budgets, the likes of Julio Martinez and his minions are literally up shit creek. Detox-therapy administrators have homes and families, mortgages and bills and inflation just like anybody else. More than that, the behaviorists who run those glorious drug-free TC houses have whole legions of heavily behaviorized inpatients who depend on them as desperately as any flock of goslings imprinted on the poppa-gander. If the Drug Enforcement Administration callously persists in its shortsighted policy of interfering with the free commerce of heroin across U.S. borders, the toll in human suffering and heartache will be beyond utterance. It is heartening to see that the governor of New York State is acutely sensitive to this crucial issue and is exerting every last iota of his statesmanlike influence to pass the buck to the feds. □

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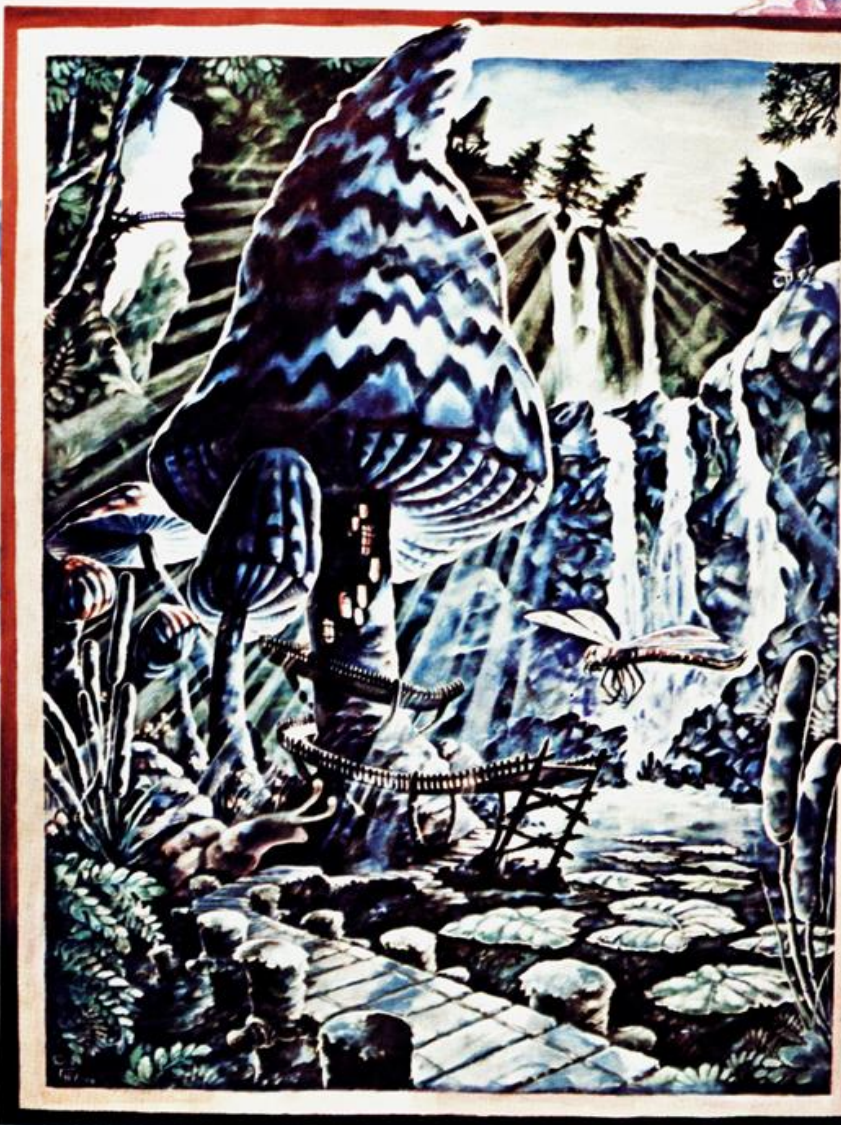
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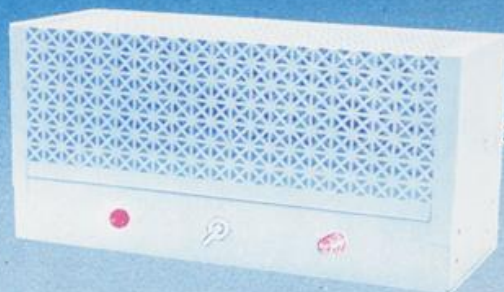
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